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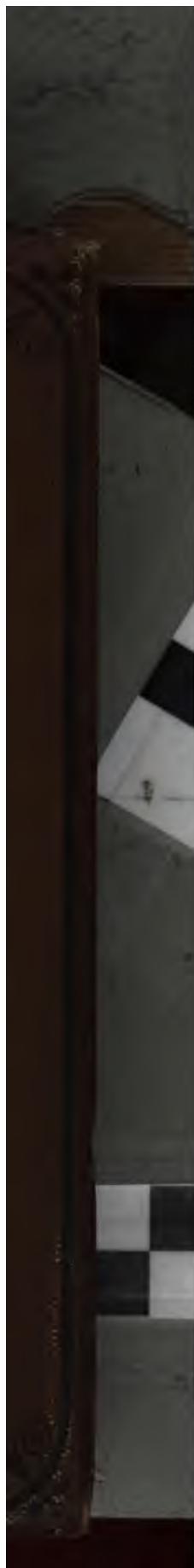
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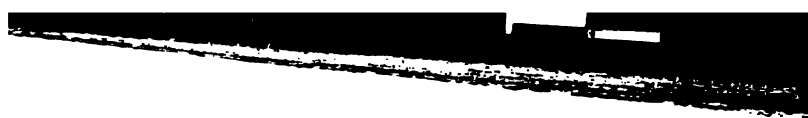
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FREDERICK PERTHES.







LIFE AND TIMES

OF

FREDERICK PERTHES

*Patriot and Man of Business*

WILLIAM P. NIMMO  
LONDON AND EDINBURGH  
1878.

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## PREFACE.

THE present Life of Frederick Perthes, the great German bookseller, is a translation in a condensed form from the original work entitled "Memoirs of Frederick Perthes ; or, Literary, Religious, and Political Life in Germany from 1789 to 1843." The translation was executed many years ago by SIMON S. LAURIE, M.A., now Professor of the Theory, Practice, and History of Education in the University of Edinburgh ; whose principal aim in thus adapting it to the British public was to give prominence to all that bore directly on the life, character, and doings of Perthes.

As the home life, no less than the business life, of Perthes possesses a strong human interest for all lovers of good biography, the reproduction of this work in its present popular form may be the means of spreading the knowledge of a very noble life, and so secure for it an honourable and well-merited place amongst the ever-increasing crowd of more modern biographies.





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# THE LIFE OF PERTHES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH—1772-89.

THE year 1772 was a very calamitous year for Germany. Dearth and famine were almost everywhere prevalent, while scarcely any district escaped the visitation of a malignant pestilence. It was in this, "the great hunger-year," as it was called, that Frederick Christopher Perthes was born at Rudolstadt, on the 21st of April. The ancestors of his father—Christopher Frederick Perthes, Secretary of the Exchequer to the house of Rudolf Schwartzburg—appear to have lived for several centuries at Erfurt, as pastors and physicians. In the year 1740, however, the respectable and art-loving Doctor of Medicine, John Justus Perthes, a "God-fearing, honest, and discreet man," was summoned from Erfurt to Rudolstadt to act as family physician to the Prince. The youngest, but one, of the physician's seven children was the above-named Christopher Frederick. In 1741 he entered the Rudolstadt Gymnasium; and in 1755, "well-informed and prepared," as the school-registers assure us, repaired to Jena to study jurisprudence. On his return to Rudolstadt, he entered into the service of the Court, and was in the course of time promoted to the office of Secretary of the Exchequer, and exercised jurisdiction over the

estates of many noble families. He was but seven-and-thirty years of age when his wife Margaretha Heubel stood by his deathbed.

He left his family almost destitute. The widow found her small pension entirely inadequate. She was soon received, however, as an inmate into a kinsman's family, which stood in need of her services as a nurse. Her mother, although almost as destitute of means as herself, offered a home to the orphan. The grandmother died when the boy was only seven years old, leaving him to the compassionate care of Frederick Heubel, his maternal uncle. Half a century later, the children and grandchildren of that helpless child, found the generous uncle who had taken pity on his forlorn condition, in the old Castle of Schwartzburg, enjoying, as equerry and overseer, the retirement provided for him by his Prince. A man of inflexible integrity, and of a just and vigorous mind, he was during the whole course of his long life under the influence of the Kantian philosophy. His life, restricted on one side within the narrow circle of the little principality, on the other knew no limits to the sphere of its speculations. He took a deep interest in all the great movements of the time. He was fond of the Greek and Roman classics, and studied them even in his later years. His passionate admiration of the horse, led him also to the study of anatomy. Like many of his contemporaries, he had hailed the great political movement of 1789 with delight, and even at a later period did not condemn it, regarding its further development merely as a running riot of principles in themselves worthy of reverence. In the cause of his Prince he was ready at any moment to sacrifice both fortune and life: in his service he grudged neither toil nor trouble. Every mark of kindness from his master touched him deeply: he defended him against every aspersion, and his whole being was penetrated by that devoted fidelity characteristic of the royal servant of

mediaeval times. On his return from the University to his native district in 1779, he was still a youth, and, like the rest of his brothers and sisters, penniless. An office in the Prince's service, though a help, was by no means a provision. He kept house in Rudolfstadt with an unmarried sister, Caroline Heubel. Though not possessed of beauty, Miss Caroline had great strength of character. Ever ready to help others, to accept help herself was even in extreme age intolerable to her: to independence in every form, even though associated with grinding poverty, she was almost passionately attached. A peculiarity of a less amiable kind was a leading feature in her character; when not allowed to rule she became irritable and ill-humoured, so that it might seem doubtful whether she desired to govern in order that she might help, or sought to help in order that she might govern.

Such was the household into which the little boy was received and in which he was brought up, with tender and even parental affection. The impressions of his childhood were so deeply graven on his mind as to influence him throughout life. Born with a very excitable and passionate temperament, he always ascribed to his uncle and aunt the horror with which he shrank from every kind of immorality; and he, with no less truth, attributed to them that respect for the rights of others which is alien to extremely energetic characters such as his, in which there is too frequently a tendency to inconsiderateness.

The boy's first instructor was his uncle: he subsequently shared in the lessons given by the tutors of some noble families to their charges; and, finally, after attending for some time the classes of the court-pages, he entered the gymnasium of Rudolfstadt, at the age of twelve, when not sufficiently advanced to profit by the instructions which he there received. A very lively fancy had made regular study a toil; and naturally possessed of little talent for languages, and deficient in memory for numbers, the boy

had gained little from the irregular instructions he had hitherto received. He possessed the grammatical rudiments neither of his own, nor of any other tongue; he was ignorant alike of the elements of history and geography, of orthography and arithmetic; but he was passionately fond of reading—a taste which sought and found satisfaction in the Court library. Several volumes of a huge history of the world, in quarto, and the one-and-twenty parts of “The Travels by Land and Sea,” gave him employment from his tenth to his fourteenth year. The account of the discoveries made by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century, was especially captivating, and the sailor Prince Henry and Albuquerque became his heroes. Then came the translation of Don Quixote, which quickly supplanted Campe’s “Robinson,” and filled his youthful imagination. In this way he collected a mass of varied and ill-assorted knowledge, which was but partially methodized by the perusal of Schröckh’s “History of the World,” a copy of which he happened to possess. That the activity of his fancy did not, through the want of severe mental discipline, degenerate into mere idle dreaming, and so extinguish any capacity he might have for the real and the practical, the boy had to thank a near relation of his mother, John David Heubel, who, as lieutenant-colonel and superintendent of buildings, resided at the Castle of Schwartzburg. Peculiarly acute in his observation of nature, he succeeded in rousing into activity the same faculty in the boy. He would keep him for months together in his apartments at Schwartzburg, and make him his companion, when he wandered over hill and valley in his official visitations of the forests or when sojourning for a time in the huts of the fowlers. On these occasions he would exact from him great physical exertions. The remembrance of these excursions was never obliterated from the boy’s mind. The dusky pines that clothe the mountain-slopes of that wondrously beautiful region, the roar of



the Schwarza, as far below in the valley it winds round the base of the hill on which the castle is built, remained for ever indelibly impressed upon his memory.

When he had reached his fourteenth year, and had been "confirmed," it was thought necessary to choose a calling for him. To allow him to continue his studies was out of the question; and from the mercantile life, as known in Rudolfstadt, he himself shrank with aversion. His father's youngest brother, Justus Perthes, was a pretty successful publisher and bookseller at Gotha, and it was therefore natural for them to think of that business for the boy. Of its nature and details he was utterly ignorant, for there was no bookseller in Rudolfstadt; but that there must be books for him to read seemed certain, and this was decisive.

In the year 1786, Schirach the printer took the boy with him to the fair at Leipsic, to seek a master. He was then fourteen years of age. The first person to whom he introduced him was Herr Ruprecht of Göttingen, an aged man, who spoke kindly to him, and asked him to conjugate the verb *amo*; but when he found this too great a demand on his learning, he refused to engage him. He was then taken to Herr Siegert of Liegnitz; but the tall gaunt figure of the man in his long flame-coloured overcoat reaching to the heels, so frightened him that he could not utter a word;—"he was too shy for the book-trade," it was said. At last, however, Adam Frederick Böhme, who carried on business in Leipsic, and supplied the Rudolfstadt library with books, showed himself disposed to take him, but "the boy must go home for a year; he is not strong enough for the work yet." When a year had elapsed, the indentures were duly signed by the uncle and the future master.

On Sunday the 9th of September 1787, the boy of fifteen took his seat in the open mail, to begin the great journey of life. "In the evening at Saalfeld I felt very sad," he wrote to

his uncle, "but I met with many kind people." On a cold and rainy day he passed through Neustadt, Gera, and Zeitz; and on Tuesday the 11th of September, at three o'clock in the afternoon, reached his master's house in Leipsic. "Why, boy, you are no bigger than you were a year ago, but we shall make a trial of it, and see how we get on together," was Böhme's greeting. His wife and her six daughters and little son, as well as an apprentice who had been resident four years, all received him kindly. "I like Leipsic very much," wrote Frederick, immediately on his arrival; "and I hope all will go well, especially as I find that my comrade is a very honest fellow. The young ladies also seem extraordinarily kind; Frederika, my master's second daughter, came running into my room, in order, as she said, to drive away fancies and whims." "Herewith," writes his master, "I have the honour to inform you that young Perthes has arrived safe and in good health. I hope we shall be pleased with each other. His pocket-money, which, according to this day's exchange, amounts to one dollar and twenty groschen, I have taken charge of, for we cannot tell into what company he might fall. One request I have to make, and that is, that when in future you favour me with your letters, you will have the goodness to omit the 'Well-born'<sup>1</sup> on the address, for it is not at all appropriate to me."

On the morning after his arrival, the first words young Perthes heard were these—"Frederick, you must let your hair grow in front to a brush, and behind to a cue, and get a pair of wooden buckles—lay aside your sailor's round hat—a cocked one is ordered." This once universal mode of dress had latterly disappeared, it is true, but Böhme tolerated no new fashions among his apprentices. "You are not to leave the house, either morning or evening, without my permission. On Sundays you must accompany me to church." The two apprentices certainly

<sup>1</sup> *Wohlboren*—Esquire.

were not spoiled by over-indulgence. Their master's house was in Nicholas Street, and there they had a small room set apart for them up four pair of stairs, so overcrowded with two beds and stools, the table and the two trunks, which constituted its whole furniture, as scarcely to admit of their turning. One little window opened on the roof; in the corner was a small stove, heated during the winter by three small logs of wood, doled out every evening as their allowance. Every morning at six o'clock they both received a cup of tea, and every Sunday, as a provision for the coming week, seven lumps of sugar, and seven halfpence to purchase bread. "What I find hardest," said Perthes to his uncle at Schwartzburg, "is, that I have only a halfpenny roll in the morning—I find this to be scanty allowance. In the afternoon, from one till eight, we have not a morsel—that is what I call starvation; I think we ought to have something." Dinner and supper they shared with the family, and without stint; but, alas! for them when some fat roast with gourd-sauce was set upon the table, for it was a law that whatever was put upon the plate must be eaten. The "Er,"<sup>1</sup> with which Böhme was always addressed, not only by his children, but also by his servants and dependants, had a harsh sound to Perthes, but he wrote cheerfully, "Not the slightest thing is required of me which could hurt my feelings; while other apprentices have to clean their master's buckles, to cover the table, and take the coffee to the warehouse, none of these things are required of us."

Böhme was not indeed a man of varied learning or great mental powers; but he had a good understanding, a character of the strictest integrity, and was not without reverence for knowledge and all noble things. He laboured uninterruptedly every day, from seven in the morning till eight at night, with

<sup>1</sup> Used by children towards a parent only when a constrained respect is stronger than affection.

the intermission of one hour at noon. Sunday after service was devoted to the "Jena Literary Gazette," every word of which he faithfully perused, and then took a walk round the city. He never gambled, never entered a public-house, rarely received company at home, and drank nothing stronger than water. Occasionally in the summer he would go over to Entritzsch with his family, and drink a bottle of *gose*,<sup>1</sup> and once a year he was accustomed to make an excursion to the valley of Störm, about twelve miles from Leipsic, in company with his whole household—wife, children, and apprentices. He was exceedingly good-natured, but equally irritable, and apt when excited to pour forth a torrent of abuse. Great were the sufferings of Perthes from this irritability, during the first two years of his apprenticeship while still ignorant of the business. "That which troubles me most," writes the boy, "is my master's passionate temper. If we have made the slightest blunder, he breaks out upon us; this is very different from what I have been accustomed to, and I feel it very hard to bear, but I shall get used to it in time." When the fit of passion was over, Böhme would good-naturedly endeavour to make peace with the boy by bringing him fruit, or sharing with him his afternoon coffee and the accompanying lumps of sugar. This most temperate man, and stern disciplinarian, had a heavy domestic sorrow. His wife was addicted to strong drinks, and the household economy accordingly, so far as it depended on her, fell into disorder. This melancholy failing frequently put the poor apprentices in the most painful position. "I am often in perplexity," wrote Perthes, "out of which I cannot extricate myself, for Madame has things brought to her in secret, which she quickly disposes of. The master would fain know all that passes, and I would gladly, like an honest servant, tell all to one who though weak is so good at heart, were it not that I

<sup>1</sup> A kind of light-coloured beer.

should thus only insure my own misery, for many occasions arise in which he cannot protect me, and in connexion with things which he is powerless to alter: from seven o'clock in the morning till eight at night, he is at business, and the children do as they please, the mother being quite unable to restrain them."

The time of the apprentice was wholly occupied with the work at the warehouse, which was situated in the old Neu-markt. "I have not much enjoyment of our little room," he writes, "for we begin work at seven o'clock, return to dinner at half-past twelve, and are at business again from one till eight; then comes supper, and it is only after this that we have any time to ourselves. We dare on no account leave the house in the evening. On Sunday we must go early to church, and to none but St. Peter's. In the afternoon, after a sharp cross-examination, he lets us out for a couple of hours." The employment was, during the first year and a half, wholly mechanical. When books published by a Leipsic bookseller were ordered, if not among Böhme's stock, they had to be obtained from other warehouses. This part of the business fell to the youngest apprentice, and gave him at first enough to do. "There are so many little details in our business," he writes, "that it takes some time for a beginner to understand them, and the master-booksellers use abbreviations for everything, such as the titles of books, and so forth. After a year or so one understands this, but a beginner is sure to make blunders, and if I ask a question, I get for answer nothing but, 'Don't you understand German?'" The work which fell to him as the youngest apprentice, kept him in the streets or in the warehouses of other publishers during the whole of the first winter. His vivacity, united with great modesty of demeanour, won for him the favour of all the trade, and he was the only apprentice who was allowed the privilege of warming himself in the counting-houses while the books he came for were being fetched. His hard lot

excited sympathy. When towards dusk he returned half-frozen and with wet feet to the warehouse, he had to stand for hours upon the stone flags collating. Böhme, who had never been ill in his life, and was particularly hardy, did not indulge in the luxury of a stove, but kept himself warm by dint of stamping his feet and rubbing his hands. He was not more considerate of others than of himself. The consequence was, that in the first winter of his residence at Leipsic, Perthes' feet were frost-bitten. Böhme saw his distress, but took no notice of it until he was unable to walk, when the nearest surgeon was at last sent for. He came, and at once declared that if another day had been allowed to pass, it would have been necessary to amputate the feet. Nine long weeks the boy lay in his bed in the little attic chamber, but not neglected—for his master's second daughter, Frederika, a lovely child of twelve years, took him under her charge, and tended him with care and affection. All day long she sat, knitting-needles in hand, by the bedside of the invalid, talking with him, consoling and ministering.

Upon the floor, among other old books, lay a translation of Muratori's "History of Italy;" and the poor girl, with never-tiring kindness, read through several of the ponderous quartos while sitting by his bedside in the little dusky attic. A devoted friendship between the children, the result of these tender attentions, arose, and continued long after Perthes had need of her nursing.

But apart from the sufferings of these months, the boy who, under the faithful and kind, though strict training of his relations, had grown up in the free and unlimited enjoyment of wood and mountain, often felt oppressed by the great city and its flat treeless suburbs, no less than by the unhappy relations subsisting in his master's family, and that restraint and unbroken daily routine of business-life, which permitted freedom neither of thought nor of action. His heart turned with yearn-

ing to the years of early childhood, and especially to the many little incidents of the residence with his uncle at Schwartzburg, where he had wandered at will over hill and dale. All the letters written at this time, and even those of a later date, bear witness to his tender recollections of those happy hours which he was never again to enjoy. "All is well with me," he writes on one occasion, but for a sort of melancholy of quite a special kind; for when I am alone, I fall to thinking of my former happy life, now for ever passed away. Now this well-known rock now another rises before me; then the path to the fowling-floor, to Dettensdorf, and the spot where Spitz couched and Matzen yelped: every bush is imprinted on my memory. Often when I awake at night, or look out upon the early morning mist, I fancy I hear my uncle saying to Matzen, 'To-day there will be good sport upon the fowling-ground.' Then I see you ranging the woods with your lanterns, and when you have caught anything, I fancy I hear you crying out, 'Oh that Fritz were here!' . . . Ah! how many sweet recollections of Schwartzburg, and of that bygone time, are in my heart." And on another occasion he writes, "Here, in a neighbouring village, called Gohlis, there is a cowherd who blows his horn as skilfully as the Schwartzburg trumpeter of yore. I can hear him in my bed, and you cannot imagine what a strange feeling comes over me, and the peculiar kind of sadness to which it gives rise."

Still, the longing after his beloved Schwartzburg had not taken such absolute possession of the boy as to hinder his enjoyment of new books and of such events as the varied life of Leipsic brought before him. Now it was a comment on some facetious scene out of Siegfried von Lindenberg, or the fine comedy of "Frederick with the Bitten Cheek," or a passage out of Villame's "Logic," that filled his letters: again Blanchard's ascent in an air-balloon, or some procession of

without money ; for those who have position or fortune are very exclusive, and the pride of the merchants' sons, who can afford to play a four-groschen game at billiards, and drink a bottle of wine out of their very pocket-money, presents an impassable barrier to my intercourse with them. The booksellers' apprentices are, with only two exceptions, dissipated youths, who spend the Sunday, their only holiday, at the taverns in all kinds of excess. Now you will confess, that had I been left to mix with these, I should have made shipwreck of all the good principles I derived from you. Men here must live like others, or make up their minds to be persecuted ; but Rabenhorst has been my support." In other respects too the elder comrade was of great service to the inexperienced boy ; he taught him prudence in the troubled economy of their master's house, he made him attentive to such details of business as he could master without extraneous help, and was always urging him to exert himself in order to redeem lost time. But what he was chiefly, though unconsciously, the means of bestowing on his friend was, *ease* in his intercourse with others.—"You will think, dear uncle," he writes, "that I agree uncommonly well with my companion, when I can praise him so highly ; but it is not so. Rabenhorst by no means possesses all the virtues that go to make a good companion ; he is very proud, and most obstinate in maintaining his opinion ; impetuous, and, withal, so sensitive and suspicious, that I often provoke him ten times in an hour without knowing why. Many a time I have to give up my own opinion, though fully persuaded that it is right ; and when I have done so, and am thinking that our difference is at last made up, he will exclaim, 'How can you say yes to everything ?—you fancy that I am deceived by your assent, but you are much mistaken.' I know, dear uncle, that you will regard this as very useful training, and you are right ; for, from having been brought up alone, I used to be a most insuf-



ferable fellow in the society of young people, but I have now learned how to behave to others, and every one is surprised to find that I get on so well with Rabenhorst; he has, indeed, an unfortunate temperament, but he loves me, and that is enough."

In the summer of 1789, Rabenhorst left Leipsic to enter a bookseller's house at Berlin, and from henceforward Perthes stood quite alone.

## CHAPTER II.

## YOUTH AND FIRST LOVE—1782-93.

TILL the end of the seventeenth century, the German book-trade had been confined to the north-east of Germany. In the south-west, from Vienna to Ratisbon, with the exception of a few publishers of Roman Catholic books, there was no bookseller; and from Ratisbon to the Tyrol only one—in Augsburg. Nuremberg alone was able to supply the trifling demands of this vast tract of country. In Tübingen and Heidelberg, indeed, there were flourishing houses, but the whole north-west, taking Münster as the most advanced literary outpost, was dependent on the scanty supply which Frankfort could furnish. In the north-east, on the other hand, the book-trade had long before received a vigorous impulse, but till the close of the second last decade of the century, it was almost entirely confined to the publication and sale of books of science. New works were not then, as now, at once diffused among the various booksellers of Germany. Those publishers whose business was of sufficient importance, visited Leipsic at Easter and Michaelmas, bringing with them the titles of their most recent publications. They called on each other, showed their title-pages, and after haggling for a while about the price, they decided how many copies of each other's books they were prepared to take. As these could not be returned if unsold, the greatest caution was exercised in giving orders, and it often happened, consequently,

that books ordered by customers were not to be had in any of the widely-dispersed book-shops of Germany. They might, indeed, have been obtained by application to the original publisher, but this would have involved a great expenditure of time and money. A remedy for this inconvenient state of affairs was provided by the establishment, first, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and afterwards on a more extensive scale at Leipsic, of large stores from which booksellers could be at once supplied with any books which they might order.

Böhme carried on such a commission-business in the then sense of this term. In three large rooms he had an important depository of expensive old books, and of all new publications of value, that is to say, such as he might have sold two or three copies of in the first year after they issued from the press. He had only two private customers—the princely library of Rudolfsstadt, and the historian Anton ; but the principal book-sellers of Germany were his correspondents. Weekly orders from these and from the different Leipsic booksellers poured in, filling five or six pages of the Commission-book. The works required were sought out, entered in the despatch-book, and deleted in the inventory, which the principal examined periodically for the purpose of supplying gaps as they occurred. On Rabenhorst's departure the labour of finding and despatching the books ordered devolved on Perthes, and he gave himself to it with pleasure and interest. It excited his astonishment to find that it was possible, by means of the orders continually pouring in from various districts, to form an idea of the scientific and literary necessities of Germany in general ; and even, by attention to the character of the orders proceeding from within certain geographical limits, to form some conception of the particular wants of the various districts. To a mind like his, alive to everything, this knowledge was attractive for its own sake, and he early perceived its value to those booksellers who were inclined to

take a comprehensive view of their trade. At the same time, the many scientific books that passed through his hands, in the course of business, made him acquainted with the names of all the great authors of the last century, and gave him such an outside view of general literature as to arouse in him the desire of obtaining some insight into what was known to him only by name. In addition to his commission-trade, Böhme was no inconsiderable publisher. Whenever a scientific book was offered to him, he called to his councils an aged antiquary, who, summer and winter, presided at an open bookstall at the corner of Grimmaer and Ritter Strasse. This man's extensive knowledge and acute intellect gave him great influence with Böhme, and as he had an affection for Perthes, he did not hesitate occasionally to make a prudent use of his influence on the boy's behalf, when some excessive severity gave him just cause of complaint.

In the first year after Rabenhorst's departure, Perthes had worked diligently, and acquired the confidence of his master to such an extent, as to be left by him in charge of the business during an absence of some weeks. He managed things so admirably, that, in acknowledgment of his services, he was presented with a pair of silk garters.

As he grew older, Perthes began to long for more leisure to prosecute his studies than business allowed. "My principal, indeed, teaches me all that is necessary for one who is to continue a servant," he writes, "but very little suffices for that; a minute and thorough knowledge of the general trade, I certainly do not learn from him, for he conducts his business in the most mechanical manner. He does everything in the way that first occurs to him, without being guided by any principle; if a question is asked, he replies, 'We will do it in this way,' but can never give a reason why it is done so and not otherwise, for if the same thing occur again, ten to one he will do it in some other way. All the MSS. that he receives are submitted

to the old antiquary, and then, whether they treat of the three bread-earning studies—reading, writing, and arithmetic—or of mathematics, philology, pædagogy, farriery, or polite literature, if the oracle declares ‘it will do,’ the thing is settled, and even were it the production of an imbecile, it would be taken ; does he say, ‘it will not do,’ it is as unhesitatingly rejected. The antiquary is sagacious, no doubt ; but it does not follow that he has travelled through all the realms of learning.”

That satisfaction which he did not immediately find in his calling, Perthes sought in pursuits of his own. From 1790. when he attained his eighteenth year, he had been possessed by a strong desire for study, but time and money were alike wanting. The accession of a junior apprentice had, indeed, relieved him from the wear and tear of running the streets, and in winter he could now spare himself ; still the only time that he could call his own, was that before seven in the morning and after nine at night. He would, however, have taken lessons in languages at these hours, had not his extreme poverty put it quite out of the question. The little he had scarcely sufficed to provide him with shoes ; his uncle contributed his half-worn clothes, but, except in a case of extreme necessity, could do no more. His linen was taken by a carrier every fortnight to Rudolfstadt, to be washed and repaired by his aunt. At Christmas his master always made him a present of two dollars, as pocket-money for the approaching year ; and an extraordinary piece of good fortune would now and then come in the shape of a present, from his uncle at Gotha. “If you could see me now, my dear uncle, you would not know me,” he writes in the summer of 1789, “for I am much taller, and through my uncle’s kindness, very well dressed in a green coat with a short waist, and buttons behind after the English fashion, trousers of new English nankin, and a white waistcoat. What would you have more ? But I must have a greatcoat at Michaelmas, and

then the old dollars must spin. Hurrah ! I have the two still, but I shall look my last at them then."

Such a state of things, of course, made it impossible for him to remunerate a teacher, and though Perthes frequently tried, grammar in hand, after nine o'clock at night, to gain some knowledge of French or English, he could make nothing of them, and invariably fell asleep. His inclination and talents would have led him to the study of history and geography, but the prevailing fashion required of every young man who would be held in any estimation for his abilities, that he should be a *philosopher* as it was called, and Perthes could not resist the fashion. It was in the direction indicated by Kant that salvation was at this period sought. Kieseewetter's logic was the key to Kant, and Perthes covered whole sheets of paper with tables which were to familiarize him with the terminology and the formulæ. Although this wearisome labour never made a philosopher of Perthes, yet no doubt his intellect and judgment gained in acuteness by the discipline. Knigge's work on "Intercourse with Men"<sup>1</sup> was then also considered an indispensable part of education ; Perthes read it, and with great interest ; but all the while an inward voice was ever telling him that in this book the root of all evil was worked up into a sort of manual. He soon sought other food for his spiritual cravings, but in the want of any experienced adviser and guide, his choice was determined by casual influences, or by the spirit of the times. He was for a whole year occupied with Reinhard's "System of Morality," and Döderlein's "Dogmatic Divinity ;" but the work that impressed him more deeply than either of these, was Grave's "Translation and Exposition of Cicero *De Officiis*." Here he believed that he had found true satisfaction.

The impressions of early childhood, when moral progress had

<sup>1</sup> Umgang mit Menschen.

been continually kept before him as the main purpose of life both by uncle and aunt, his private studies, and the influence of the tendency of the time, which received its direction from Kant's philosophy, were all reflected in the mode in which the various circumstances, that attracted his attention, were apprehended by the intelligent and lively youth. His feelings on all subjects were unreservedly expressed in his letters to his uncle and aunt, and from these we find that he at this time began to regard life as a vast institution set on foot by the Creator, for the purpose of leading individuals and the whole human race to an ever-increasing perfection. "Viewing things in this light," he writes, "I do not believe in evil, since by every occurrence we may be improved, and everything, when it is past, heightens our power of enjoyment. No one is afflicted without a purpose ; who could form such horrible ideas of the Godhead as to suppose it otherwise ? But while a man is still under the power of failings and vices, it is impossible that he should be perfectly happy ; he must even take these along with him into the future life, and the conviction that he might have been better than he is, will be his punishment there." He always set before himself and others the stimulus of a perfection to which nearer approaches were continually to be made, and in which a high position was ultimately to be attained. He frequently believed that he could say with deep conviction and perfect honesty, that in this struggle after perfection he had made some progress. "By reading works of practical philosophy," he writes in 1790, "I have established myself in the idea of striving after perfection, and this is strengthened by a consideration of my destiny, and by the remembrance of my benefactors." "Dearest, best uncle," he wrote towards the end of the year 1791, "it is certainly true that he who strives after improvement, is thereby truly capable of exalted enjoyment ; and I have myself often had bright hours when, by

meditation on the perfections of God and his works, and by the consciousness of my own dignity as a human being, I enjoyed a foretaste of the destiny ultimately in store for me. At such seasons, all, all was joy, and I saw everything around me labouring onward to perfection—then all men were my brothers pressing on with me to the same goal.” At other times the youth had to confess that he often deviated both to the right and the left of the path which he saw to be the true one. “You say,” he writes in a letter to his uncle at Schwartzburg, “that you are delighted with the principles expressed in my letters; and encourage me to cleave to them, and practise them in my life. I do indeed cleave to them, dear uncle, for they are not a result of mere reasoning: O no! they are so interwoven with my whole being that I have no power to think of myself without them; but allowing them to actuate my life is quite another matter. I should be a hypocrite if I were to tell you that they had been the never-failing guide of my conduct. Now passion triumphs, now habit, again a constitutional levity which is quite at variance with the results of my reflection and the purposes of my will; and then I have to pay for the errors which reason has made in deluding me by the exhibition of a perfection which seemed within my grasp, but which, I find, cannot be reached by a bound, but must be slowly and painfully worked out. The attempt to make such a leap only insures a heavy fall.” There were seasons when the youth had so absolutely lost courage as to give up all hope of fulfilling what he conceived to be the destiny of man. “I must indeed struggle hard, if I am to expel from my heart all that disturbs my peace; for, alas! when I feel tranquil, it is but the sleep of evil inclinations, which are gathering strength for a more violent outburst as soon as a good opportunity offers. Ah! my want of firmness and my hot blood often destroy in one hour what it has been the labour of weeks to build up, and then I am the victim of a



remorse which is not soon succeeded by the unrepenting self-possession of a heart at peace with itself. How often have I with tears deplored my perverseness, when, after some steadfast resolution to cling to the good, I have fallen, because too weak to overcome some passion! At such times every one seems better than myself, even those who have openly transgressed, while I have erred only in thought; for I say to myself,—‘Had others the same impulses to good as thou hast, they would assuredly have acted better.’” Then, again, came seasons in which the young man was inclined to look complacently on these self-reproaches. “You see, dear uncle,” he writes, “that I have made a good beginning, for the being dissatisfied with myself is a sure proof of this.”

While anxiously desiring individual progress, he watched eagerly for indications of the advance of the human race; and it was from this point of view that he regarded the French Revolution—an event that had a most exciting effect on him. “I believe,” he writes in 1792, “that humanity is now involved in a chaos from which it will emerge with splendour, after having made a great step towards the perfection which ultimately awaits it. I enclose a little treatise which appears to me admirable; to me such an encouragement is especially needful, as I am surrounded by those who are always exalting the old times and anathematizing the new. Now, according to my notions, the government of one’s-self is the only true freedom for the individual; and were all men free in this respect, civil freedom would soon follow, since we should no longer require any executive. But this must be a work of centuries; and were the poor French patiently to endure the pressure of a tyranny that cried to Heaven for vengeance till then? No! and they have assuredly done right to emancipate themselves. As a man, and a citizen of the world, I rejoice in the progress of the French army, although as a German I would fain weep.

I regard it as an eternal reproach to us that we recognised the right only after compulsion."

"You think, dear uncle," he says in another letter, "that if the efforts of the rulers to coerce the people should succeed, Europe would be covered by a mediæval darkness; but this could never be, for knowledge of every kind is now diffused among all classes, and the spirit of freedom and the rights of nature have found their way even into the beggar's hut; and where, among the present rulers of the earth, are we to look for the heroic spirit, the high courage, and the presence of mind which, amid all their atrocities, cast a glory around the tyrants of old?" In spite of this view of the French Revolution, Perthes was already haunted by strong misgivings as to the unqualified blessings of its results. "I do not believe," he writes, "that we are yet sufficiently trained and sufficiently good to be ripe for a complete deliverance from despotism. The lower classes, and even literary men, rail at all despots and aristocrats; but if a noble condescend to be gracious to them, they immediately forget all manly dignity, and become mere lickspittles; while if one of them is fortunate enough to rise in the State, he becomes a more arrogant aristocrat than those who are born to rank. All would fain be masters, but the true sense of equality, and the virtue of never infringing on another's right, is of no easy attainment. If you would read something which goes to the root of the matter, I would recommend to you Ehler's '*Principles of Political Philosophy*.' I send you an outline of it, sketched in the order which the ideas have assumed in my own mind."—"I cannot contemplate the political world without sorrow," he writes in the spring of 1793; "in France a raging, blinded people; here, among us, a set of perjured tyrants. I used to believe that even if the individual man fell, the race, at least, would gradually attain to a high development; but this, too, seems to be a dream. Confusion to the French

bloodhounds who so outrageously dishonour the sacred cause of freedom!"

The energy of Perthes in his business and his personal pursuits, as well as the active interest he took in the political and general movements of the age, by which he was profoundly attracted, had developed his understanding, introduced him to life in its varied relations, and given him an intelligent mode of viewing all the events of the period; but the very culture to which he had thus attained had at the same time made him conscious of a void in his spiritual life, which caused him many hours of sorrow.

Frank, open, and truthful, he keenly felt the want of some one to whom he might pour out his whole heart in the unreserved freedom of mutual intercourse, and be met by a frankness and attachment equal to his own. The natural devotedness of a child to father and mother, had been denied him; for his interviews with his mother had been too few and short to exercise any influence in the formation of his character. To the uncle and aunt who had supplied to him the place of parents, Perthes turned with ardent affection, and never allowed an opportunity to pass of expressing the gratitude which he felt towards them. He opened his heart to his uncle unreservedly; to him he imparted the struggles of youth, the grief which his weakness occasioned, his honest joy at having been at least enabled to prevent evil thoughts from running into evil deeds—all was communicated to this his fatherly friend. Still this was not enough, and he yearned for the daily interchange of thoughts with some companion about his own age, whose sympathies would be in unison with his own. "The most earnest wish of my heart," he writes, "is for a friend to whom I might freely unbosom myself, who would strengthen me when I am weak, and encourage me when I begin to despair; but, alas! I find no such friend, and yet I feel an irresistible necessity to un-

burden my heart ; and so overpowering is this longing, that I could press every man to my breast, and say, Thou, too, art God's image!" While thus deploring the want of a friend as one of the misfortunes of his life, he had been powerfully attracted by the kindly though childish advances of his master's second daughter, who, by the force of a loving nature, had won the affection of the unfriended boy from the first day of his residence under the same roof with her.

Frederika, then twelve years of age, was, as we have seen, his faithful nurse during the illness of his first winter, and continued to be his playfellow and comforter in subsequent years. She provided for all his wants, giving him food, fuel, and light, and never failed to cheer him with her sprightliness. She had often much to endure from the disorders of the house, and when she or Perthes suffered from the unhappy relations which prevailed, they always found comfort in each other's sympathies. "We were sensible children," writes Perthes subsequently ; "we comforted each other, read together, and talked over all our troubles." Together they grew out of childhood : the boy became silent and embarrassed, the girl shy and reserved. About this time a second apprentice, Nessig by name, became an inmate ; a smart, good-natured lad, with a wonderful gift for entertaining himself and others with light and lively talk. This was unbearable to Perthes when addressed to Frederika. He had been able to hold earnest discourse with her only touching the dignity of man and the perfectibility of the human race, of the love of God and of our neighbour, and such high topics ; and when these were inappropriate, Perthes had nothing to say. "On this account," he writes to his uncle, "Nessig is more regarded than I am ; people talk with him, while they leave me to stand unnoticed, and treat me almost contemptuously." Perthes felt irritated by the neglect, and soon became the victim of jealousy. The ill-will that he

felt towards the favoured Nessig first made him aware of his jealousy. This ill-will he determined to overcome ; he opened his whole heart to the favourite, and promised to conceal nothing from him. A warm friendship between the youths, founded on their common feeling towards the beloved maiden, was the result ; and this afterwards exposed Perthes to much ill-natured raillery, and eventually to many vexations. His former playfellow had now grown into a very handsome girl of sixteen, and the admirers of the elder sister, who had hitherto been regarded as the *belle* of Leipsic, were now dazzled and tempted from their allegiance by the sprightliness and superior intelligence of the dark-haired Frederika. Lovers without number soon gathered round her, and yet she could not do without the shy and anxious apprentice at the other side of the room, who numbered only nineteen years, and who never expressed his feelings to her except by the involuntary attention that he bestowed on everything she did and said.

"She is still," he writes, "most kind to me ; she knows how, by a few words, to cheer me when I am troubled and depressed, and she speaks to me of her position in her father's house, as she does to no other. Ah ! my dear good uncle, how sincerely I thank God that my former struggle with evil thoughts, which surely came without any invitation on my part, is over ! What the most serious reflections on the greatness and perfectibility of man could never accomplish, has been effected by the influence of a pure and innocent love. God will still protect me ; may He also protect you and your wife and children, and what is my most earnest prayer, may He make Frederika happy !—Good-night." The next letter from his uncle, as might have been expected, brought the inquiry, "What next?" "Assuredly she is not in love with me," was the reply ; "she has the choice of so many highly-educated men, that I, with my youthful twenty-year face, cut but a

sorry figure among them, to say nothing of the advantages of dress and social position which they possess. It is true that the last-mentioned have no great value in Frederika's eyes; but a young man is at this very moment paying attentions to her, whose acquirements I respect so highly, that I should be the vainest of living men were I for an instant to put myself in competition with him. Yet one word, dear uncle: even if she loved me, and I were able to maintain her, I could never make her my wife; for nothing on earth would induce me to commit myself irrevocably with Böhme's family, nor would I marry one who has first known me in the humble position which I occupy here. My heart is ready to break while I write thus, yet be not anxious on my account, dear uncle, I never felt so confident of my steady adherence to the right as I do now."

In 1792, while this struggle was going on, Perthes one day found himself placed opposite to Frederika, at a dinner given by Böhme in honour of some strangers who were visiting Leipsic. She paid him the most marked attention, and drew him into every conversation; he was animated, and took wine, and when after dinner she happened to draw near, and reach over his chair to take something from the table, approaching him so closely that he felt her heart beat through her blue silk dress, he could command himself no longer, but rushing out into the dark night, wandered for hours through the fields like a maniac. "I felt as if annihilated," he wrote a few years later: "in that hour the sanctuary of my thoughts lost its purity; I determined to take vengeance on myself—I resolved never again to look into the maiden's eyes—I could not resist, however—I looked, but found there nothing but a deathlike coldness. She was no longer the same; she was cold as ice, and hard as iron. Then began a desperate struggle with myself, in which I called all my energies, all my strength of will to my

aid, and succeeded—not indeed in annihilating, but in temporarily overcoming the passion.”

At this time Perthes would sit up half the night, seeking to allay the tempest in his bosom, by the arduous study of treatises upon Kant's Philosophy and Cicero *De Officiis*. A better help than any which these wearisome studies could afford, and one of which he, up to that time, had had no experience, was at hand, in the society of young men of great mental activity and high moral character. Accident had given rise to an intimacy with seven young Swabians, considerably older than himself, who formed an affection for him, and drew him into their circle. The names of the four principal members of this circle were—Schröder, Duttonhover, Trefftz, and Meier. They were men of talent and good education, of pleasant humour, and considerable poetical enthusiasm. Perthes soon got into the habit of devoting all his leisure hours to them. Through them he became acquainted with the works of Herder, Schiller, and Goethe; and, moreover, had his first genuine experiences of the joyous life of youth. “Never, since I came here,” he writes, “have I enjoyed such pleasant heart-quickenings as I now do in the society of my beloved new friends. They are all Swabians and closely united, and cultivate no society beyond their own limited circle; but the moment I enter, I read my welcome in their eyes.”—“Yesterday evening,” he says in another letter, “one of my friends gave a little farewell party. We were very jolly; you cannot think what a peculiar kind of good humour these Swabians possess. I am, indeed, not behind the rest in merriment, but as for wit, I must knock under, except when my spirits are roused by a glass of wine.”—“I am one of the happiest of men,” he tells his Schwartzburg uncle. “The friendship, and regard, and affection of good men accompany me at every step, and an annoyance of a particular kind that oppressed me, has now disappeared. The

annoyance I refer to was this ; when I saw other young men of my own age setting about everything with a sort of sprightliness that I could never command, I was grieved at heart, because I was convinced that nothing great or noble could be accomplished without ardour and vivacity. My weak spirits vexed me, and I even went so far as to blame all that was good in me, ascribing my good tendencies merely to the coldness of my temperament, which I consequently mortally hated. And now, dear uncle, all this is changed!—yes, I feel that there is enthusiasm in me ; but when this enthusiasm, which is now satisfied with lower objects, shall have religion, perfection, and virtue for its inspiration, then the last vestige of selfishness will disappear, and I shall love all—all as my brethren.”

The circumstances in which Perthes had grown up to youth, had, indeed, been narrow and limited, but his mind had been formed and strengthened by much valuable experience. “When I think of the years I have passed here,” he writes in 1793, “when I carry myself back within the circle of ideas that I brought with me to this place, I am astonished at the transformation I have undergone. I shall ever look back upon Leipsic with affection and blessings ; for here my mind began to develop, and to apprehend the greatness of humanity. I have had seasons of trial, it is true, but they have brought forth much good. I came here a light-minded youth, with many failings ; I have still many, but many too are corrected. For all the good I have enjoyed I thank God, who placed so many inducements to good in my way, in order that my levity might not get the upper hand.” It was not without a feeling of pride that, as the term of his apprenticeship drew near, he contemplated his actual position. “It gives me pleasure,” he writes, “to say to myself, ‘Thou hadst no father, no means, and yet thou hast been a burden to no one, and in a few weeks wilt be independent of all but thyself !’” According to agree-



ment, the term expired at Michaelmas 1793; but Böhme's friend, Hoffmann the Hamburg bookseller, who had carefully observed Perthes and admired his business qualities, requested his master to set him free before the close of his term, as he wished to engage him as an assistant in the Easter of the same year. Böhme consented: at a grand entertainment he came up to Perthes, told him to rise, gave him a gentle slap on the face, presented him with a sword, addressed him as "*Sie*," (they,<sup>1</sup>) and the apprenticeship to the book-trade was at an end, though the apprenticeship to life was but beginning.

<sup>1</sup> The Germans use the third person plural instead of the second, when addressing others—"they," instead of "you." Children and servants are addressed by the second person singular—"thou."

## CHAPTER III.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE RESIDENCE AT HAMBURGH—1793-94.

ON the 13th of May 1793, Perthes took leave of the city in which he had spent six years—"happy years of earnest striving," as he himself called them ; he had now left behind him extreme poverty and abject dependence. He exchanged his cold little attic chamber for the comfortable travelling carriage of his new master, and the roughness of honest Böhme for the cultivated society of his travelling companion Hoffmann, a man of education and considerable knowledge of the world. The country was in the first bloom of spring, and a fine moonlight night induced meditation on the past and the future. At Hochweisig, the first stage, the travellers fell in with Hoffmann's friend, Campe of Brunswick, his wife, daughter, and nephews. Campe was a member of the Council of Education, enjoyed a wide-spread reputation as a man of talent and an author, and was on intimate terms with the most noted men of the period. It was the first time that Perthes had had an opportunity of social intercourse with a family of such distinction, and it was not without a feeling of excitement that he contemplated the meeting. The house in which Campe had found lodging, was a wretched village inn, and the many little contrivances and mutual good offices called forth by the scanty accommodation and the ignorance and awkwardness of the host, soon made Perthes acquainted with a family from which, under

other circumstances, he would at his age have kept respectfully aloof. His admiration knew no bounds, when he found that he was to visit Wörlitz and Dessau in their society. "Herr Campe," he writes to his uncle, "I found to exceed the ideal which I had formed of the author of the *Theophron*. He is a tall and slender but handsome man, with an air of dignity diffused over his whole person; his most trivial action bears the impress of a superior mind. But she who contributes most to the charm of the family and to his own dignified tranquillity, is his admirable wife, who to the most refined breeding unites the warmest affection, and to the widest range of information the most careful housewifery. And now comes that masterpiece, the model of education and high-breeding, Lottchen Campe! but to praise her as she deserves is beyond my power." The nephew invited Perthes' friendship and correspondence—an advance which he joyfully met. "When we parted," he writes, "it was as though I were leaving father, mother, sister, friend, all that stands for happiness here on earth." By Helmstädt and Uelzen, Hoffmann and he now journeyed to Hamburg. "The next morning at five o'clock," he writes to his uncle, "we reached the Elbe, and had to be ferried over in a large boat to Zollenspicker, the first spot of Hamburg ground; this gave me great pleasure, as it was all new to me. From Zollenspicker to Hamburg is eighteen miles, but the constant variety in the scenery made it seem hardly a league. The whole tract is one continuous village, a village cradled by the Elbe, surrounded by garden grounds, and houses such as one does not often see in cities—all kept with the greatest neatness, finely painted and fitted up with Bohemian plate-glass windows. It is a fine sight! And just think, there are peasants here who give to their daughters portions of ten and even twenty thousand dollars. It was at ten o'clock at night, on the 17th of May, the day before Whitsunday, that we entered Ham-

burgh. I was astonished at the crowds of people, far greater than in Leipsic even during the most crowded days of the Fair. Everything is grand and beautiful, surpassing all I have yet seen."—He was favourably impressed by the polite manners and kind-heartedness, the open candour and regular habits, of the Hoffmann family. "Madame Hoffmann," he writes, "is a woman of superior intelligence. She is admirable as a wife and mother. But I find I must take heed to my manners, for you cannot think how particular she is, and what a way she has of managing us. The daughter is handsome, very handsome, and very good too, but one is somehow compelled to keep at a distance from her." Hoffmann was a good man of business, and, both as a man and a bookseller, thoroughly well-informed. He liked the luxurious, hospitable style of Hamburg life. The contrast between the dry tranquillity of his manner and the excitable vivacity of his wife, in no wise disturbed the harmony of the family. "Were you to see this respectable couple," writes Perthes, "you could not refrain from laughing; for she is like quicksilver, and would know everything, while he, as you know, is rather phlegmatic. Though fond enough of talking, he has a great dislike to answering questions. She has consequently to keep up an incessant fire of interrogatories, as, 'I say?—Do you hear?—Hoffmann?—Tell me?—Don't you hear?—Answer me?'—and not unfrequently she pours out all these in rapid succession before she can extract a reply. At last he rejoins with, 'I have told you already,' and yet no one has heard a word. If she is too hard upon him he growls a little; it is of no use, he must do as she bids."

The work in which Perthes was now to be engaged, under Hoffmann's direction, was one that called forth all his powers. Half a year after his entrance on it, he thus writes, "I was ignorant of many things, as is mostly the case with apprentices

who have served their time; but I have hit upon a situation particularly favourable for extending my information, for I have work to do here which is seldom intrusted even to an experienced hand. That this keeps my brain in excitement you may well believe; happily, being left to myself, I can work as I like, and this is the only way in which I can get through much. Reflection has always been my best teacher, and just for this reason I find it very difficult to comprehend and to imitate any one who sets himself to show me the way to do anything." Perthes did not find many leisure hours in his new employment: "We never close," he writes, "till nine o'clock at night, and once in the week we have to sit up half through the night, and on each alternate Sunday we have to assist in the business half the day. This is in ordinary seasons, but at the approach of a fair the work can scarcely be overtaken." Perthes, however, had already learned in Leipsic to take advantage of the few hours which the uninterrupted routine of business life left at his disposal for mental cultivation and for recreation, and in Hamburg too he found time to accomplish much.

He had been deeply interested with Herder's "Letters on Humanity," and Jacobi's "Waldemar." Schiller's "Essay on Grace and Dignity" had charmed and captivated him. "It is singular," he writes, "that works of this kind make the most profound impression on me, while special treatises on morality, and grave exhortations, however excellent, fail to interest, and even leave me restless and unhappy. These suggest many things which rouse all sorts of doubts and questionings in my mind, but a treatise which, like that of Schiller's, is so convincing and exhaustive, and gives birth to so many new thoughts, has power to move me deeply."

On the holidays, the fine environs of Hamburg afforded him recreation and numerous sources of pleasure. "He must be dead to the beauties of nature," he writes, "who could be un-

happy in such a place as this. You can imagine nothing finer or grander than the neighbouring country. Every turn of the Elbe below Altona is unique of its kind, and reflects in its peculiar beauty the greatness and goodness of the Creator. Acquaintances he had already found, and as his movements were now no longer so strictly regulated by the will of a master, he was quite disposed to avail himself of the many pleasures which are to be enjoyed in a great city. Concerts and masquerades occasionally form the subjects of his letters. It was the theatre, however, that presented to him the greatest attractions. "You *should* see Schroeder act!" he writes; "it exceeds all that can be imagined." The summer brought with it many a Sunday pleasure-trip by land or water, in the company of families with which he was intimate. "Thirty of us, ladies and gentlemen, some old, some young, floated yesterday down the Elbe, to the sound of kettle-drums and trumpets, and enjoyed ourselves to the full." On these and similar occasions, he was irresistibly fascinated, now by the sparkling wit, then by the earnest thoughtfulness, and again by the frank cordiality of some attractive and interesting girl, and seemed indeed to pass from one enchantment to another. "How highly man is still favoured by the gods," he writes; "how love exudes from me at every pore!—what is there in me to make every maiden believe that I am in love with her, and thus actually to bring it about? Should occasion offer, I begin to speak with them of what has a deep interest for me, and, as I speak, the interest gains strength, for they are so fascinating that a man believes himself in heaven; but alas! this does not last long, I weary of them or they of me. It is a sad thing that these powerful natures will so seldom use their influence to make us better. If they were but disposed, how wonderfully they might improve us, for we are ever ready to do their bidding; but they have no such high object, and seem to desire nothing from us but folly."

But amid all the shifting scenes and impressions that the change of life brought with it, Frederika's image was still present with him. When Perthes left Leipsic, they had promised that they would not forget the days of childhood, and that they would correspond occasionally. He was deeply affected at hearing that on the day he took his departure, she had sat for hours at the window weeping. In his first letter to his Leipsic friends, he says, "I still live wholly in the past, and am now first aware how fondly I love Frederika ; she is ever the centre round which all my thoughts turn." True to the obligations he had taken on himself, to keep back nothing bearing on his relations with Frederika from his friend Nessig, he sent to him their whole correspondence. A strange intimacy thus grew up between the rivals, grounded solely on their common affection for the girl. "You may have secrets *from me*," writes Perthes, "but nothing, nothing may you conceal of your thoughts and feelings *regarding me*. Here the least reserve would be the grave of friendship. Keep back neither doubt nor reproach ; write all, even though it should cost me many a bitter tear."

Perthes was able to comment to his friend with calmness, nay, even with some severity, on whatever seemed wrong in Frederika, but he found excuses for all in the trying circumstances of her home. "Men may indeed blame her, but God condemns no one for single and isolated failings. He has appointed a stern discipline for the poor, dear, noble girl, and hereafter she will reap the reward. If I knew any way to make her happy," he writes again, "I would joyfully do so at any cost. I have been long thinking how I can write to her an affectionate letter of advice ; but though you may let a girl *feel* that you think her wrong, and although she is quite conscious of it, yet you must not venture to *say* it, or you will at once be made aware of the power which in such a case a woman always has over a man." "Be her friend, her guide and counsellor,"

he writes to Nessig, "but guard against yourself, and do not harbour a feeling of security which is only imaginary. Your last letter betrayed the height of passion, and shows that you are given up to its intoxication. It were folly to strive to tear it from your heart, even if you could. No; keep this love-sickness, be still an enthusiast, only forget not virtue and religion."—The calm judgment and self-denying anxiety which Perthes at one time exhibited, were at another overpowered by an outburst of passion: "You are still living," he writes, "under the eyes of my Frederika!—*My* Frederika? Yes, so I call her, for come what may, a part of her soul is mine, and will be mine for ever." In another letter he says, "Frederika begins everything with me, Frederika is with me while I am occupied with it, Frederika ends it with me—in a word, Frederika is in my heart by night and by day. Ah! my suffering is sometimes great, and it is truly terrible to have to will to subdue such a passion as mine, and yet I must and will subdue it."

Perthes had the firm conviction that the maiden loved his friend better than himself. "I would fain not confess it," he writes, "but I have long been aware of Frederika's preference for you—a preference grounded on your noble character, which is much stronger than mine. Believe me, brother, it often cost me a struggle, yes, a terrible struggle, not to be unjust to you, and not to make you smart for the preference you enjoyed. Once I was on the point of becoming your enemy, but I overcame, and now I am calm, though I must still weep. Write and tell me what is to be the issue of your love, and I will do all I can for you."

In such a mood Perthes would seek for solitude, where he might give himself up undisturbed to melancholy thoughts. "I have just returned," he writes, "from a solitary walk, which has done me much good; I was penetrated by the glory of Nature; certainly I was never better in soul than now. Dearest



brother, be it what it may that now inspires me, God—Nature—Heart—do not grudge it me, but rather rejoice with me. In the twilight of memory, visions rise before me, and the misty figures of the distant loved ones hover around me." "Imagination!" he says in another letter, "Imagination! no dependence is to be placed on thy votaries, says Campe; and yet though thou hast caused me many sorrows, I would not be without thee. Imagination gave me blessedness—gave me love and melancholy. Oh, the melancholy which is the offspring of imagination is the sweetest thing that I know! My brother, to lie in the stillness of nature, not knowing what one feels or thinks, and yet to know it so well! In such moments every blade of grass, every leaf is my friend—while as the humour prompts I can extract from each, food for my fancy, and would fain shed tears of sweetest sadness: there and then is it revealed to man that God is the soul of all."

Grateful as Perthes was for the happiness of his Hamburg life, it was not long till he felt its insufficiency to satisfy him. "You cannot imagine, dear Campe," he writes, "what it is to be confined exclusively to the company of the young, and to be quite shut out from that of older men, and from all family gatherings, except on rare festive occasions. Among young men, however extended the circle of acquaintance, an unbearable sameness prevails, and the whole conversation turns upon trifles. There can be nothing more perilous than constant intercourse with commonplace men; even if the character do not sustain direct injury, a dry, dull, reserved condition of mind is induced, more or less hostile to freedom. When I first came here I was foolish enough to associate with a multitude of young persons, who at the outset appeared agreeable enough; now that I have discovered how many precious hours they make me waste, I must take decided measures to get quit of them." But though anxious to free himself from these connexions, Perthes

by no means sought to avoid all society. His natural disposition, fostered by early habits, made it impossible for him to find entire satisfaction in what books alone could afford : to become what he was capable of becoming, he needed both correspondence and personal intercourse with men capable of exercising influence over his mind, men of different positions, different degrees of culture, and of various tendencies. He became more and more conscious of this want. "My heart," he tells his uncle, "yearns for the society of many, and of cultivated men. Such society is a necessity for me, and I must compass it, to prevent myself from sinking entirely." Hamburg, the most stirring city of Germany at that time, was exactly the place where an ardent desire for the variety and excitement of improving society might best be satisfied. As the first commercial city, and the first sea-port of Germany, its world-wide trade had made it the centre of the most varied interests, and consequently the resort of strangers of all nations. From the beginning of the Revolution, the enterprise of a few great houses, and the close connexion with France, had given an impulse to trade, which was felt even by the lowest classes. So keen, consequently, was the interest in the progress of events in France, that a more exact acquaintance with their shifting phases than was perhaps to be met with in the great cabinets of Europe, was to be found in Hamburg. Emigrés, too, of all shades of political opinion had sought refuge there. In addition to the German theatre, which, under Schroeder's management, ranked with the first in Germany, a French company from Brussels, and an English one from Edinburgh, had established themselves permanently. The literary movements, too, that agitated Germany, roused the interest of the more distinguished circles of the great commercial city. Devotion, in some cases passionate devotion to the objects of the Revolution, went hand in hand with a perfect acquaintance

with the contents and purport of the Wolfenbüttel Fragments.<sup>1</sup> Although the noble efforts of the elder Reimarus, who died in 1767, had left no trace, and even although the powerful influence exercised by Lessing, when, in 1768, he wrote his *Dramaturgie* in Hamburg, was no longer apparent, yet such was the breadth of feeling still prevalent in the literary circles, that a harsh and invidious exclusion of men of talent, on account of their political creeds, was never thought of.

"Live and let live" is a maxim in literature as in trade. A comparatively small number of congenial families formed the centre around which citizens and strangers of distinction alike gathered. Büsch, whose writings on political economy and commerce enjoyed a great and wide-spread celebrity, was already advanced in years; but the Commercial Academy, of which he was President, was the means of bringing strangers from all parts of Europe to his house, where all that was most distinguished for wit, talent, or learning, would often congregate. The younger Reimarus, who as a physician commanded the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens, and as a writer on medical science, physics and philosophy, enjoyed a high reputation throughout Germany, held evening reunions. Still more varied was the society that assembled at the house of his son-in-law, Sieveking, who was considered to be one of the wealthiest, as well as one of the most sagacious men in Hamburg. Strangers from all countries, and men of all opinions, found an hospitable reception every Sunday at Neumühlen, his summer residence, beautifully situated on the banks of the Elbe. A circle of seventy or eighty guests might often be seen there at mid-day, gathered round Mademoiselle Sieveking; and "no one," as Rist once remarked, "understood better how to make

<sup>1</sup> Lessing, when Curator of the library of Wolfenbüttel, published a work about the year 1774, opposed to the theological spirit of the age, under the title of *Wolfenbüttelschen Fragmente eines ungenannten*, which attracted great attention in Germany, and gave rise to considerable controversy.

every one appear to the best advantage, and to let each share in the wealth of a pure and benevolent heart." There can be few houses with which so many kindly and grateful associations, far and near, are linked.

The chapel-master Reichardt,<sup>1</sup> who, after many reverses, had found a refuge at Neumühlen, formed one of this society. His study was adorned with portraits of Mirabeau, Pichegru, and Charlotte Corday; and one of his sons, in his ardour for the young Republic, had joined the army of the Pyrenees as a Chasseur. At Altona lived Gerstenberg,<sup>2</sup> the author of *Ugolino*, formerly one of the most regular contributors to the *Letters on the Curiosities of Literature*, now one of the most zealous Kantians, and the founder of a Kantian Club. Schroeder above all, who was equally appreciated as a theatrical manager, a publisher of several dramatic works, and as a companion, never failed to find a cordial welcome; the brothers Unzer, free-thinkers and worshippers of Italian poetry, were also there, and were ready at any moment to sit in judgment on the German poets, and on all that they regarded as a narrow-minded morality. Von Hess, who subsequently exercised so vast an influence on the destinies of Hamburg, represented politics in these social reunions. And amid them all Klopstock might be seen, a frequent and not unwilling visitor; all respecting his opinions, though so unlike their own, and forbearing to irritate the aged and distinguished man by argument.

When Perthes, then in his twenty-second year, first came to

<sup>1</sup> Apparently J. F. Reichardt, the musical composer, who, after a distinguished life spent in the various European capitals, retired to a small estate in Holstein. He composed, among many other pieces, the operas *Andromeda*, *Olimpiade*, and *Brenno*, but perhaps his most famous production was a dirge on Frederick the Great. He was born in Königsberg in 1751, and died in 1814. He was not so remarkable for original genius as for a careful musical culture.

<sup>2</sup> Gerstenberg was born in Schleswig in 1737. He was favourably known as a minor poet and littérateur. He joined Klopstock and others in issuing the *Briefe über Merkwürdigkeiten der Literatur*.

Hamburgh, he was wholly unacquainted with the opinions and objects that formed the centre-point of this society; but he saw that the life there led was one of some significance, and longed to obtain admission into the circle. "How my heart beats," he writes to his uncle, "when I think of such eminent families, as those of Büsch, Reimarus, and Sieveking, and when I meet with young men who are privileged to enjoy in their society the genuine pleasures of life. I must and I will find an entrée speedily."

This was not, however, so easy a matter. The distinction between the business of the wholesale and that of the retail dealer, a distinction grounded in the nature of the occupations, was strongly marked at Hamburgh, by the fact of its being recognised in the very constitution of the city. The merchant might become a member of the Senate, the tradesman only of what are called the burgher colleges. It would be difficult for any one, not familiar with life in a great commercial city, to conceive the difference in the mode of life and in society, as well as in opinions and interests, arising from this distinction—a distinction by no means exclusively depending on the accident of superior wealth. Bookselling being regarded as a retail business, those engaged in it did not form a part of what is called the "best society." Perthes, moreover, was poor, and had neither connexions nor introductions. It was a happy accident that first brought him in contact with the Sievekings; and his first appearance among them was an event of some importance to a youth brought up in the most limited circumstances—an entrance into an entirely new sphere of life. "My neighbour at the table," he tells his uncle, "was Büsch, a man of seventy, almost blind, and not a little deaf; he would insist on my helping him to everything; and as each dish was presented, he said, 'What's that?' Now I, you know, had neither seen, smelt, nor tasted any of the dishes before in my life, and

as each dish was presented, I was obliged to proclaim my ignorance, in a loud voice, which was laughable enough both to me and to every one else!" The intimacy begun here quickly gained for him a welcome among the friends and relations of the family. Numerous invitations and much consequent mental excitement followed, but still the inward struggle and uncertainty were the same.

"I have," he writes to a friend, "tasted the intoxicating pleasures of a world in which all is collision and opposition; carried away by them, like many others, I am not: I have had my experiences, but I am not the better for them, and not to become better is to become worse."

## CHAPTER IV.

## NEW FRIENDS AND THEIR INFLUENCE—1795.

IN the society of the most distinguished families of Hamburg, Perthes had hoped to meet with influences of an improving kind, which might give a new direction to his character; but the difference of years and of social position, and the fact that his spiritual wants were not experienced by his new friends, made this quite hopeless. Three men about his own age were now destined to exercise a powerful influence on his moral progress. "I have," he writes in September 1794, "become acquainted with three men who, in spite of their very different characters, participate in each other's sentiments on almost every subject. One of them, Speckter, is a scholar, entirely devoted to the critical philosophy, and the intimate friend of the philosopher Reinhold. The second, Runge, is a merchant, the ablest mind with which I have yet come in contact; the other, Hulsensbeck, is inferior to neither." Perthes was two-and-twenty years of age when he was introduced to these new friends. His small and slender, though firm and well-formed body, his curling hair and fine complexion, and a peculiarly delicate curve in the formation of the eye, gave to his appearance an almost girlish charm. Singularly susceptible, the slightest allusion to women brought the colour to his cheeks. When he had determined on carrying out some settled purpose, the decision and resoluteness of his mind were manifest in the expressiveness of

his slender form ; his strong sonorous voice, his bearing, and every gesture, indicated that he both could and would carry out his resolution. "Little Perthes has the most manly spirit of us all," said his friends ; and they had many stories to tell of the surprising power which his invincible will had exercised over the stubbornness and physical superiority of strong rough men. Perthes was conscious of this power, and in reliance on it, would often, both then and in maturer life, advance boldly to encounter difficulties in circumstances under which men who possessed more physical strength would have quietly kept out of the way. He was seldom afraid of a coming evil, though he would often tremble at the recollection of a danger past.

At the beginning of their acquaintance, Perthes exerted a gently constraining influence on the three friends. "Perthes is a man to whom I feel marvellously attracted by his tender susceptibility, and his earnest striving after all that is noble," writes Speckter at this time : "I thank you for having made me acquainted with such a man." Runge writing at a later period says, "I could not withdraw my eyes from him—the charm of his external appearance I could not but regard as the true expression of his inner nature." But the impression that Perthes on his side received was one of a far deeper kind : "I am now," he tells his uncle, "enjoying to the uttermost all that a quick and ardent sensibility *can* enjoy. I have found three friends full of talent and heart—of pure and upright minds—and distinguished by great and varied culture. When they saw my striving after the good, and my love for the beautiful—when they perceived how I sought and endeavoured, they gave me their friendship, and, oh ! how happy I now am ! Through them I have obtained what I stood most in need of. They know how to call into life and activity all that is best in me. I am like a fish thrown from the dry land into the water. Do not say that this is enthusiasm ; for a feeling is not to be



regarded as enthusiastic because a man experiences it in its full power only in hours of peculiar elevation ; such hours are rather to be regarded as those in which a man is most truly himself." This friendship with men whose minds were more matured than his own, gave him a deeper interest in the appearance of the great literary works of that period. "Have you read Goethe's 'Lehrjahre,'" he writes ; "how simple and how grand ! and that there is anything finer than 'Iphigenie' I do not believe." But the most important influence of this new circle was that which bore on his growing apprehension of the demands of the inward moral law. Whereas Perthes had previously, in accordance with the received opinion, sought virtue and perfection solely in the avoiding of particular vices, and in the practice of particular virtues, his new friends treated the problem of man in a very different way. Under their influence, he began to perceive that that alone is virtue which is practised for its own sake, and from the impulse of motives originating in itself. "My affection for you," he writes, "would have furnished me with another motive for striving against every external influence of an unworthy kind ; but is such a motive of any value, since it is not the highest ?" That alone now appeared to him to be virtue which was faultless and unintermitting in its character. "If," he writes, "virtue consisted in momentary impulses and individual acts, if it were to be acquired by sacrifices and heroic deeds, I should have attained to it long ago ; but it is impossible that the worth of a man should be dependent on his occasional and special actions ; it must rather be a permanent, internal state, regulating his whole outward conduct." "The perfect man," he says in another letter, "must neither think, will, nor do anything that is not in conformity with the highest principles of morality ; no passion must be allowed to have ascendancy ; but head and heart, will and understanding, reason and feeling, must move in undisturbed har-

mony." The same rapid transition from self-satisfaction to self-distrust that had been the experience of the boy, was the frequent cause of doubt to the man with his more matured views. But notwithstanding his high moral standard, there were seasons in which Perthes did not lose confidence in himself. "My will is always good," he writes, "but, nevertheless, I am still too often the slave of passion and of habit, but most assuredly I must and will achieve my freedom." Sometimes his account seemed to him to stand fair: "It does one so much good," he writes, "when one can come before God and say, 'Thou, O God! knowest that I am good;'" and in another letter, "Dear friend, you should not brand me with heterodoxy, because I have this clear consciousness of my own moral condition, for no one can possibly have this but he who is entitled to it. It is indeed possible for a man to be vain of talents which he may or may not possess, but it is impossible for any one to be at peace with his whole inner being, unless it be authorized by the *actual state* of his inner being." Frequently, however, some unexpected victory of passion, or a desponding view of his whole moral condition, filled him with sorrow and self-distrust. "How exactly," he writes, "did Speckter hit my case, when he said to me—'Perthes! your present love of good is a mere play of the nerves that assumes the appearance of a nobler passion, while it is merely the result of a sensitive and susceptible temperament.' Ah! he is right, and even when all else is lulled to sleep, the spirit of evil is ever wakeful."

"That all-embracing kindness which you so unassumingly extend to every one, is very attractive to me," he says to Campe. "I do not feel thus; I am always looking inwards; I have so many and so various objects! And I fear, too, that my restless imagination has sullied the genuine purity of my heart. Is this to be altered, dear friend? Would to God that it were possible!" "Every frail old man," he writes on another occa-

sion, "whose appearance indicates inward tranquillity, is an object of envy to me ; a thousand times a day I wish myself in his place, though involving the extinction of all the pleasures of youth. I would fain possess this cold-blooded calm, this dulness of nerve, if I could thereby be set free from the present struggle between passion and duty, which often drives me to the verge of distraction." "Dear Augustus," he writes in a subsequent letter, "you are indeed good! Would, alas! that I were so. It is so difficult to continue good, and so much more difficult to become better, that it has often occurred to me to doubt whether we were born good."

The misgivings he had as to his own perfectibility, naturally led him to doubt that of the human race. He thus gives expression to them :—"So long as I believed that our improvement was dependent merely on the rectification of our understanding, and that men must necessarily become better and happier as they become more enlightened, the future perfection of our race upon earth appeared to me probable ; but now that daily experience shows me the fallibility of the wisest of men—shows me men whose theories of life are unimpeachable given up to the practice of vice—I have lost all faith in the realization of this virtuous ideal. If our evil deeds flowed from wrong principles, our errors might then be traced back to misconceptions, and we might improve as these were rectified. But can a greater enlargement of the understanding strengthen the feeble will, restore the unsound heart, or change the unnatural and artificial into nature and simplicity? Nay, assuredly, goodness is no necessary result of enlightenment of mind ; this may indeed eradicate follies, but not a single vice." In accordance with these altered views, Perthes now assumed a new position in regard to the Revolution. "I will not deny the wonderful character of much that the French are now accomplishing," he writes in 1795 ; "but what is it worth, when it has no special human

aim as its basis? In all their advances we in fact discover that they are but following more closely in the track of former conquerors. Even Klopstock had hoped that by means of the Constituent Assembly, the degradation of humanity by war would receive its death-blow, but he was deceived. What do you think of the burning of the Jacobin man-of-straw? I regard it as a deeper disgrace than any that the Parisian populace has yet incurred. What can be more detestable than to roll upon others deeds of wickedness that we ourselves have done, and then to rejoice that we have the power to burn them for these deeds? Verily this act was necessary to vindicate the infallibility of the decisions of the sovereign people! Do not from this think of me as an enemy to freedom or to the French people. Who could be so, when he contemplates the unparalleled iniquities, the cold-blooded crimes of the despots! He who is conscious of possessing even the lowest degree of physical force, must be ready to exert it against the oppressors of the Poles; but only in such a manner as shall be consistent with the honour of man, and therefore let us not deify the French."

But the first use to which Perthes put his newly-acquired opinions was, to bring them to bear upon himself; and it soon became his firm conviction that the virtue which his friends desired was unattainable by him. "With a feeling of deep conviction," he said, "I know nothing of the heroism of a virtue proceeding from the will alone; this heroism I do not possess, and if ever I am to attain to it, that which is most excellent in me must first be extinguished; for, believe me, my heart beats higher for goodness than my will wills it. This is indeed the converse of what you desire, but it is not on that account to be called perverse: for it is only when my heart is deeply stirred by good impulses, and when I am able to surrender myself to the free current of my feelings, that I have power to act. Unspeakable is my thankfulness to the Supreme Being

for the heart He has given me ; for to me a heart unsusceptible of the higher emotions, a heart that could neither greatly rejoice nor greatly suffer, but should coldly shape itself as the will might dictate, would have been an inward hell. The physician lately told me, that the acute headache, from which I have so long suffered, is to be attributed to the sensibility of my nervous system, and that nothing can remove it but the preservation of mental calm. But though I should rejoice to be free from pain, yet I should regret as much to lose my sensibility ; for in this consists my wealth. For through it I live more than thousands live ; and therefore I praise God for it : and yet I am forced to exclaim, Would that I were happy !—if, indeed, it is possible for me ever to be so.” The same friends who had revealed to him the moral law in its deeper and broader aspects, had, meanwhile, under the influence of Schiller’s writings, been making some progress in their own moral development, and now made Perthes aware of a path hitherto concealed from him, which they affirmed would lead him to the fulfilment of the moral law. The new doctrine did not demand from him the sacrifice of the living warmth of feeling on the altar of a cold and iron will ; nay, rather feeling itself, inspired, purified, and elevated by and through Art, was to reign supreme over the will. It was Speckter who first directed the inquiring youth to Schiller’s poem, “Die Künstler” (the Artists), constantly urging upon him the lines, “It is only through the morning gate of the beautiful that you can penetrate into the realm of knowledge,” and “that which we here feel as beauty, we shall one day know as truth.” Runge then helped him to comprehend Schiller’s æsthetic letters. It soon appeared to him as if a grand error, embracing all time, had been overthrown by Schiller, when he said, “It is not enough that all enlightenment of the understanding is worthy of respect only in so far as it reacts upon character ; this enlightenment

must also flow from the character, because the only way to the head is through the heart. The cultivation of our feelings is therefore the grand necessity." "I entreat you to read the æsthetic letters," he wrote to Campe; "take pains to comprehend them, make them your own, and you will reap your reward; for the views therein opened up of the beautiful, and of the whole condition and capabilities of man, are the most sublime and the truest that have ever penetrated my soul." And again, "O brother! let us become good, genuine men, approaching more and more within the sphere of the moral and the beautiful. When we have ourselves attained a sure footing, we may influence others: we *may* attain it, but only through the the beautiful, for through it alone can goodness find entrance."

He was now penetrated with the liveliest gratitude towards his friends for the new convictions which they had awakened within him. "I had despaired of myself," he writes, "while I was striving in vain to become virtuous by the sacrifice of all feeling, spiritual as well as sensuous. Constantly failing to fulfil my purpose, I lived in the constant dread of being an object of contempt to the men whom I loved. Where was I to find support? I had discarded as worthless all that was most peculiar to my character. You it was who taught me to recognise what I had thus discarded, and strengthened it in me by your love; and your love will guarantee it to me as long as I am upon earth. You it was who led me to 'the morning gate of the beautiful;' and now it stands open before me—and now I may, and will strive after that which is most wanting in me—constancy and equipoise."

Pertthes was soon to discover, that even within the portals of the beautiful there were paths of darkness and perplexity; and it was well for him, that just as this experience was beginning to dawn upon his mind, he was forced to concentrate all his powers on the business of active life.

## CHAPTER V.

## HIS ESTABLISHMENT IN BUSINESS—1796.

THE society in which Perthes now mixed made him feel keenly the defects of his own education, defects which he saw little likelihood of his now being able to supply. The daily calls of business occupied every hour. "In my education," he says, "I make no progress, and cannot hope to make any: this is a source of grief to me." He hoped, one day, to be able to retire, with a small sum, to some secluded spot, where he might devote himself to study, and give unity to his various but only partially digested knowledge. "Campe," he writes, "stigmatizes this desire for culture as vanity: 'A man must not live for himself,' he maintains, 'but to be useful to others.' But he is certainly wrong, and I do not agree with him." His future was pretty sure, as his uncle in Gotha had promised him the reversion of his business. "My plan of life is so simple," he said, "that I do not see how anything can occur to thwart it."

It was only a few weeks after he had thus expressed himself, that Reimarus and Sieveking proposed to him to enter into the publishing trade with a young friend of their own, promising to provide the necessary means; but, not feeling sufficient confidence in his own knowledge of business, (he was then two-and-twenty,) or in the partner whom they destined for him, he gratefully declined the offer. From that moment, however, he formed the resolution to establish a business of his own in

Hamburg, so soon as he had acquired the requisite experience. He hoped to get his friend Nessig for a partner, and meanwhile succeeded in securing for him an engagement in Hoffmann's establishment.

At the outset, no doubt, Perthes regarded the book-trade as the means of acquiring property and achieving independence; but a sense of the importance of his "beloved book-trade," as he was wont to call it, to the whole intellectual life of the German people, soon took such entire possession of his soul, that we are justified in saying, that during the whole course of his long life, the mere question of gain had little weight with him. Where a large conception of the nature of the book-trade did not exist, it seemed to him that learning and art were endangered by its operations. "If there be no blower," he would say, "the greatest artiste would strike the organ to no purpose." In more than one district where literature lay dead, he had seen it revive and flourish by the settlement of an active bookseller in the locality. Regarding the business from this point of view, he could not but complain that far too little attention had hitherto been devoted to this most interesting branch of industry. He had further observed, that where a bookseller possessed an educated taste, works of a high class were in demand; and that where, on the other hand, the bookseller was a man of low taste and immoral character, a licentious and worthless literature had a wide circulation. Supported by these facts, Perthes ascribed to the book-trade in general, and to each individual bookseller, an important influence on the direction in which the public sought its mental food; and clearly perceiving the influence of literature upon thought and life, he was convinced both then and throughout his whole life, that the book-trade, and the manner in which it was conducted, had a most important part to play in giving direction to the course of events.



He was aware that the book-trade could be managed mechanically and viewed merely as a means of livelihood, but he saw elsewhere also, among priests and professors, ministers and generals, some who, in giving their services, thought only of their daily bread. A shudder came over him when he saw booksellers make common cause with a crew of scribblers who hired out their wits for stabling and provender. "Where," writes he in 1794, "where will you find a body of men so deficient in the requisite information, and so negligent of the duties of their calling, as booksellers? Germany is deluged with wretched and abominable publications, and will be delivered from this plague only when the booksellers shall care more for honour than for gold." His friend Campe had proposed to institute a tribunal of booksellers, and thus to render impossible the publication of injurious works. But, earnestly as Perthes desired the elevation of the calling to which with all the energy of his nature he had now devoted himself, he nevertheless regarded the execution of such a proposal to be not only impracticable but dangerous—introducing, in fact, a censorship of the press in another form. It was only in the elevation of the whole body and of each individual member, that he hoped for progress. "Dear Campe," he writes, "in order to bring about all that is possible and desirable, let us first see that we ourselves are what we ought to be; let us also increase our knowledge, and strive as much as possible to win for our opinions friends and advocates among the young people of our own standing. There are now five of us, and what may not five accomplish if only they be in earnest? Let each strive to diffuse a high tone over his peculiar circle; let each seek out some choice spirits, and if we persevere, and if God favour us, what may we not accomplish?—what good may we not be the means of bringing about? Write me your views on this subject, I entreat you, quickly and at length."

Perthes desired to be independent, and to exercise a wide-spread influence by means of his calling. He had become so much attached to Hamburg, that it seemed almost impossible to leave it; he was constantly revolving in his mind the practicability of founding a business there, and a change introduced, shortly before, into the manner of conducting the book-trade, appeared likely to facilitate the carrying of his wish into effect.

Publishers were now in the habit of allowing a certain number of their books to the retail-dealer on commission, and thus any one enjoying their confidence might trade on a very small capital.

Perthes was of opinion that in this position of the book-trade he might, without running any improper risk, found a business in Hamburg, and by conducting it on liberal principles, stimulate the literary appetite to such an extent as to benefit rather than to damage the existing "Houses." He was only four-and-twenty, but "more at liberty on that account," he wrote to his uncle, "to enter on a great undertaking, as I may look forward to ten years of labour without thinking of marriage."

A thousand pounds of capital, however, was necessary, and Perthes had nothing. Nessig, however, was willing to become his partner, and to bring a capital of £300. A loan from one of his old Swabian friends, and the associating in the enterprise of a young Hamburg merchant, gave him command of the necessary funds. The firm was to be under Perthes' name. In Easter 1796, he left his situation and proceeded to Leipsic Fair, in order to open up communications with publishers. The circular which he issued was to the following effect:—

"I wish to signify to you my intention of establishing myself in Hamburg as a bookseller, and to beg your confidence and support in this undertaking. In asking this, it becomes my duty to give some information concerning my past experi-

ence in the business I propose to conduct. Allow me, therefore, to refer you to Herr Böhme of Leipsic, under whom I served six years, and to Herr Hoffmann of Hamburg, whom I have served for the last three years. If you think it necessary to make any further inquiries, I shall endeavour to give you every possible satisfaction, either orally or in writing." The old men were not without misgivings as to the prudence of giving credit to a young man of four-and-twenty, who so boldly set on foot a business of his own. Perthes required larger sums of money than he had anticipated ; he fell into the most painful perplexity ; but the faithfulness of his three Hamburg friends extricated him from his difficulties. "You will have heard," he writes to Campe, "how things fell out at the Fair, but happily, amid so many other childish pleasures, I had also that of procuring a few thousand dollars ; and that was pleasant—very pleasant !"

In the midst of the throng and tumult of business, his old passion for Frederika returned. He had persuaded himself that his love was no longer a passion, nothing but pleasure in reflecting on the intelligence and grace of the maiden, and had, indeed, engaged to renounce her in favour of his friend Nessig. But, in the presence of the beautiful girl, the fire that had warmed his earlier youth was rekindled. "There she stands before me," he writes, "in all her power and in the full consciousness of her freedom—earnest—free from all petty vanity—her eye full of thought, every feature beaming with life and expression ; and when her eye looks into mine, passion takes possession of me, and in the depths of my heart I feel that I am on the threshold of a great decision." The promise he had made to himself to win her for his friend, not for himself, he now regarded as the doing of an evil destiny. "Such overflowing happiness," he exclaimed, "I saw for myself in that beaming eye ! and I find that in all—all, I have been the

victim of self-delusion, and that I am poor and helpless. I ought to rush from her presence, and I cannot. Must I keep my purpose, even when it is me, not him, whom she loves? No; I cannot, for love to *me* gleams in her eye." He saw but one way of escaping from this struggle between passion and duty. He at once wrote frankly to Nessig explaining all, and while awaiting his answer, he employed a friend to break the matter to Frederika. Perthes and Nessig each made an offer of his hand; the choice was to rest with her, and the rejected was to withdraw in peace, and, in all fidelity, to live and labour for the beloved pair.—"Frederika," wrote Perthes, "listened without changing colour, remained silent for a short time, and then, with deep earnestness, replied—'I love Perthes, I love Nessig; but my hand I can give to neither.' And now," proceeds Perthes, "I feel sad and perplexed; for is it not I who have called forth this decision of Nessig's destiny?" A letter from his friend relieved him from the load of self-reproach, but the future now appeared empty and desolate. "My whole life-plan is ruined—ruined by her! I have done with life. God give me comfort and strength!" In another letter he thus expresses himself—"You think the hard coldness with which I endure all this sorrow unnatural; you would have me give way to tenderness and melancholy. Well, I will obey you, and in future learn to submit; hitherto, perhaps, I have trusted too much in myself."

The necessity of working hard in order to give a fair start to the new business, was now a grievous burden to Perthes. "Would that I had never begun! but the thing is done. Already I am under heavy engagements to others, and these I must and I will fulfil, like an honourable man." He returned to Hamburg, and there had the delight of receiving his mother and sister, to whom he was now in a position to offer a home. He now devoted himself, with all the energy of his nature, to

those preliminary labours on which the successful opening of the business depended. He was the first bookseller who displayed a selection of the best works, old and new, in all the various branches of literature, classified and arranged. His shop presented the appearance of a small but well-chosen library, and the addition of the periodicals of the day offered the means of gaining a general view of the actual state of literature, its movements and its tendencies. Perthes established himself in a stirring quarter of the city. "The house which I have rented," he writes, "for a thousand marks, is quite a wonder in Hamburg, for, from top to bottom, all is literary. On the ground floor, book shelves; up one stair the same; up two stairs Dr. Ersch, as editor of the newspaper recently set on foot; on the third story, Dr. Ersch as *littérateur* and helper's helper to Meusel<sup>1</sup> and his associates; on the fourth, French booksellers in front, and at the back the sleeping apartments of the young German booksellers; up five stairs, a loft, which may be used for a storeroom." "My own domestic arrangements," he tells his aunt, "are on a small scale, but tolerably neat; I think you would approve of them; at least my love of order is becoming a terror to all the household." The preparations being all made, Perthes announced the opening of his business by the following advertisement in the "Hamburg Correspondent" of the 11th July 1796:—"I hereby make known that I have established a new bookseller's shop, which is now opened. In my shop the best books published in Germany, old and new, are to be found; and I venture to promise that I will procure any book which is to be had in other parts of Europe. A portion of my assortment is ready bound,

<sup>1</sup> Probably J. G. Meusel, distinguished for his literary activity. He was chiefly engaged with historical studies, and did much to diffuse a knowledge of the history of literature. He was born in 1743, was called to Erfurt in 1769 to the Chair of History, and, at the period when Perthes established his business, was editing the *Neues Museum* and the *Neue Miscellaneen artist. Inhalts*.

in order to meet the wishes of the reading public more readily, to facilitate to the purchaser the knowledge of what he is buying, and to supply the wants of the passing traveller more adequately.

"I am persuaded that by beginning in this manner, I have engaged in a useful enterprise. Whatever may be incomplete and defective in the manner of carrying out my arrangements, I shall endeavour to remedy as soon as I have acquired a better acquaintance with the wishes of the public. In order to make a visit to my shop agreeable, and, so far as I am able within my own sphere, to aid in diffusing a knowledge of recent literature, I shall take care that a copy of every German journal, every novelty of the day, and all writings of general interest, shall always lie in my shop for inspection. To attention, punctuality, and politeness to those who shall visit me, I pledge myself in all circumstances as a duty."

The business was now established with good hope of success. It was, as Perthes said later in life, a bold and adventurous youthful enterprise; but it was founded on a correct insight into the important movements and necessities of the literary life of the period.

## CHAPTER VI.

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH HOLSTEIN AND WESTPHALIA—  
JACOBI—1796.

IN July 1796, only a few weeks after Perthes had commenced business, a tall, slender man, with a finely-formed face, a darkish complexion, and glorious, thoughtful blue eyes, entered the shop. He appeared to be about fifty, but in all his movements there was the ease and power of youth. His dress, expression, and bearing, had the air of being studied and yet perfectly natural. His fine and noble bearing soon attracted the attention of Perthes; it was Frederick Henr Jacobi,<sup>1</sup> who having left Düsseldorf, was at that time residing in Holstein and Hamburg. Superiority was stamped upon him, but it was neither cold nor repulsive. The attractiveness of his appearance inspired immediate confidence; and Perthes had scarcely given the necessary replies to his inquiries, when he expressed to the astonished author of *Waldemar*, the reverence and affection with which he had instantaneously been inspired. He, at the same time, gave the friendly listener a glimpse into his own earnest striving, and

<sup>1</sup> Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi, the younger brother of the poet, Joh. Georg, was the son of a Düsseldorf merchant. He was born in 1743, and was early distinguished by his deep religious feeling. He devoted himself chiefly to metaphysico-theological speculation, and rendered great service to the philosophy of his time by his criticisms on Mendelssohn, Kant, Fichte, and Schelling. The leading idea of his philosophical theology was, that as by our bodily senses we perceive the external world, so through Faith, or, as he afterwards preferred to call it, Reason, the Divine reveals itself to us. This revelation or Reason-intuition, he maintained to be an immediate consciousness: all knowledge (of the understanding) was mediate, and, at the best, second-hand.

the uncertain spiritual ground on which he stood. Jacobi was pleased with his candour and animation, returned after a few days, and from that time became a frequenter of the shop, now turning over the leaves of the new French, English, and German publications, and now conversing with their owner. A few weeks later, in August 1796, Perthes was invited to visit Jacobi at Wandsbeck, where he was then living. There he saw Jacobi's youngest son Max, who had just finished his medical studies in England, and Charlotte and Helena, the two sisters of his host.

Clever, lively, and deeply interested in all the literary movements of the period, the sisters at the same time discharged all household duties with praiseworthy energy and self-denying care. From this time Perthes enjoyed the privilege of joining the circle at Jacobi's as often as he pleased, and that was not seldom. Helena became a real, motherly friend to him, and her brother a paternal counsellor, ever ready to enter into the feelings, to sympathize with the inward struggle, and to answer the doubts and questionings of his young friend, admonishing and instructing him, and thus doing much to further his mental development. "I love and honour the glorious man as I love and honour none beside," he writes to his uncle. "I met him with a full heart; he recognised it, and thought it worth his while to occupy himself with my inner being."

The state of Perthes' mind at this time was such as to render the influence of Jacobi irresistible. He had striven for years to bring his will into subjection to laws to be fixed by the understanding, as the only valid rule; for years he wearied himself in vain endeavours to establish this law-bridled will as the rule of his actions. Subsequently, he had joyfully recognised the feelings of his own heart as the pole-star of life, but these were to be first fashioned and purified by Art and the Beautiful, a work in which he was equally unsuccessful. Jacobi now met him with all the weight of a great and acknowledged name, and



with all the fascination of his manner and his personal appearance. He confirmed his willing listener in the opinion that the feelings are to be followed as the pole-star of life, though in a manner, and for reasons different from those he had hitherto supposed. "It is true," such was Jacobi's theory, "that truth has been revealed to man by the Creator as a guide for his earthly course ; not indeed, in word or symbol, but as a feeling seated in his own human heart. An inscrutable event, which receives no explanation by being apprehended as the Fall, has disturbed this original revelation in the feelings, and left man erring and sinful. The idea of a First Cause of all things has remained inseparable from the very being of man as man ; but when the understanding, whose range is limited, which, indeed, can only raise sensations into conceptions, or give definiteness to the conceptions we already possess, seeks to demonstrate this original cause of all by the machinery of logic, or to explain it by sensuous perceptions, it is inevitably landed in a necessary Being destitute of all personality—the lifeless idol of the understanding. God, however, does reveal Himself and Eternal Truth in human Feeling, without any intermediate agency. It is, then, only by receiving these direct revelations, and by withdrawing himself from the impressions of the sensuous world, as well as from the influence of the understanding, that man can aspire to an ever-increasing knowledge of eternal truth."

"How can I ever thank you," wrote Perthes to Jacobi some years later ; "you it was who fixed my destiny by your love, strengthening my young heart, and opening up for me a new moral career." The sentiment of grateful veneration that bound him to Jacobi never grew cold ; and Jacobi, who kept up the correspondence with his young friend to the last, used frequently to address his letters thus—"The aged Jacobi to his brave and beloved son, Perthes."

Perthes had met Claudius<sup>1</sup> at Jacobi's house in September ; and on the 27th of November he was, for the first time, received as a guest at the residence of the "Wandsbeck Messenger," which was situated near the entrance of the neat and pleasant town of that name, on the highroad to Lubeck. The sickly complexion, the hair tightly drawn back and fastened with a comb, the ungainly figure, the homely dressing-gown, and the Low-Saxon dialect, would hardly have revealed the treasure that was hidden in this extraordinary man, had it not been for the heavenly fire which flashed from his fine blue eye. "I had long felt a great regard for Claudius," he writes to his uncle, "but it is not easy to get at him. I had bowed to the deep sense of his writings, every line of which is an evidence that the spark which proclaims our godlike origin burns in him as in no other." In the house of Claudius, as in the circles of Hamburg, he again encountered the great political and religious questions of the day ; here also he found the most lively interest in literary movements, but an interest of a different kind from that which had hitherto come under his observation. Altogether opposed to the prevailing notions of the period, which had a tendency to subject religion and politics more or less to the wavering opinions of man, Claudius found in the revelation of Holy Writ the only source of true religion, and in hereditary monarchy the one indispensable and divinely ordained means of security against the outrages and caprices of the people. He agreed with Jacobi in denying to logic any power to find out truth ; but in other respects they were widely separated. While Jacobi gave great prominence to the moral wanderings of man

<sup>1</sup> Matthias Claudius was born in Holstein in 1743. He was at once earnest and humorous in his writings, and cared less for the graces of diction than for the inculcation of honest, noble, charitable, and patriotic sentiments. He adapted himself to the tastes and condition of the people. Many of his prose and poetical pieces first appeared in a periodical which he edited when resident in Wandsbeck, called the "Wandsbecker Bote." He published these and many additional writings in 1776, under the title *Armus omnia sua secum portans*, or collected works of the *Wandsbecker Bote*.

as the result of the inscrutable event that brought disorder into the creation of God, Claudius looked at once to the sin of man as itself the cause of his departure from God. Thus he could not, like Jacobi, rest in a salvation to be found in feelings listening to the voice of God within, but only in the historical fact of the Redemption, and its converting power on the heart of man. Still, in spite of this essential difference, the convictions of these closely united friends were not diametrically opposed to each other. Jacobi could, without inconsistency, declare that he regarded that man as happy who was following a brighter light than his, and clinging to a more steadfast support; while Claudius, inasmuch as the longing after truth, though unable to make a man morally great, gives the capability of becoming so, could not but regard Jacobi as moving on a path which led towards the same goal as that after which he himself was striving.

Claudius stood in a different relation to the convictions of others. At that time, people, even of the most opposite tendencies, practised mutual toleration much more generally than in later times, but, partly perhaps on that account, the opposing convictions were expressed in very abrupt, straightforward, and unmistakable language. Religious and political controversy admitted of no mediation. Much that was unessential and irrelevant, was grasped with as much tenacity as a first principle itself, because it had once been held as involved in some fundamental position; and men hesitated to concede anything to their opponents, because they feared that if they exposed a little finger, the whole hand would be taken. Even Claudius, though holding his convictions with a strength and steadfastness unusual among his contemporaries, was not always master of his anxiety, and of the harshness of statement resulting from it, although severity was by no means a characteristic of his mind either in earlier or in later life. When Perthes made his ac-

quaintance, he had just written "Urian's Intelligence about the New *Aufklärung*,"<sup>1</sup> and wished to publish it, in order to remove from himself the reproach of obscurity. But of bitterness or irritation, there was as little appearance in this work as in any other of the same class. The belief that he was reconciled to God being to him not a mere speculative doctrine, but a state of mind influencing his whole inner being, all sad and disturbing, all gloomy and anxious thoughts, were unknown to him and his household. "I found Claudius as harmless and as full of German humour as ever," said Ewald, a devoted supporter of the *Aufklärung*, when he visited him in 1796, in the expectation of finding a gloomy fanatic; "and," he adds, "whatever may be said of his religious and political opinions, they have not changed the man: he has no gloomy views, and is kindly towards all; indeed, he laughs at many things which would half kill with vexation many of our humanity-and-tolerance as well as our stoicism preachers."

The characteristics of the father's mind, which was incapable of developing intellectual greatness and depth otherwise than in a garb of unattractive comeliness or invested in forms that were all but ludicrous, as well as the noble and womanly simplicity of the mother, were reflected in the daily life of the family. The great works of Palestrina, Leonardo Leo, Bach, Handel, and Mozart, the language and literature of England, and intellectual pursuits of all kinds, found a home here, side by side with an extreme simplicity of life. The daughters were brought up to discharge the daily routine of domestic work. Claudius was most careful to develop and strengthen the germ of spiritual life in his children, but in every other respect left them to themselves. It is true, that he had himself to struggle with the

<sup>1</sup> The clear perceptions of uneducated common sense, in all matters which affect human interests, including religious belief, was so called. The word, from its connexion with "illumination," fell into bad odour in Germany, but did not merit the suspicion with which it was sometimes regarded.

enemy in the human heart, which in his case led to the exhibition, in many circumstances, of a seemingly inborn harshness of nature, and to his allowing a greater influence to the impressions of the moment than was reasonable. This infirmity, however, in no way disturbed the free and unrestrained movements of the family life. Affected and pretentious alternations from the earthly to the heavenly were not known among them: their life was simple and natural.

Perthes had hitherto regarded it as an important duty to analyse his actions and inclinations, and to pass sentence on them accordingly, and had thus become a troublesome self-inquisitor. The first distinct impression that he received from Claudius' family was that there might be a condition of the soul in which the lying in wait for every impulse of the inner, and every movement of the outer life is no help, but rather a disturbance and impediment to a man.

The Hamburg friends, Runge, Hülsenbeck, and Speckter, did not fail to observe the impression which Jacobi and Claudius made upon Perthes. From their stand-point they could not approve of this, and they dreaded that through this influence the distance between them and Perthes would be more and more increased. A serious explanation took place; but Perthes, by a candid and affectionate letter to Runge, averted the threatened misunderstanding. "My position in regard to you is indeed altered," he says, "since I have known Jacobi and his friends. I venture to oppose you—I even oppose you for the sake of opposition. Till lately you had taken my mind captive; now I have attained to an assurance which, though not perhaps in itself of more value than yours, actually recognises the truth in which others may be resting, and since then I feel more free. But my affection for you is unchangeable; he whom I have once loved with all my heart, I never forsake; have faith in me, and do not misunderstand me."

These words indicate that the impression which Jacobi and Claudius had made upon Perthes had, up to that time, only led him to depart from his former point of view, but it was easy to see that a longer and more intimate acquaintance with these two men, whether it were to have the effect of attracting him still more or of repelling him, would eventually lay the foundation of firmer and clearer convictions. The importance of his new friendships was greatly enhanced by the introduction which they secured to the most cultivated society of Holstein, with which Jacobi and Claudius were closely connected.

A number of eminent men, most of whom were more or less intimate, were at this time living in Holstein, either on their estates, or in the smaller towns; and these diffused life and activity throughout the whole duchy. The Greeks and Romans, nature and art, religious topics and politics—all had their friends and partisans in this country. Niebuhr the father had been living at Meldorf since 1778, intimately associated with the editor of "The German Museum," both enjoying an extensive connexion with the men and affairs of foreign countries. Count Leopold Frederick Stolberg,<sup>1</sup> had, on his return from Italy in December 1792, fixed his residence at Eutin, as president of the government of the principality. He was then, as during his whole career, full of life, spirit, and love, and yet restless and unsettled, because as a Protestant he could not find for his religious convictions that firm external support of which he felt the necessity. Nicolovius,<sup>2</sup> the late director of

<sup>1</sup> Fred. L. Stollberg, the younger brother of Count Christian, was born in Holstein in 1750. Both brothers were distinguished as poets and men of letters. The younger was characterized by more extensive learning, and by greater poetic power. In 1800, he astonished his friends by passing over to the Roman Catholic Church. His works are numerous, embracing original and translated poetry, romances, dramas, and satires. After he became a Roman Catholic, he published a "History of the Religion of Jesus Christ," which was translated into Italian by order of the Pope. He died in 1810.

<sup>2</sup> G. H. L. Nicolovius was born at Königsberg in 1707; he travelled with Count Frederick Stolberg, and after his return was appointed secretary to the Duke of Oldenburg. He was afterwards employed in high offices connected with the department of Public

the ministry of public worship in Prussia, worked under Stolberg. He had accompanied the Count to Italy, as the tutor of his children, and in 1795, had received an appointment in Eutin, as secretary of the Exchequer. Voss<sup>1</sup> had come to Eutin as Rector of the Academy of Otterndorf, and had long been known and esteemed among the Holstein circles. Both the Stolbergs had been united with him in the association of poets at Göttingen, and from 1775 to 1778 he declared that he had led a very happy life at Wandsbeck in the society of Claudius and his noble friends. His relations with the Eutin society, however, were not agreeable. Their want of sympathy on the most essential points, the diversity of their views on the aristocracy, on religion, and the French Revolution, and, probably even more than all, the difference of the positions in life in which the *quondam* college friends now met, had irrevocably broken up the youthful friendship between Voss and the Count Frederick Leopold. The unconstrained freedom of familiar intercourse was at an end; Voss saw everywhere aristocratic pride and religious fanaticism, and ill-disposed tale-bearers were not slow to widen the breach.

At Emkendorf lived Count Frederick Reventlow, who had retired to this estate after his recall from London, where he had filled the office of Danish ambassador. As a zealous champion of the necessity of a strict adherence to the Augsburg Confession, as Curator of the National University, and as a staunch maintainer of the rights of the nobility, he incurred much odium; but his talents and integrity, joined to the re-instruction in Prussia. He enjoyed the esteem of all his contemporaries. He died in 1839.

<sup>1</sup> J. H. Voss was born in Mecklenburg in 1751. He devoted himself with ardour to the study of ancient literature and mythology, and wrote several much-valued treatises on the latter subject. As a poet, and especially as the translator of Homer, he attained considerable celebrity. His translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are still regarded as the most successful in any language. The most famous of his original poems is "Luise," in which he has succeeded in reproducing the spirit of the *Idyls* of Theocritus. He died in 1822.

finement of his manners and his knowledge of the world, excited general admiration. His wife Julia, (born Countess Schimmelmänn,) by her intellectual vivacity, her unassuming piety, and her cheerful resignation under severe personal sufferings, as well as by her judicious kindness to her dependants, had won the friendship and respect even of those who did not share her opinions. This house was the frequent resort of Jacobi, Claudius, the Stolbergs, Cramer the father, and Hensler; and the gravity and refinement by which it was distinguished were free from all formality, and interfered neither with the pleasures of literature, nor with the animation and cheerfulness of social life.

The brother of Count Reventlow, the Count Caius, had his residence at Altenhof, on the Baltic. In refinement of manner and general culture he was perhaps inferior to his brother; but in energy, in business capacity, and activity of character, he surpassed him; while in intelligence and extent of knowledge he was not his inferior. Closely connected with both was Count Christian Stolberg, at that time Warden of Tremsbüttel, a town situated about three miles from Hamburg. It was not owing so much to the Count himself as to his wife Louisa, (born Countess of Reventlow,) that his house was peculiarly attractive to the friendly circle. By the acuteness of her understanding and the thoroughness of her education, the Countess stood high in the estimation of her friends; and she did not hesitate to assert, with spirit and independence, opinions, political and religious, that were diametrically opposed to those of the kindred and friendly families of Holstein.

One would have expected Kiel, as a university town, to be the natural centre for all these distinguished circles, but it was too much under the influence of party spirit. On the removal of Cramer the philologist in 1794, on account of the unheard-of manner in which he announced his delight in the French Revolution, political antagonisms arose; and when the Curator



of the University insisted on an unqualified adherence to the doctrines of the Augsburg Confession, religious differences were brought to light. In fact, of the residents in Kiel, it was only the venerable Cramer, and Hensler whose merits as a man and a scholar are known to all through the medium of Niebuhr's Letters, who were identified with the intellectual life of Holstein.

Holstein was separated from Hamburg by essential differences of character—differences which affected their mode of viewing all the events of the day and all relations of life. Notwithstanding this, Claudius, Jacobi, and the two Stolbergs, were fond of Hamburg, and, overlooking religious and political diversities, were often to be found there, enjoying its intellectual advantages. But the controversy regarding the Confession was connected rather with the influential circles of Münsterland, where the Princess Gallitzin formed the centre, than with Hamburg. For the elevated position which, since the year 1770, the archbishopric of Münster had occupied, it had been indebted solely to the Baron Frederick William Francis von Fürstenberg, who, as Minister of the Archbishop of Cologne and Bishop of Münster, had governed the latter province since 1764. Fürstenberg was a statesman in the noblest sense of the word. Withheld by circumstances and by inclination, from endeavouring to initiate any changes in the existing forms of the territorial and ecclesiastical constitution which were inimical to all political activity, he yet, in an incredibly short space of time, brought about such a transformation in every department of the diocese, that in the educated character of its clergy, the energy of its people, the excellence of its primary and its classical schools, its agricultural and commercial activity, and, above all, in the attachment of the inhabitants to the country and its institutions, it left all the ecclesiastical, and most of the secular governments far behind. But apart from his merit as a statesman, Fürstenberg enjoyed a high literary reputation.

He had at his command an amount of knowledge and experience seldom to be met with, and was quite at home in all the literary and philosophical movements of the period. After having been greatly addicted to the art of war in early life, and, in consequence, active in promoting the cultivation of mathematical studies and of a vigorous and manly style of education, he now, in his advanced years, began to devote himself to the study of religion and philosophy.

To this man and to this country came the Russian Princess Gallitzin on a visit, in the summer of 1779. She was the wife of the ambassador at the Hague. Her object in visiting Münster was to consult Fürstenberg about her son, with the intention of devoting herself to his education, in some country residence on the banks of the lake of Geneva. But so great was her admiration of the Minister, that she would not withdraw herself from his counsel and support, and, consequently, became permanently established in Münster.

This princess, who was the daughter of the Prussian Field-Marshal Count Schmettau, had received an education calculated only to fit her for entrance into the fashionable world. In 1768, when in her twentieth year, she had accompanied the Princess Ferdinand to the baths of Spa, as her maid of honour, and there became acquainted with Prince Gallitzin, to whom, after a few weeks, she was married. In the course of her travels she had acquired some experience of court-life in Vienna, Paris, and London, and was then called to play a distinguished part at the Hague, as the consort of the Russian ambassador. Her ambition and vanity were flattered by the homage which her talents no less than her position commanded, but she was nevertheless far from being satisfied with her condition. From her earliest youth she had experienced an earnest desire for the knowledge of the truth, and the attainment of the ideal of moral perfection which ever floated before her in a

variety of forms. The distractions of the great world had never quenched this desire. From the unbroken circle of amusements and visiting, of balls and theatrical representations, she returned night after night with a craving after something better, that grew in intensity till it became an inward torture. She felt a wish to withdraw from society, and to quiet the internal struggle by devoting herself entirely to the acquisition of knowledge and the education of her two children. It is somewhat remarkable that it should have been Diderot who obtained the consent of the Prince to her plan, although the philosopher had been unable to comply with her request that he would introduce her into the realm of knowledge. At the age of twenty-four, accordingly, the princess had retired to a small secluded house near the Hague—there, with an energy bordering on passion, to follow out a course of scientific study. Under the guidance of Hemsterhuis,<sup>1</sup> she gave her whole soul to the study of mathematics, languages, and above all, Greek literature and the Platonic philosophy. Although, from her mother being a Catholic, she had been brought up in the forms of the Papal Church, yet neither through the form of Catholicism nor through that of Protestantism had she ever come into personal contact with Christianity. So long as she remained at the Hague, she had firmly maintained with Hemsterhuis, that none but the populace really believed the gospel; since it was impossible to have faith in its promises and threatenings, and yet to act in such direct contradiction to its doctrines, as was the almost universal custom. On coming to Münster, she forgave Fürstenberg his Christianity, as a prejudice of education, and on account of her reverence for his great sagacity; but she entreated him not to attempt her conversion, as she could not endure to

<sup>1</sup> A philosopher and archæologist, born in Gröningen in 1720. He died in 1780. He presented the philosophy of the sensuous school in a popular garb, and in a higher form than that in which it has been usually expounded. He wrote also on the philosophy of religion, and on the fine arts.

entertain any thoughts relating to God, except those which God himself had formed in her own heart. In 1783, when she and her physicians alike despaired of her life, she had dismissed the priest whom Fürstenberg had desired to attend her, because she was absolutely without faith in the efficacy or importance of the sacraments.

During her long and tedious recovery, she for the first time, and much to her alarm, became alive to the fact, that she was a slave to literary ambition and the pride of learning. "With this discovery," she said, "all pleasure in myself vanished." About this time too her children were of an age to receive religious instruction, and she considered it to be her duty as a mother to impart it. In order at once to preserve her own integrity, and to keep from her children her doubts on the subject of Christianity, she resolved that the instruction should be purely historical. For this purpose she gave herself up to the earnest study of the Holy Scriptures, reading them by preference in the Latin version. What she had entered on for her children's sake, she soon continued for her own. The truth of Christianity, as set forth in the Scriptures, penetrated her heart; and once convinced, she ever after strove, with all the energies of her powerful mind, to bring her life and actions into the strictest conformity to the truths which she had imbibed. A small but distinguished circle gathered round this extraordinary woman. Fürstenberg brought to it his large culture and wide experience; Overberg, in whose childlike piety and simplicity the penetrating glance of the Minister had at once recognised the man destined to carry out his most early and cherished plan for the education of the people, was a favoured member of the circle. It was also frequented by some younger men. These were the sons of Baron Droste of Vischering, Kaspar Max, afterwards Bishop of Münster, and Clement Augustus, who subsequently became Archbishop of Cologne, with their two brothers and their former

tutor, afterwards the Prebendary Katercamp. A woman who, like the Princess Gallitzin, surpassed, in breeding and culture, all her contemporaries of the same rank, and who now linked with her dazzling talents the faith of a little child, could not but make a deep impression on these powerful intellects. Goethe and Lavater, Herder and Hamann,<sup>1</sup> felt themselves in a like degree, though in different ways, attracted and elevated by this remarkable character.

All the literary men of distinction lived in intimate union during the latter portion of the last century. Holstein and Münster also were brought into closer relations through Hamann. "Those times," said Perthes, fifty years later, "were very unlike these in which we now live. The Holstein families, as well as the Gallitzin-Droste circle, stood apart on account of their Christian tendencies. The prebendaries and other dignitaries of Münster, with the single exception of the family of Kerssenbrock, looked upon the Church with the eyes of mere men of the world; while, among the burgher class, luxury and vice were universally prevalent. Earnest Christians, whether Catholics or Protestants, were closely united. There was no mutual suspicion or bitterness; Claudius, Reventlow, Jacobi, and the Stolbergs were often to be found in Münster, and the princess paid frequent visits to Hamburgh and Holstein: Claudius and his family especially attracted her. Their confessions of faith were indeed dissimilar; Claudius was a decided Lutheran, the princess a zealous Catholic. Her Catholicism was that of all times, so far as dogma and ceremonial were concerned; but in so far as it was a *Life*, and presented itself as such, it differed as widely from the new-poetic, and the historico-political Catholicism of the present, as it did from the frivolity of the

<sup>1</sup> Hamann was born at Königsberg in 1730. He opposed himself to the theology and popular philosophy of his time, and was far from being popular with his contemporaries. His writings are not much read, on account of their obscurity, arising from his peculiar style and his love of symbolical language. He died in 1788.

French and the torpidity of the German Catholicism of last century. The great fact of the Redemption—the common ground of Protestantism and Catholicism—exercised such a vital and governing influence on the princess, that, so far as the Holstein circle was concerned, the diversity of confessions appeared comparatively unimportant; while again the names of Fürstenberg, Overberg, and the princess, were never mentioned in Holstein save with the greatest affection and respect.”

No sooner had Perthes become a familiar guest in the houses of Jacobi and Claudius, than his attention was directed to these Holstein circles. They were destined to exercise a powerful influence both on his intellectual development and on his worldly position, but for a while he knew them only by report. An event of an important kind, one which was to bring him into closer connexion with them, and to be the source of all his earthly happiness, awaited him.

## CHAPTER VII.

MARRIAGE AND THE FIRST YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE—1797-1800.

CAROLINE CLAUDIUS, the eldest daughter of the Wandsbeck Messenger, was born in 1774, and was two-and-twenty when Perthes first visited at her father's house. Although there was nothing remarkable or dazzling in her general appearance, notwithstanding her fine regular features, her slender figure, and her delicate complexion, yet the treasures of fancy and feeling, the strength and repose of character and the clearness of intellect which shone in her deep hazel eyes, gave her a quiet but irresistible charm. Throughout her whole life she inspired unbounded confidence in all who approached her. To her the glad brought their joys, secure of finding joyous sympathy, and to many of the afflicted both in body and in mind, she ministered consolation and taught resignation, while she inspired them with fresh courage. Accustomed to the simple life of her parental home, contact with the bustle of the outward world appeared to her to be fraught with danger to her childlike, simple walk with God. Household duties, study, and music, occupied her time. When more advanced in life, she retained a rich clear voice, and possessed a fine musical taste. She was acquainted with the modern languages, and had gone far enough in Latin to enable her many years afterwards to assist her sons.

While Caroline had remained at home, she had receive!

but few impressions from without. She clung with reverential affection to the Princess Gallitzin, who was a frequent visitor at her father's house, and who reciprocated the attachment with so much warmth, that to the end of her life she preserved a motherly friendship for her. By the Countess Julia Reventlow, Caroline was equally beloved. She had been to Emkendorf on a visit of some months in the summer of 1795, and had become so great a favourite with the family, that they would have taken her with them to Italy, had they been able to obtain her father's consent. The first great event in her life was the death of her sister Christian, who was only a year or two younger than herself. A letter that she wrote at this time to the Countess Reventlow at Rome, has been preserved.

"I am," she says, "like a little child, who, when it is in trouble, stretches out its arms to those it loves, and finds pleasure in weeping on their bosom. How often have I thus wished to be with you, dear Countess! but though my arms cannot reach you, my letter may. We have had a sad time! Our dear Christian was attacked with nervous fever, and died on the 2d July. Gently she fell asleep, after having suffered much; and now that the pains of death are over, I would not wish her back. How dear has the deathbed become to me!—it is at such times that we feel deeply, and in a manner that we can never forget, how necessary it is to seek for something that may support us in death, and accompany us beyond."

It was on the 27th of November 1796, that Perthes first saw Caroline in her father's house. "Her bright eyes, and her open, clear look pleased me, and I loved her," he afterwards wrote. A few weeks later, at the beginning of the Christmas season, Perthes received an invitation from Jacobi to spend the evening of the Christmas festivities with him. Among the guests, Perthes found Claudius and his whole family. Before the entertainment commenced, accident threw him alone



with Caroline in a side-room ; he had not a word to say, but he experienced a calm and a happiness which he had never before felt. The Christmas games began, but Perthes had eyes for nothing but the expression of quiet pleasure which beamed in Caroline's face. In his opinion the best that the evening offered was hers by right, and yet her younger sister's gift seemed better than hers. On the topmost branch of the Christmas tree hung an apple finer and more richly gilt than any ; Perthes dexterously reached it, and, blushing deeply, presented it, to the no small surprise of the company, to the conscious Caroline. From that evening things went on between them as they usually do between those who are destined to share the joys and sorrows of life together as husband and wife. "Indeed," said Klopstock, as he was returning to Hamburg with Perthes, after Claudius' silver wedding-day festival, on the 15th of March 1797, "you young people are quite unconscious of the love that we have long seen in you both !" But Perthes was well aware of the affection that had taken possession of his heart, and which was daily growing deeper. He felt, however, that the distance between himself and Claudius was too great to justify his approaching him without friendly mediation. He at once told his secret to Jacobi and his sisters, and entreated them to ascertain for him whether there was any hope. "Thank God ! my dear Perthes," wrote Helena Jacobi on the 27th of April, "you are truly loved, and inasmuch as my courage is as great as yours is small, I see a prospect of great happiness for you. I could not hear anything yesterday from Caroline herself, for I did not find her one minute alone, but I ascertained from her mother enough to inspire me with great confidence, and Caroline looked so friendly that it was clear that she had something pleasant in her thoughts." A few days later, on the 30th of April, Perthes applied to Caroline in person. "How can I ever forget that day of deep emotion in which I first re-

vealed my love to you ! Silent and motionless you stood before me ; not a word had you to say to me, but as I was sorrowfully turning to leave you, you affectionately put your hand in mine." So in after days wrote Perthes.

Caroline's love was frankly confessed and pledged in the course of the evening, but to her father the decision not unnaturally appeared a hasty one. Perthes had only just entered his twenty-fifth year ; he had boldly established a business which was attended with considerable risk, and he was too candid to conceal from the father the struggle of the conflicting moral principles that were still fermenting in his mind. Moreover, Claudius was not altogether free from a species of jealousy. It was a pain to him to have to resign the protection of his daughter to another, and it was almost with grief that he discovered that she loved a young and inexperienced man better than her father. The saying, "Thou shalt leave father and mother," was to him a hard one. All he could do was to assure Perthes that he would not oppose the marriage, but his formal and full consent he could not yet be persuaded to give. Perthes was not uneasy on this account, and, two days later, took his departure for Leipsic, with love and thankfulness in his heart. "Know, my beloved Caroline," he wrote in his first letter, "that I would fain do, or leave undone, everything with sole regard to you. I am indeed happy, and have never loved the good God since my childhood so well as I love Him now. I have, indeed, felt love before, but it was torture and distraction ; now it is peace and joy, and I thank thee for it, my dearest Caroline." He long expected news from Wandsbeck in vain. At the end of a fortnight came a letter from Claudius himself, which ran thus :—

"DEAR MR. PERTHES,—We are glad to hear that you arrived happily and safe, and that you are well and mindful of us. Caroline has received and read your letters from Brunswick and

Leipsic, and thanks you kindly for them. She would answer them herself ; but while the consent of her parents is not formally given, she is not at liberty to open her heart fully. It is better, therefore, that she should postpone her answer till your return."

A letter from Helena Jacobi explained matters. "Your Caroline said to her father, when he told her not to reply to your letter as if his consent were already given,—‘If I may not write everything that is in my heart, I cannot write at all ; do you, therefore, write and say why I remain silent.’ I pressed your dear Caroline more closely to my heart than ever," adds Helena, "on hearing this."

From Leipsic Perthes wrote to inform his three Hamburg friends of the state of his heart. An alliance which drew him still nearer to Claudius and Jacobi, could not be regarded by them as a desirable one for their friend. "Why should the news of my engagement to Caroline," he wrote, "have caused such bitterness in you ? Were you thinking of my former unhappy love ? It will live as long as I live ! Or were you thinking on the fleeting and changing fancies that have often filled my heart ? It is possible that these, too, may move me again at some future time. If thoughts like these have suggested your letter, I cannot blame you. But listen to me. When I had succeeded in extinguishing my rejected love, I was horror-stricken to find that such love—love with which the highest aspirations of my soul were associated, *could be extinguished*. A deathlike coldness took the place of the burning flame. Shall love, then, whose source is in God, and in all goodness, be annihilated by external, adventitious circumstances ? There must at all events be something that is stable. If it be not love, it must be friendship. Friendship ! I have nothing to say against friendship—and yet shudder to think that this is all. Where, then, shall I find deliverance and help for my inner being ? My soul

craves something that shall not pass away ; my heart craves one who shall be all to me ; my spirit desires some abiding good ; my personality longs for union with some other being—a union which shall endure even when the world is shivered to atoms ; and nothing but love is greater and more enduring than the world. If I can in any way be preserved, it is only through Caroline ; in her I find peace and stability, devotion and truth. The passion of love implanted by my former attachment is still latent within me, but the love itself is no longer there. The passion which I then experienced can exist but once ; I can never love Caroline as I loved Frederika, but with her I can again lift my eyes to God, and this is the help from above which my soul requires.”

On the return of Perthes to Hamburg at the end of May, Claudius no longer withheld his formal consent. It was to the Princess Gallitzin that Caroline first communicated her happiness. “To you, my dear mother Amelia, I must myself tell the news of my being a bride, and a happy bride. This would at one time have seemed to me impossible, even if you had assured me of it, but my beloved Perthes has reconciled me to the step. I know and feel its importance for time and for eternity ; but I believe that I have taken it in accordance with the will of God, and now can only close my eyes and entreat God’s blessing ; and you, too, must pray for me, dear Princess. I can say, in all truth, that my Perthes is a good man, who does not regard himself as formed, but who knows and feels that he is not yet perfect ; and I think, therefore, that he and I may make common cause, and, by God’s help, make progress.”

Perthes was now frequently to be found on the way to Wandsbeck, and letters were almost daily exchanged. Many of these have been preserved. On the 15th of July, the betrothal, which in Holstein is a church ceremony, was celebrated. The solemnity was graced by the presence of the Princess Gallitzin

and her daughter; by Overberg, who was then on a visit to Claudius; and, much to Caroline's satisfaction, by the Count Frederick Leopold Stolberg. Shortly before the commencement of the ceremony, the bride was reminded by the pastor, that after it had taken place she was no longer free, and could be released from her vows only by the Consistory. "It is long since I took the step," she replied, "from which I could be released neither by you nor by the Consistory." In the quiet of Caroline's maiden life, the bride-like love grew deeper and stronger, and put even *her* tranquil nature in commotion. "Caroline would fain act the philosophic bride," writes the daughter of the Princess Gallitzin, "but in vain; her love perpetually betrays itself, and I believe that she dreams of nothing but the letter P, and if for a moment she devotes herself to me, you well know who it is that quickly comes and displaces me."—"Your brother Hans," writes Perthes to his bride, "brought the rose safely into the room, but then broke it. Thank you for this rose! Hans slanders you. He says that you can never find anything you are looking for. Even if you have this failing it matters not, since once, although not seeking, you yet found him who was seeking the good angel of his life, and suffered yourself to be found by him."

The 2d of August was the day fixed for the wedding. On the previous day Perthes received the last letter from Caroline as his betrothed bride. "I have a great desire for a little black cross," she writes, "and don't know how better to get it than through you, dear Perthes, and why not? I have been to the pastor this morning. The formula by which we are to be united is neither cold nor warm, neither old nor new—a wretched neither-one-thing-nor-another. But it will do us no harm, dear Perthes; we will ask God to bless us after the old fashion, and He *will* bless us after the old fashion. Do it with me, dear Perthes, opening your arms and clasping me to your heart. I am

thine, body and soul, and trust in God that I shall find it to be for my happiness." The marriage was solemnized on the following day, the 2d of August 1797.

In the first months and years of their married life, the diversity of their minds and their habits was to be brought into strong relief. Perthes had been fitted for the sphere in which he now moved by natural character, by the circumstances of his early life, by his actual position in Hamburgh, by the variety of external relations and impressions, by the efforts he had frequently to make in difficult and changing circumstances, but, above all, by daily intercourse with men of the most opposite opinions. On the contrary, Caroline had never come in contact with the noisy outer world, but had lived a life entirely from within. To her the duty of man seemed to consist in withdrawing as much as possible from worldly business and motives, and in abstaining from all lively participation in the transitory. The first three books of *Thomas-à-Kempis*, taken as a whole, might be regarded as reflecting her views of life. Now that she had left her father's house, and found herself exposed on all sides to an infinite variety of new impressions, she could not fail to be disturbed and disquieted under their influence. Her affection for her husband was, however, strong, and in the depths of her soul she felt that her new position was one of happiness and blessing. On one occasion, a few weeks after her marriage, when her father surprised her while weeping in her room, he exclaimed, not without a small measure of complacency—"Did I not tell you that the first flush of happiness would not last after you had left your father and mother?" "And if I am to pass the rest of my life in weeping," she instantly replied, "I should still rejoice that I am to spend it with my Perthes." But this confidence, which was an essential characteristic of her nature, could not overcome the uneasiness caused by the frequent disturbance and the many real or apparent hindrances to which

the inner life was exposed from things without. In her sorrow and perplexity she thus writes to her husband :—"A thousand times has my soul spoken out and told me, that I am no longer what I was. Formerly, God always held me by the hand and led me in all my ways, and I never forgot Him ; now I see Him afar off with an outstretched arm that I am unable to grasp. This must not be always so, for the heart could not endure such a prospect. But I have made up my mind that so it will be upon earth ; and may God only grant me the continuance of this inward longing, and suffer me rather to die of it, than to be content without it. There are moments in which I take courage again, but they do not last, and it is no longer with me as it was once." In another letter she says, "When you are away, my beloved Perthes, I feel quite lonely and forsaken ; when you are not at my side to support me, I am a picture of grief. *Is* this to continue—ought it to be so ? It was otherwise once."

The letters written by Perthes, during short absences at Leipsic, Holstein, and Westphalia, show, that while he took pleasure in the exercise of his powers in public life, he knew how to appreciate the value of a life which looked within rather than without. "Believe me," he wrote to his wife in the summer of 1799, "believe me, my good angel, when I tell you, that you have much spiritual life ; 'do not then disquiet yourself. Our father acted wisely in keeping his children from active life and an artificial existence. Even if he had carried this too far, if he had rendered you unfit for the business of life, so that to you the whole world had seemed foolishness, still you would have had the spirit of love, and the spirit of love is all in all." The respect in which Perthes held the rights of individuality would have withheld him from any attempt to force his own mode of life upon Caroline, even if her character and her manner of looking upon life had not claimed respect from

their own inherent merits. "To force upon one mind the opinions of another ; to graft the fruit of our own tree upon another stem, is sin," wrote Perthes to a friend. Besides, he clearly perceived that any such attempt upon Caroline's mind would be futile. "My Caroline," he wrote to his Schwartzburg uncle, "makes me unspeakably happy. She is a pious, faithful, true-hearted, and gentle creature ; but her inward course she shapes for herself, and pursues it with a steady step."

With equal steadiness did Perthes himself tread the path that seemed marked out as his. In 1798 he says to his wife, "I am more than ever persuaded that my destiny is an active, masculine career ; that I am a man born to turn with energy my own wheel and that of others." He was not diverted from his course by the difference between his wife and himself. "Can you then, indeed, believe," he wrote in 1799, "that my restless labours, my activity and energy, can be detrimental to you ? To you, Caroline ! You should rather thank God that He has enabled me to take pleasure in things that might have been a weariness and a burden to me. How otherwise could I wish to exist ? Dear Caroline, I am not always so good as you think me, but in *this* respect I am better than you think me." Doubts, indeed, would occasionally arise as to the distracting and hurtful influence of his mode of life upon Caroline. "You have to fight against many failings in me," he writes. "I have asked myself what I would do, if it depended on me to remove you to a situation in every respect congenial to your tastes—whether to a convent or into the hands of a man who not only loved you as I love you, but whose disposition and habits entirely coincided with your own. No, dearest Caroline, I could not do it. You must live with me, or not live at all ; and, dearest wife, I know that in this you feel as I do."

That Caroline's dislike to all contact with the world, and her extreme susceptibility under the disturbing circumstances of



her new position, were sanctioned by the claims of the inner life, Perthes did not for a moment believe. He was of opinion that a character like hers ought to show itself as an example in the world. "Believe me," he writes, "I understand you and your present feelings thoroughly. While you lived in your father's house, you maintained, it is true, a constant walk with God. You had but one thought and but one path. But then your walk with God was the walk of a child, who knew sin and the world and life not at all, or only by name : still there was a unity in your existence. Now, simply because you are in the world, this condition must be disturbed. I have torn you from that childlike life, and brought you into the bustle of the world ; you recognised in me an honest heart, full of love for you, but you have also seen in me, and through me, and in yourself, the sin of mankind. For a while, but it was not long, your love for me concealed all this. Now you can no longer walk so confidently as formerly with the Unseen, and He no longer speaks to you as before. You are perplexed, and would gladly regain the purity and simplicity of the child, and are unable to bring order and unity into your thoughts. My dear Caroline, the want which you feel is entirely the offspring of your own imagination. You have, pious child, ardent faith in your heart, and in your mind entire subjection to the higher decrees of conscience : but where others would be contented and at peace, you are full of care and anxiety, because you would fain lead again the undisturbed and simple life of childhood, and cannot. Here on earth, man has but a changing and unsettled existence ; he does not *all* live in any single moment, but only a part of himself. The only things of value are love and truth, but would you, therefore, disregard all besides ? Would you live apart from everything ? But even if you were to withdraw to some retirement where no sorrow, no disquiet, could reach you, you would become cold because you love only the Highest

and no other object, and coldness is always a horrible thing. No, we are not to drift away from the world ; God demands not the sacrifice of natural ties, but the submission of our will to His. The sorrow and annoyances which may be our lot in the world where He has placed us, we should bear with inward tranquillity rather than endeavour to escape from them."

"Caroline does not find life easy," said Perthes to a friend ; "in spite of her calm temper, and her rich and lively fancy, she feels it hard to have to do with the ever-changing and finite things of the world and of time. And yet, when I see her holding fast by her inward life, in spite of the annoyances which the tumult and distractions of her daily existence too often cause her, and also fulfilling the outward duties of her position in a manner so self-denying, kind, and noble, she imparts strength to me, and becomes truly my guiding angel." "Two creatures more different than Caroline and myself, in culture and tendency, it would have been hard to find," said Perthes later ; "and yet, in the first hour of our acquaintance, Caroline recognised what of worth there was in me, and loved me ; and in spite of all that she subsequently discovered in my character that was opposed to her own modes of thought and life, her confidence has remained unshaken and unalterable. I, on my part, soon perceived her love, and at once apprehended the true and noble nature, the lofty spirit, the life-heroism, the humility of heart, and the pure piety which now constitute the happiness and blessing of my life."

If Perthes and Caroline had not met till later in life, they would probably have repelled each other ; but now the fusion of two characters so diverse was facilitated by the passionate ardour of youthful affection—an ardour which long survived their marriage. Many of the letters written by Perthes at this time have been preserved. They are often full of tender playfulness ; frequently, too, we find in them the expression of

fervid passion, and of deep reverence for that spiritual life enjoyed by Caroline, but still unattained by himself. In a letter written in the third year of his marriage, during her absence for a few weeks, he says—"During my bachelor life, when one affection used to give place to another, when I loved Frederika, when I first knew you, my only aim was to conquer, to please; I sought only myself—was always *I*. But now in you I have lost myself—without you I am nothing—I have nothing—am to myself nothing." "You, yes you, my ever-youthful love, have given me a new life," he writes on the following day; "through you I am born again. While you are absent, all around me is cold and uninteresting; you alone give tone and colouring to everything. I did not know that my heart had retained such feelings. I had thought that the first love had passed away; but no! ever since you were mine, the first love is the first and the never-ending love. Where can it cease? Love, ever strengthening love! every morning I rise to new love, and every evening I repose on thy heart. Ah! I can well understand now, how one may be outwardly cold and desolate, while yet, in the stillness, the heart is beating warmly."

"Dear child! dear Caroline!" he says in another letter, "I am exactly like our Bishop Kaspar; I would, without interruption, cry, Love, love, nothing but love! When I rise in the morning, I ask—Why should I? my Caroline is not here. When I am at work, I am thinking only of my return to you; and, alas! you are not here, and I have no home, no place of rest. If at evening I have done the day's work, and would assume a happy face—ah! for whom? my heart is not here. If you were to leave me, my angel—to leave me entirely, the good spirit would go with you. I believe, indeed, that I should love again, but how?" . . . Again he writes—"You fancy that I am jealous of our little daughter, because I would share your love as well as she; ah! I could wish you had twelve

strong and healthy children, to be your joy; for you would have to thank me for all the twelve, my noble, excellent wife!" Caroline's return from a short excursion having been unexpectedly delayed for some days, Perthes wrote that the days passed as though a thousand pounds' weight were hung upon each:—

Just as the traveller's aching sight  
Explores in vain the morning sky,  
Where, hidden in a flood of light,  
The soaring lark sings joyously:  
So glance I anxious to and fro,  
Through wood and field, o'er hill and plain,  
My songs one only burden know,  
"O come, beloved, to me again!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE BUSINESS AND THE FAMILY.

THE partnership into which Perthes had entered in 1796 was only provisional, and its continuance was contingent on the success which attended the undertaking. The returns during the first two years were so trifling as to cause a dissolution of the partnership in December 1798. Perthes, when left alone, found himself in a position of considerable difficulty; but, relying upon the attention which his mode of conducting business had already attracted among the literary circles of Hamburg, Westphalia, Hanover, Holstein, and Mecklenburg, he did not lose hope of ultimate success.

Nothing, however, could be done without additional capital. The confidence which he inspired was such as soon to put 30,000 dollars at his disposal, and, so supported, he was enabled to weather the great commercial and monetary crisis of 1799. From the nature of the business, Perthes had escaped the immediate influence of this wide-sweeping calamity, but indirectly he felt severely the general scarcity of money. By the help of his own energy and prudence, and the friendly assistance of his three Hamburg friends, he not only stood firm at this great crisis, but was enabled to extend his business considerably, and amid the universal ruin, it acquired a name and received an impulse. He far overstepped, however, the means which he had in hand, and this prepared for him much anxiety and many painful perplexities.

"My engagements," wrote Perthes in 1799, "are now so manifold, that all my time and all my strength are required for the general superintendence of my affairs. What men commonly call good fortune, I may be said to possess, for success attends all my undertakings ; but this good fortune has been anything but easily won, and when I weigh the hours of ease and tranquillity against the hours of labour and anxiety, the latter have an overwhelming preponderance. You know me well, and know what it has cost me hitherto to ask, to entreat, to put on a bold face ; you know how difficult it has always been for me to seem harsh, stern, inflexible ; and all this I have been obliged to be, or to appear. God, indeed, has come to my help, when most I required His aid. Good fortune, and that activity and energy which are called forth only by enterprise, never fail me."

Perthes had a lofty aim in the business which he had founded. Hamburg, Holstein, and Mecklenburg were to be only the basis of his operations, from which the business was to attain a position which should constitute it the medium of literary intercourse for all European nations, and should render accessible to each people the literature of every other. Hamburg seemed to be the right place for a business so extensive in its relations : a branch was to be established in London as a support. But Perthes had not resources for carrying out so great a plan without assistance. He felt keenly the want of the necessary information, and more keenly still the inadequacy of his education—a want which it was too late to supply. He looked around for help, and found it in John Henry Besser, who, from this period, may be regarded, both in joy and in sorrow, as his truest and most confidential friend, and who shortly became, by marriage with his sister, a near and much-loved connexion.

Besser was one of those happy persons who are liked as soon as seen, whose society is sought by all, and with whom every

one feels happy. His exterior was prepossessing, and as a young man he had been distinguished for his handsome figure ; his loving and love-desiring heart shone in his friendly eye, and gave expression to his delicate features. He had an instinctive perception of the wishes and wants of others, and without information or inquiry, he was ever ready to help to the utmost of his power. The favours of all kinds that he had conferred were innumerable. He attracted children as the magnet attracts iron, and could scarcely defend himself from their demonstrations of affection. Always, and in all circumstances, he acted with the purest integrity without the slightest effort, and without requiring to *will* to do so : that a man should speak contrary to his convictions seemed to him impossible. During the occupation of Hamburg by the French, he would, with alarming *naïveté*, tell the plainest truths to the officers and functionaries, and yet, strange to say, he enjoyed their confidence. His many little peculiarities, his absence of mind, his habit of devolving on the morrow the business of to-day, often occasioned the most extraordinary incidents ; but these peculiarities were regarded by his friends as component parts of a character of such rare amiability, that they would not willingly have missed them.

Besser was born in 1775. His father was chief pastor at Quedlinburg, and had sent his son, well instructed in the modern languages, to Hamburg, to learn the business of a bookseller. Here he so early won the confidence of his master Bohn, that, at the end of three years, he was sent to Kiel to take the sole charge of a branch-business in that town. Perthes, who had seen Besser in passing through Leipsic, was drawn into his society soon after he came to Hamburg, and each recognised in the other a turn of mind which led to a strong mutual attachment. In 1797, Besser went to pursue his literary education in Göttingen. Here he made good use of his opportunities, and

attended lectures on the history of literature. On his return, in 1798, he entered into partnership with Perthes ; and although the business was still carried on in the sole name of the latter, the services of Besser became henceforward indispensable.

"It would be hard to find in any individual bookseller," said Perthes, at a later period, "so extensive a knowledge as Besser possesses, of the most celebrated books in all languages, their character and value ; and there is no one who knows, so well as he does, where to find, and how to procure them." Besser, moreover, in spite of the gentleness of his disposition, maintained a calmness and presence of mind under harassing and complicated circumstances, which, united with the vigorous intellect and active invincible spirit of Perthes, quickly carried the business through great difficulties to a position of consideration and influence. The plan of making it the medium of the literary intercourse of the various European nations, was necessarily, in a great measure, abandoned, in consequence of the troubles and losses of the year 1806. Till then, it was steadily kept in view, and in the German book-trade, Perthes and Besser took an established and influential position. Even so early as 1802 Perthes could write from Leipsic,—“I do not think that any of our brethren in the trade have met with such distinguished kindness as I have ; every one is ready to take trouble for me.”

So great was the confidence inspired by Perthes, that numerous families in the north-west of Germany employed him to select periodically the works which he thought best suited to their respective characters and tastes—a duty which he performed with equal conscientiousness and success. It was impossible for Perthes, in his relations as a man with men, to be actuated by any mercenary considerations. “I can forgive everything but selfishness,” he once wrote, and in more advanced life nothing made him so indignant as petty narrow-mindedness in money matters. “Even the narrowest circumstances,” he



said, "admit of greatness with reference to mine and thine ; and none but the very poorest need fill their daily life with thoughts of money, if they have but prudence enough to arrange their housekeeping within the limits of their income." In accordance with these opinions, Perthes, in time of pressure, could accept freely from his literary friends the assistance they freely offered. Many of those who subsequently became his most intimate friends were originally only connected with him by the ties of business ; while his extensive literary acquaintance was of considerable advantage to his interests. But notwithstanding the flourishing aspect of affairs, he was very far indeed from being free from great and continual anxiety, and frequent anticipations of pecuniary embarrassment. The business meanwhile continued steadily to increase. "I am still," he writes in 1805, "in occasional straits for money, but yet in a sure way of becoming rich. I desire fortune only as a means of freedom and for the general good. God grant that I may one day be in a position to work with a more tranquil mind !"

It was with the warmest gratitude that Perthes acknowledged the blessings that had attended him in his calling. "A week ago," he writes, "I entered on the tenth anniversary of my establishment in business ; how thankful should I be ! For if the enterprise of 1796 had not succeeded, I should not now possess my dearest Caroline, nor my faithful partner Besser, nor my friends, nor my present wide and glorious sphere of action. I feel that I have found myself through my calling ; for, owing to my previous negligence, this was the only way in which my powers were susceptible of development." His family circle afforded a resting-place from the ceaseless turmoil and anxious cares of business, and maintained in him that cheerfulness and vigour necessary for the proper discharge of his daily duties. "You have penetrated into the profoundest recesses of my being," he writes to his wife ; "there is no moment of my existence in which you are not with me, in me, and before me ; and all I

see, feel, and observe, I seem to see, feel, and observe only for your sake."

On the 28th of May 1798, his daughter Agnes was born ; on the 16th January 1800, a son, Matthias ; on the 10th of January 1802, a daughter, Louisa ; and on the 25th of February 1804, another daughter, Matilda. Joys and troubles, which are found in every family, become, wherever there are children, a means of education to the parents. One may indeed be induced by the love of God to withdraw from the external world, in order to give himself exclusively and without distraction to the cultivation of the spiritual nature ; but the love of a mother for her children is, in its very nature, the closest of all links to outward and practical life, a direct and continual doing and caring, which leaves no time for a life of contemplation. Caroline's maternal love was the school in which she first learned wisely and vigorously to give to the "hidden man within the heart" an outward direction. Increasing household cares, the influence of her husband, and varied intercourse with men of the most opposite characters, further tended to bring out her capabilities and to make her move freely in the world, so that amid a variety of external circumstances she was able to preserve an inward calm and self-control. She retained indeed to the end of her days a desire after a life of unruffled tranquillity—a longing which would occasionally dispose her to melancholy. "It is still the old story with me," she writes to the Countess Sophie Stolberg ; "I desire much, and can do but very little ;" and again to her husband, in the spring of 1804, on the day after his departure on a journey, "Agnes sends you word, she hopes you will cross the water safely, and is anxious—*my* daughter ; Matthias only wishes you to know how his rocking-horse is, and is happy—*thy* son." Notwithstanding the continued longing for a life of outward repose, she had in the first ten years of her marriage attained to a measure of freedom, self-command, and tranquillity, which, when she was subsequently threatened with

the loss of property, family, and all external happiness, she maintained with true womanly heroism.

She was now no longer disquieted, as she had often been at first, by the influence of her husband's position and mode of life. "I have just looked out into the night, and thought of thee," she once wrote to the absent Perthes. "It is a glorious night, and the stars are glittering above me, and if in thy carriage one appears to thee brighter than the rest, think that it showers down upon thee love and kindness from me, and no sadness ; for I am not now unhappy when you are absent. Yet am I certain that this does not proceed from any diminution of affection. If I could only show how I feel towards you, it would give you joy ; after all I may say or write, it is still unexpressed, and far short of the living love which I carry in my heart. If you could but apprehend me without words, you would understand me better."—"What you have now," wrote Caroline in 1803, to a newly-married friend, "is only a foretaste, and will every day increase. At least, the merciful God has so ordered it for me these six years, and my eyes overflow as I think of it."—"My beloved Perthes," she writes a year later, on the anniversary of the day on which he had declared his attachment ; "this is the 30th of April, and it is just nine o'clock. Do you remember this very moment this day seven years ? I thank God from the bottom of my heart for having made you think of me. I have just come from looking at the children, who are already in bed, and while I gazed on them I had you in my heart ; thus, although you are so far away, we are still together. I bless the happy moment in which seven years ago you looked on me, and said 'I love you.' Yes, my ever-beloved Perthes, I thank God, and I thank you, for our happiness. May God continue to be with us and with our children, and preserve us to a peaceful and blessed end."

## CHAPTER IX.

THE PROGRESS OF THE INNER LIFE—THE MEN OF HOLSTKIN  
AND MUNSTER.—1800-1805.

THE affection and ardour with which Perthes followed his calling, and the moral strength which he drew from his domestic life, enabled him to escape becoming the victim of vacillating indecision or of confused fancies—a danger to which his intercourse with men of such diverse and influential characters peculiarly exposed him. Next to his own, the house of his father-in-law was that which possessed the greatest attractions for him. “I have confidence in every one who esteems your father,” wrote Perthes, in the summer of 1797, to his bride; and in a letter dated 1802, he says, “There is no one on earth that I think more highly of than our father. May God long preserve to us the noble, beloved man!” The uninterrupted and ever-increasing influence of Claudius was strengthened by many kindred impressions. Perthes was a frequent and willing visitor at Klopstock’s house, till his death in 1803. “The repose of death was greatly to be desired for Klopstock,” wrote Perthes, shortly after his decease. “He said to me three weeks before he died, ‘I prefer a state of pain to any other—all else is but torpor.’ He died as he had lived, peacefully, simply, and with composure. No one, not even his brother, saw him during the last fortnight. Only his wife, Meta, and the physicians, were with him. His wife seems to have entertained mistaken ideas

of upholding Klopstock's greatness, even in his last hours. I am sorry for this; everybody knows that people do not die artistically. His funeral procession showed the respect in which the people of Altona and Hamburg held their fellow-citizen. As the body was borne from the church to the grave, a chorus of young girls sang, 'To rise again, yes, to rise again!' It was a moment of general emotion; but, even in death, Klopstock had to do penance for his toleration of the spirit of the times and of his own insipid and shallow disciples, for N. delivered an oration over him!"

In Hamburg, Perthes still kept up his former intimacy with the Sieveking circle, and lived in free and familiar intercourse with his old friends, Runge, Speckter, Hülsenbeck, and Herterich; but it was from Holstein that the deepest and most abiding impressions were now received. The Countess Julia Reventlow of Emkendorf continued till her death to be the warm friend of Caroline; and the unpretending sprightliness and gentleness of her disposition, which revealed itself even in her correspondence, made others more open to the influence of her opinions. Her husband's brother, Count Caius Reventlow of Altenhof, won the confidence of all who approached him by his genuine earnestness, and by the hearty manliness of his character. Attracted by the goodness and candour of Perthes, the Count became his faithful friend in word and deed, notwithstanding the difference of age and position. "The Count was the last of the high-minded nobles of a bygone time," wrote Perthes to the widowed Countess Louisa, in 1804, shortly after her husband's death, "and a nobler than he our fatherland never possessed. He was a good friend and a benefactor to me at the period of my greatest need; and there are many who will think of him with love and regret as I do now." At Altenhof, Caroline and Perthes had become intimately acquainted with the Countess Augusta, (born Stolberg,) who, as

second wife of Count Bernstorff, was the stepmother of the Countess Louisa. Many might have overlooked the gentle, pious woman, without suspecting the treasure which lay concealed in her heart, but Goethe showed his wonderful power of discerning mental endowment in the well-known inscription to this unseen friend of his youth. To Perthes the Countess was wont frequently to refer, in letters full of intelligence and affection, and she always found in him a trustworthy friend. On his final departure from Hamburg, she wrote, "Your life has taken such deep hold of mine, so intimately is it connected with many of the earlier and later associations of my heart, that your departure makes me very sorrowful.—Forget me not." Manifold were the impressions which Perthes was to receive from Holstein. His intimacy with the pious and venerable Kleuker introduced him to a more extensive acquaintance with theological questions, while the friendship of Reinhold exhibited to him the mental confusion engendered by the mutual repulsion of philosophical and theological views. "Reinhold has received me in his old fashion, and with his accustomed kindness," wrote Perthes to his wife in 1799, "and has given up his own room to me. He wins upon me as a man, the longer I know him; but his monotonous many-sidedness obstructs him in his progress towards truth. He pushes back the curtain little by little, but he cannot draw it up. It will be difficult to break down the partition-wall that separates him from Kleuker, because neither will allow the two points on which the wall of partition rests and on which all depends, to be touched; while, by their mutual sarcasms, they continually provoke each other." "I must read Reinhold's 'Treatise on the Rights of Common Sense' a second time," says Perthes, "disagreeable as his mannerism makes it to me. In speaking with him I get on much better than in reading his books." Jacobi's influence with Perthes was also an abiding

one, and he was ever ready to converse with his young friend on the works in which he was engaged. "Yesterday, Jacobi gave me his new MS. treatise to read," writes Perthes to Caroline from Eutin, in 1801; "it was hard work. I laboured at it the whole of yesterday, and the 'tall papa' said admirable things apropos of it; to-day I have studied it again with him in right earnest." In all his visits to Holstein, whether long or short, Perthes felt himself improved and elevated by the influence of the country and the people. "On Sunday," he says to Caroline, "I was at Sielbeck with Nicolovius; the day was glorious. Nicolovius is a charming man. I felt so youthful, so rich, and so thankful to God: He has bestowed on me so many gifts! such a long and happy youth, and you, my love!"

With Catholic Münster, Perthes was no less closely connected than with Protestant Holstein. It was in the winter of 1798 that he had first become personally acquainted with it, and on his journey thither he was greatly impressed by the grand aspect of the lofty oak forests and deep valleys of Westphalia, or more properly of Osnaburg. In a letter to Caroline, written after a night of travel, he says, "To-night as the stars sparkled, and life with its joys and sorrows lay reposing in slumber below, while I alone watched and was conscious that the good God was also watching over all His children in the scattered cottages around, I was so overcome by my happiness, that I burst into tears; and it was remarkable, that just at this moment the starlight fell upon a crucifix placed on an eminence among some poplars." In Münster, Perthes again met the Princess Gallitzin and the Droste family, the venerable Fürstenberg, then seventy years of age, Kistemaker and Katerkamp, and the singular father of the historian Buchholz. This short and hurried visit to Münster was sufficient to give him an idea of the life with which, from other causes, he was afterwards to be so intimately associated. The Princess Gallitzin, till her

death, kept up her correspondence with Caroline ; and, notwithstanding the difference of creed, stood godmother to Perthes' eldest son, Klopstock and Claudius being godfathers. Caroline, on her part, preserved her affection and reverence for the princess. In 1806, on hearing of her fatal illness, Caroline wrote, " No one ever made so deep and so lasting an impression on me as she ; and from the first moment of our meeting, she has been, I may say, my guide to God." Perthes had made the acquaintance of the Baron von Droste, a few weeks after his marriage to Caroline, when the three brothers, Kaspar, Clemens, and Francis, had visited Hamburg in company with Kellermann and Brockmann. He had been their cicerone, and they had gladly shared the frugal meals of the youthful couple. They were about the same age, and a friendship so intimate was then established, that neither difference of position nor of opinion had any power to shake their mutual affection and esteem. " I was particularly attracted by Kaspar," said Perthes, in his later years, " already a suffragan-bishop, and one who, in depth of love, might have been compared with the beloved disciple."

In 1806, the Princess Gallitzin died. " The last few hours," writes Kaspar to Perthes, " were hours of severe suffering, and yet rich in mercy. She met her end in perfect consciousness, and committed herself entirely to God, receiving her Lord and Saviour in the most holy sacrament about a quarter of an hour before her death ; and thus her beautiful, purified, sanctified soul, departed in the most blessed and intimate union with Christ. A beautiful death, dear Perthes ; pray especially for her beloved daughter, that God may give her grace." " You believe as I do," he says in another letter, " in the necessity of illumination and grace from above, and that is everything." And somewhat later he writes—" I am sure that you cannot rest on your present stand-point. The



striving and hastening after the truth, which characterize you, and the need you feel of some firm footing, cannot continue ; for, dear Perthes, we are not now searching for the truth—we have it, we are not looking for the true faith—it is already ours. This only is our task and our duty, to show our faith by a real Christian walk in all we do or leave undone. All our striving ought to have for its object progress in this path, and since we cannot advance without the grace of God, we pray to Him daily for this grace. Forget me not, dear Perthes." Notwithstanding Kaspar Droste's decided attachment to his own Church, he gladly recognised all that he held in common with Christians of other communions, and had no sympathy with those who, in the rancour of their unloving hearts, regard themselves as good Christians in proportion as they hate Protestants. In the year 1819, the suffragan-bishop could still close a letter to the widow of Claudius with these words, " May God watch over you, dear mother, and all of us. Pray for me. In childlike love,—Your Kaspar."

Ever since his entrance into the Catholic Church, Count Frederick Leopold Stolberg had been a member of the Münster circle. He had forsaken the Church of his fathers in order to find rest for his soul, which craved some visible support, something through which he might recognise the security and stability of his faith. His change of creed, which had great influence in giving direction to the spiritual tendency of that period, had shown what previously had been but little considered—how wide the gulf was that separated the Catholic from the Protestant Confession ; for Stolberg, although a Christian before as well as after his change, had been unable to find that rest in the one Church which he had at last found in the other. The step he had taken was a matter of the deepest regret to his friends, but when the effect of the first overwhelming shock had passed away, they could neither personally reproach nor

misinterpret him. It was as the son-in-law of Claudius that Perthes had first been brought into contact with Stolberg, but their acquaintance soon ripened into a warm friendship, founded on mutual liking and respect. To the end of his life, Stolberg was a stranger to that bigoted, restless zeal, by which religious as well as political converts are so often distinguished; not that at any subsequent period of his life he regretted the step he had taken, but having changed his church rather than his faith, he was able to maintain a remarkably clear judgment with reference to Protestantism. "I have received your acceptable letter with the notice of the National Museum," he writes to Perthes in 1809, "we shall always understand each other, dear Perthes. There is a passage in the *Prospectus* that will offend many,—alas! too many Catholics. It does not offend me. The Reformation originated in pure motives; and although I feel assured that Luther assumed more than his adherents, as men, had the right to give, I yet recognise the many and great advantages resulting from the movement to those who remained in the Catholic Church, in the stimulus it gave and the rivalry it excited. I would never raise a finger against the person of Luther, in whom I recognise not only one of the greatest minds that has worked on earth, but in whom I also discover a great and ever-abiding religious sentiment."

In 1802 Perthes had also met Sailer, then Professor at Landshut, in feeling and opinion a member of the Münster circle. "Sailer has sought me out here," he writes to his wife from Leipzig; "I am much pleased with him; he is a man of decided talent, and sees things from the Catholic point of view, though, as it appears to me, not without some effort. He desires to be commended to your father, and also to you." Perthes, like many others, never believed that Stolberg, although he had become a Catholic, had received every dogma of the Catholic Church, as part and parcel of his Christian creed. "You ask,"

writes Sailer to Perthes, from Landshut, in 1803, "whether it is essential that a convert to the Catholic Church must acknowledge the whole system as true. To this I can only give the following answer. Before God—before the tribunal of conscience, and in the judgment of every independent thinker, no man can believe that which he cannot believe, and therefore *ought* not. According to the judgment of a literal and absolute orthodoxy, the fundamental principle may be stated differently, and in practice at least is thus enunciated :—'This is true, this must be fully believed, therefore believe it.' In a literal orthodoxy, the distinction between credible and incredible is practically scarcely admitted. But he who, by the force of his own mind, has worked his way through this literal and absolute orthodoxy to the gentle and broad spirit of all orthodoxy, will find as little necessity in the Catholic system as in any other, for stretching faith beyond the limits of conviction, and will be content with simply leaving undecided that which he who has not attained to the same position refuses to believe. I know not what more to write." And he thus continues—"You should certainly pay a visit to the good people of the patriarchal Wernigerode. You would be welcome for the sake of your father-in-law, and for your own. Fénelon's works are read by all the earnest ; but, alas ! the earnest are as rare as white crows."

While the spiritual life was thus manifesting itself to Perthes in Holstein in a decidedly Lutheran, and in Münster in a decidedly Catholic form, he became acquainted with a religious life which shrank from any expression of the religious principle in dogma or formulary, in the persons of two distinguished individuals. The Countess Louisa of Windebye, who, as well as her husband, Count Christian Stolberg, kept up a regular correspondence with Perthes, asserted constantly, with all the intelligence of her acute understanding, that it is impossible for man to express his internal relations to the Deity by any form or

formulary whatsoever. "Ah, dear Perthes!" she wrote, "it is so dangerous to shut up the real living faith in dogmas, and to seek to define it by dogmas! How weary I am of all formulas! I am striving to free myself so entirely from all literality, as to be able in every ritual to separate the essential from the accidental, the spirit from the letter, and to take as little exception to the Catholic as to the Hindoo rosary. Still, dear Perthes, every spiritual struggle after truth renders the Catholic form more and more distasteful to me. I am delighted with Claudius' new book; although I differ from him in many respects, I agree with him in general principles, for these with him take the form of acts, not of words."—"He who attaches himself to dogmas," she says in another letter, "has mistaken a planet for the polar star. Many a time have I myself mistaken the aurora of the night for the dawn of the coming day;" and again, in a letter of a later date, she speaks still more decidedly—"Every one who dogmatizes, be he Catholic or Protestant, theologian or philosopher, is to me an idolater."

Philip Otto Runge, the artist, a man animated by a deeply religious spirit, and, like the Countess Louisa, opposed to dogmatic teaching, had for Perthes singular attractions. His morality was stern, his mind vigorous and racy, and full of humour. While to strangers he was, without intending it, a sealed book, he opened his whole heart without reserve to his friends, displaying all the riches of his lively, witty, and original mind. The centre of his being was nourished by a spiritual sense peculiar to himself, by which he apprehended the great mysteries of the Godhead, as manifested in the symbolical representations of nature. "If," said Perthes in later life, "there was any German of the last century who was a genuine representative of Mysticism and Theosophy, it was Runge; for in him, as in no one else, were united the grand Theosophic intuitions of Jacob Böhm, and the mystic spiritual love of

Suso ; and this arose from an inward and spontaneous impulse, and without any external influence. A great religious idea would often unconsciously insinuate itself into the merest play of his pencil ; for everywhere in nature he saw traces of the mysteries of creation, redemption, and sanctification, and he regarded it as the great duty imposed upon him, to seek out those traces, and to represent them to others through his Art. His apprehension of them was not always attainable by others, and thus many things in his compositions are unintelligible. When asked for an explanation, he used laughingly to say, "If I could have said it in words, I need not have painted it." Runge occupied the same position in painting that Novalis did in poetry. "The exhibition of a new and singular form of art, through which the earnest, pious, and tender feeling of the true artist revealed itself," as Goethe said, met with acceptance at Weimar. "Runge," wrote Goethe to Perthes in 1810, "is a character such as is seldom born into the world. His remarkable talent, his true and sterling honesty as a man and an artist, attracted me and attached me to him long ago ; and although his tendencies led him out of the path which I regard as the right one, he never excited any displeasure in my mind, but I was always able gladly to accompany him wherever he was carried by his peculiar style."

Runge had come to Hamburgh from Wolgast, his native place, in 1795, when eighteen years of age, to be trained to business in his brother's warehouse. He left Hamburgh in 1798, in order to fit himself for an artist's life by study at Copenhagen and Dresden, and did not return till 1804. But the sincere friendship so quickly formed between him and Perthes ; suffered nothing by this separation, but continued to gain strength till Runge's early death in 1810. "You have fully understood me," writes Runge, in 1802, "and I think of myself just as you think of me, and not at all more highly." Even in

his old age Perthes retained the impressions he received on his visit to the Dresden Gallery with Runge in 1802. "Yesterday afternoon," he wrote to his wife at the time, "I saw Raphael's Holy Family, and I trust that this heaven will never pass away from my soul. To see creations such as these, from the hands of our fellow-creatures, is ennobling ; pictures of this kind are the direct effluence and evidence of the Divine within us, and words are poor in comparison. Sounds may, perhaps, in a still higher sense, be akin to God, but then they are evanescent, and rouse in us a vague fore-feeling of intuitions, rather than intuitions themselves."

The friendships that Perthes had now formed were chiefly with men whose grand object, though pursued in diverse ways, was the cultivation of the inner life. His natural disposition, and the necessities of a calling that demanded the greatest activity, preserved the equipoise of his own mind in the midst of the various influences to which he was subjected. Two men of great eminence who shared his intimacy, Count Adam Moltke, and Schönborn, were perpetually exerting themselves to give intensity to Perthes' easily-excited interest in the affairs of the world.

Count Moltke, a fine-looking man, with a noble forehead and a sparkling eye, had lived from the beginning of the present century at Nutschau, a small estate in Holland, which he had received as a trifling indemnity for lost family fiefs in Zealand. His restless energy and glowing imagination had been deeply stirred by the French Revolution, and he remained, for many years, one of its most ardent, but, at the same time, purest well-wishers. After having travelled over a great part of Europe, and experienced not a few of life's bitterest sorrows, he returned to Nutschau, and there, far from the cares of State, though deeply interested in political movements, he strove with a forced resignation to live patiently through that iron time.

He required but little sleep, and sought to still the inward sorrow and satisfy his restless energy, by the earnest and persevering study of history; particularly the history of the rise of the Italian Republics of the middle ages, with which he was minutely acquainted. He had often undertaken to present his own thoughts in poetry, or to give the history of remarkable political events of former times, but he was unable to express his ideas with that clearness and precision which were necessary to fit them for appearing before the public. He was thus excluded from writing as well as from acting history; but as, in the days of his fervid youth, he had exercised a powerful influence on all with whom he came in contact, so, in his mature age, he infused life into every circle that he frequented. "He had attained the perfection of his nature," said Niebuhr in 1806, of this the friend of his youth; "he had tamed the lion, the ever-restless spirit within him, and he had used the fire of his youth to animate Greek forms."

Perthes had met Moltke at Kiel in 1799. "What a man!" he wrote to his wife; "what power! and what self-control! I wish, Caroline, that you could see this 'mad Moltke,' as they call him. I esteem him as highly as any of my acquaintances. His wife, too, is a charming person." A few months later the two had become intimate, and mutually attached. "Thank the Countess for her delightful letter," wrote Perthes to the Count in the autumn of 1799. "Caroline and I may well read with surprise what she desires, and I wish I had matters of corresponding weight and interest to write of to her." Moltke came frequently to Hamburgh at that time, as he did in later years; and then, all thought of rest for that night was at an end. Between nine and ten in the evening, when Perthes had left business and had joined his family, he would find Moltke waiting his arrival. Before many minutes were over, they were involved in an earnest and impassioned conversation, and many

a time the rising sun reminded the disputants that it was time to break off. When Moltke was in Florence in 1803, a report reached him that Perthes was about to stop payment. "Help my friend immediately with all that I have, if I be yet in time," wrote Moltke to his man of business in Hamburg, at the same time sending the necessary powers with the letter.

The Councillor of Legation, Schönborn, was in almost every respect the opposite of Count Moltke. Rist has preserved his name from oblivion in a characteristic sketch. From 1802 to 1806, he lived as a guest in the house of Perthes. This extraordinary man, whose unpleasing exterior was somewhat relieved by the expression of resolution and depth in his countenance, would frequently remain in the house for weeks together, rejoicing in the comfort of his dressing-gown and the disorder of his apartment, or buried in the literary treasures that the warehouse afforded. He was now nearly seventy years of age, and there was no person or thing in the circuit of the busy city that had any claim upon him; and thus in the enjoyment of a long-desired independence, he would submit to no restraints, except those which his own habits and his constitutional sluggishness imposed. About noon he was frequently to be seen standing in the door-way, dressed in a long, loose overcoat with his stick under his arm, looking about in all directions, pondering with what friend or in what tavern to bestow himself for the hour, and then, after a while, re-entering the house, to shut himself up again in his own room. In the house of Perthes he was regarded as a member of the family, and went and came just as he pleased, at one time enjoying the lively and ever-varying society, at other times passing hours in silent abstraction, or in a kind of dreamy, silent enjoyment with the children, or the visitors. "Silence," says Rist, "was no burden to him, even when fools were talking; but in later years, he would give vent to his displeasure in some one of those strong expres-



sions which he had borrowed from the rude mode of speech not uncommon in Lower Saxony." When, however, Schönborn could be led to converse, and Perthes well understood how to bring him to the point, he became at once the centre of the circle, and the rare treasures of learning, and of general knowledge and experience of life, that lay hidden in his mind, were brought out in a surprising way, and in expressions emphatic and racy—the suggestions of the moment.

This remarkable man was the son of a pastor from the Hartz, who had been settled in Holstein, and was born in 1737. With great efforts, and by fits and starts, he had made himself familiar with many branches of knowledge. He had lived in the intellectual society that frequented Count Bernstorff's house at Copenhagen and subsequently in the best circles in Hamburg, associating on terms of equality with the first men of his time. In 1773, through the influence of the Count, he was sent as Secretary of the Danish Consulate to Algiers. After a few years' residence there, he went to London as Danish Secretary of Legation, where he remained till 1802, frequently discharging the duties of Consul. "Yesterday evening I again philosophized for a few hours with Schönborn," writes Niebuhr from London in 1798. "We spoke from overflowing hearts. He is very original in his mode of expressing himself, and vigorous sometimes even to coarseness; he is a profound philosopher, and extensively acquainted with the ancients, especially with their philosophy and mathematics; he has a mind of extraordinary power, but impatient of contradiction. His bold spirit, which sported wildly in strange interpretations of mythology, afforded me an interesting entertainment." In another letter Niebuhr says: "When he exhibits his deeply-pondered and well-weighed system, in all its extent and with the boldest applications, he kindles the spirit of his listener and hurries him along into ideas entirely new. But when the splendid intellect leaves the depths

of metaphysics for the common ground of daily life, he is no longer the same; he is like a mathematician who has measured the earth in imagination, but who does not know an acre of its surface."

After an absence of nearly thirty years, Schönborn, then sixty-five years of age, returned to Germany, which he had visited but once during that long period, and then only for a short time. He found Germany as though centuries had passed over it during his absence. The Seven Years' War had not been long ended when he left his native land. Germany was striving to strengthen herself through Frederick the Great; every German eye was turned confidently towards him. Lessing, Schönborn's companion and friend, had just completed his "Hamburgh Dramaturgy," his "Minna von Barnhelm," and "Emilia Galotti;" and when Schönborn, on his route to Algiers, had visited Councillor Goethe at Frankfort, he had been introduced to his son, the remarkable young man who had just then written "Goetz;" and who soon afterwards wrote to Schönborn at Algiers—"I have allowed a trumpery thing about Wieland to be printed under the title, 'Gods, Heroes, and Wieland.'" When Schönborn returned to Germany, the triumph of the Revolution was a tradition of the past, and Napoleon was dazzling Europe. Lessing, who had been twenty years dead, was almost forgotten, and Goethe was preparing to strike the balance of the life he had lived. Schönborn had spent the time of the great political developments throughout the Continent, in London their central point, and he came back with a knowledge of England and its relations to Europe, not inferior to that of Gentz himself. He still retained his former passionate attachment to philosophy, though he had long given up all hope of absolute truth being attainable by man. "A more thorough sceptic," said Perthes later, "has, perhaps, never existed. God, Freedom, Immortality, were the objects which he was

perpetually combating with the intellect; perhaps just because, being firmly rooted in his noble nature, they were perpetually forcing themselves upon him. Freedom, indeed, universal as well as personal, was his idol; and he would not allow it to be circumscribed even by his own inward constitution. The limits of his individuality made him furious, and he incessantly champed and bit his chains like an old lion. His features also bore some resemblance to those of that kingly animal; and when, as was sometimes the case, he fell asleep at table from the weakness of old age, his eyebrows would rise and fall like a mane, indicating that the spirit was still busy within. He died in his eightieth year. The death-struggle lasted for a week; he would not give up his life; 'he must have been welded to it,' said the physician." In keeping with the most marked feature of his character, the objects of his search in philosophy and in life were consistency and activity; and, wherever he found them, he felt sure of having grasped one side of the truth. He passionately detested all shams, but was ever ready to recognise opinions the most adverse to his own, provided only that they were earnest convictions. Immediately after his return from England, and while desirous to form connexions with the men of that day, in order to enjoy with them the free and hearty intercourse that he had enjoyed with their fathers, he was, through Klopstock and Claudius, introduced to Perthes, and ere many weeks had elapsed became an inmate of his house. His intimacy with the Countess Catherine Stolberg, whose restless spirit was ever expatiating in all the realms of knowledge, had not then been formed; and he whiled away the years in the house that he loved, following the humours of the hour. A new world of interests and opinions, of information and experience, was thus opened to Perthes.

The manifold relations in which Perthes thus stood to active life, and to the distinguished men among whom he moved, could

not fail to exercise a great influence upon him, and almost to fashion his mind anew. "I know," he says in a letter to his Schwartzburg uncle, "that you often think of your Fritz ; but I am no longer the Fritz of whom you are thinking. You only know 'little Fritz ;' you have yet to begin to learn to know *me*. Where shall I commence, and where leave off, in order to explain to you who and what I am ? You knew me as a child who had something good in him, who was lovable and who was thankful to be loved, warmly returning the love that was given ; as a child of quick perceptions and some cleverness, but also of most perilous vivacity, and of almost morbid susceptibility. Many years have since rolled away, and of all that the child cherished in his bosom, what is left ?—what is added ?—what has the child preserved of the childlike ? If I were to endeavour to trace the path I have trodden, who shall certify me that I really and truly know it ?"

From his earliest childhood, and amidst anxiety and poverty, Perthes had uniformly and earnestly striven to bring his soul and his whole course of action into harmony with the Eternal Will. As he grew in knowledge and in culture, he had always endeavoured to attain his objects by spiritual means ; and yet when anxiety regarding his inward condition was stronger than levity and self-confidence, he was forced to acknowledge that the will in his bosom was far from being the will of God, and that the tendency to oppose his own will to the will of God, was still the master tendency. Disturbed as he often was by a consciousness of this kind, the society of so many eminent persons, who regarded the discovery of man's real position with regard to God as the first and great business of life, could not fail to give a religious direction to the further development of his mind. He had long ago given up, as limited and perverse, his early stand-point, according to which man was to fashion himself to a rational existence by virtue of an intelligent will.

In 1799 he thus wrote to Caroline—"N. was with me yesterday ; he thoroughly displeases me ; his formal knowingness has dried up his brain and hollowed out his heart. After all his much-boasted reflection, he has merely satisfied a sort of tabular ethical system ; but in the (so-called) desire always to do right, he has no share ; he has lost spirit and vitality. He dare not follow the promptings of his inner genius, for he must needs reflect perpetually, forsooth ; and yet his reflection has not been able to preserve him from a commonplace style of mind, which was not natural to him."

Perthes had long regarded Feeling—the immediate consciousness of the soul—as the only power that could lead man through life with cheerful and courageous views of God and the world. He had renounced the hope kindled by Schiller, of seeing feeling purified and perfected by means of Art. "If," he writes to Count Moltke, "we could indeed so elevate and ennoble the Physical as to harmonize with the Spiritual, humanity would be perfected. But we are soon aroused from the delusive dream of such a hope, in a world where sorrow, want, and death, meet us at every turn." Perthes had next, as we have seen, been brought under the influence of Jacobi, and was taught to recognise the voice of God speaking to and in Feeling ; still there was disunion and discord in his mind. "Man is a twofold being," he writes to Jacobi, "the one mocks the other, and the latter in its turn despises the former. This is the state of every man who is not in harmony with himself." Latterly, in his intercourse with the circles of Holstein and Münster, Perthes had met with men who, in a manner that had not previously come under his observation, seemed to be in harmony with themselves. That it was the supremacy of Love that enabled them to preserve peace, joy, and inward harmony in the midst of the tumults of life, he was fully persuaded. "It is only one overpowering idea that can uphold a man, and make him forget

sorrow and death, earth and heaven," he writes to Moltke. "All such forgetfulness is greatness; but the greatness may be good and may be evil, according to the nature of the idea that has called it forth. We have seen men of angelic and of devilish minds, equally ready, firmly and fearlessly to confront the terrible. What is great is not always good, but what is good must always be great. Now, there is a something which is in God, and which He has kindled in us, that is always both good and great, and this is Love. Love can make even weakness great, and what the highest greatness is without love we may see in the devil. Your stumblingblock, dear Moltke, is not the want of Christian love in your heart, but the preponderance of Roman greatness in your head. But why should we think of greatness at all? It is but a poetic dream for us now; if we have made love our paramount idea, greatness will follow of itself." "Only the man who is possessed by love," he writes to Jacobi, "can solve the riddle of our being and of our freedom. Love is the visible form of freedom. He who loves, and even he who does not love, can see, if he will, that love is free, as nothing in the world besides. I am in bondage if I do not love, and I cannot love if I am in bondage; and he who loves knows, as none else can know, that individual freedom and the will of God are one and the same thing."

But in order to abide in love, as the permanent condition of the soul, Perthes felt the necessity of a human and personal medium, and no one stood nearer to him than Caroline. It was then through her, and her alone, that he expected the essence of life, as he called love, to be incorporated with his own being. "That I have something within me which lives and will live eternally," he writes to his wife, "I feel with a degree of certainty that is not to be expressed in words; I also feel that this eternal individuality can only find its satisfaction in the love of God. To him who strives after this love, and

who in the midst of stumbling and falling, praying and thanksgiving, is in earnest, God will be gracious, even if he worship a bit of wood instead of the Crucified One. For as the invisible is hidden behind the curtain of the outward world of sense, every medium by which I venture to draw near to the glory of God, is a sanctified means of escape from sin, and is not in itself idolatry. Evil rages within me, and is powerful; my prayers are but signals of distress, and do not help; for I am not penetrated, as you are, by the holiness of the Supreme Being, and by His light and glory; but I am penetrated by the love of thee, my angel, and through the love of thee I shall rise higher, and draw nearer to Him, in whom I find I cannot participate without some medium." And in another letter, "Do not lose heart, my pious Caroline, and make me as pious as you are yourself."

But Perthes now began to be conscious that the love of God is not a spontaneous development of that which he had spoken of as the love of man, but that it differs from this not only in degree, but in its object, and therefore in its essence. Although deeply conscious that his affection for Caroline was ever deepening and strengthening, he yet drew back timidly from God. He regarded his past life, and the present condition of his soul, as a partition-wall between himself and God, which even love had no power to throw down, and he could not but confess a desire to be without God, and an inward struggling against Him. It seemed to him impossible that the alienation of man from God should be overcome by any human means. "My internal anxiety," he writes to Caroline, "calls for some one who in my stead gives satisfaction; and undefined feelings come across me, which seek after a God who, as man, has felt the agony and borne the burden of man. I have leaned upon many a reed that has given way, and have seen many a star fall from heaven. What is true is given to us in science, but not The

Truth. Human science can measure many things, but can take the *full* measure of none, and the great mysteries of life must for ever elude her grasp;—have they, therefore, no existence, or are they, therefore, less certain or less vital?"

He thus writes to Moltke: "That which is unusual, which does not repeat itself, but happens once only, we call unnatural, and if we have not ourselves been conscious of it, we call it untrue, and characterize the belief of it as superstitious; and yet Nature itself, which is assuredly the most unnatural of all miracles, delights us, and we find it quite natural: and thus we, whose whole history forms but a moment of this great nature-miracle, pretend to decide upon the naturalness or unnaturalness of a particular event! No, the great mysteries of the world are not to be sought and found without us—the intuition of them is born in us; our soul is intuitively Christian, and that which exists in us as intuition, the mercy of God has revealed externally as actual, objective existence." To Perthes the facts of Revelation were indubitable historical events; "but," he says to Moltke, "the time when these facts are to become vital to me, and the measure of their vitality, depend on the grace of God." An inward wrestling and striving now took place to realize in himself, as he expressed it, "the uncreated Son of the Father as in reality his God." The (to him) undeniable fact of the Incarnation he desired for himself as the idea that should take entire possession of his being. Holy Scripture now appeared to his soul in all its majesty; and Claudius was at his side, to aid, to animate, and to confirm, at one time in person, at another by his writings. Their personal intercourse had been continually growing more intimate and confidential; and Claudius' tract, "A Father's Simple Instructions about the Christian Religion," which appeared in 1803, in the seventh part of his collected works, had made a deep impression upon his son-in-law; and by help of it he reached a



certainty of conviction, and a repose of mind which he had never before known. "You ask how it fares with me, dear Moltke; I *know* what truth is; I *know* what man is, and what he shall be; I *know* how to estimate the world; I *know* that the richer a man becomes in himself, the poorer he is in the world. I thank God for this knowledge, and especially for the consciousness that I am a poor sinner, in myself helpless and comfortless. Those men are now a problem to me who seek satisfaction in themselves, and, if unsuccessful, try to find it in one fruit after another, in the hope of being satisfied at last, and are never awakened to the alarming consciousness that the sap is not there." And in a letter to Caroline he says, "My youth was healthy, and an unquenchable longing and an intense striving upwards possessed me, much more truly than now. But, on the other hand, I have now a clear insight into life: I am conscious of power and vigour, of an assurance and actuality such as I never possessed before. I know God, and if this state of peaceful certainty is not so pleasing, not so flattering I might say, as my former condition, perhaps this is a sure evidence of my having attained the truth. If passions were less violent, and if we could escape from the troubles of the world, it might be better for us; but it is presumption to require what God has not been pleased to ordain for us. An undisturbed internal assurance and perfect peace were possible to only one in this world, and that one was the God-man. Dear Caroline, when we have learned to be content, and to accommodate ourselves to times, circumstances, and outward relations, with tolerable calmness and composure, we thus advance more steadily than by all our striving and self-tormenting, towards the goal to which through the grace of God we are ever drawing nearer, but which we can never reach on earth." To Jacobi he writes, "I thank you from my heart, my fatherly friend, for the kind tone of the letter in which you declare the difference between our inmost convictions: I have only now to add, that by the

words, 'Philosophical unbelief satisfies me as little as poetical superstition,' I certainly did not intend to indicate that which you, with an implication of censure, designate romantic. I believe that I take surer ground than others in my opposition to a wild, wanton, vain, and ever-wandering belief, because I take my stand on the revealed word of God, as the only word, the only law which is *above* us ; all besides is only *in* us, and whether it be a simple and compact, or a romantic and parti-coloured philosophy, it wanders in a perpetual maze, till at last it finds that all is vanity. I am, like you, disturbed by Jean Paul's fluctuations, whenever I read his works ; he indeed longs for truth and a settled faith, and yet he cannot abstain from representing the God-man as a mere creature of human imagination. But *poems* about the Messiah, whether written by Klopstock or by others, will never do." "It is far better," he says, after having read that amusing book, "Scenes from the World of Spirits," "to become a fool by philosophizing, than to graft our own imaginations upon the great truths of religion."—"Winckelmann's letters are interesting, yet, like Winckelmann himself, they have afforded me but little pleasure," he says in another letter to Jacobi, "and Goethe honoured him too much, when he called him a true-born Pagan, at the same time making him the representative of his own views of man and the world. But, on the other hand, I find in these letters the Goethean paganism more beautifully and forcibly developed than it is anywhere else, as the opposite pole of Christianity ; on this side, we have strength and unity through love, but on that, self-renunciation. Christianity is a free-gift investiture—and in Christianity all is given by the grace of God, and received by love ; while in heathenism all is nature, and every product is a self : the religious feelings of men appear as if begotten by nature alone ; every creature as if self-created is to stand only upon its own feet, man is to enjoy all things, and to resist or endure all unavoidable evil with a strength whose origin is

in himself. Heathenism and Christianity exhaust everything ; and that which lies between, call it by what name you please, is a mere inconsistent fragment, mere patchwork and vanity, resulting either in despondency or in pride. That Goethe should hate the pole that is opposed to him is only natural ; and why should not the Christian also choose rather the opposition of an avowed enemy, than that of ten hobbling praters ? Let any man honestly strive to become a Goethean Pagan, and truly to stand on his own feet, it will give him work enough, and will bring many proselytes to Christianity."

Jacobi left Holstein in the spring of 1805, to settle at Munich. "God be with you!" wrote Perthes. "How can I ever sufficiently thank you who have been the means of giving a fixed direction to my development ? It is through you that I have attained to the conviction, the religious certainty which I now enjoy, and shall enjoy throughout eternity ; that conviction which, though seeking, you yourself had not, and I am compelled to say, have not yet found. None but you persuaded me of the nothingness of self ; but that which you have not been able to grasp, to seize, or retain with your head or with your heart, was to be sought in a direction different from that pursued by you. Farewell ! God bless you and all your doings."

It was through anxiety and labour, and after many wanderings, that Perthes had worked his way to the saving truths of Christianity, but he at last won them, and they became part and parcel of his life. It is true, indeed, that neither at this nor at any later period did they reign alone, nor did they hold habitual ascendancy in his heart : the natural man too often asserted itself, in sorrow and in joy, and in the midst of the cares and activities of life. But the truths he had gained were never lost sight of ; and when, after many years, he lay on his death-bed, they filled his whole soul, and had power to take from death its sting.

## CHAPTER X.

## EVENTS OF THE YEARS 1805 AND 1806.

WHEN the imperial deputies met at Ratisbon in 1803, to parcel out the territories of the weaker powers, and divide them among the stronger, Hamburg had the good fortune to preserve its independence as an imperial city. Nevertheless, it was plain to all who looked at the power and violence of Napoleon on the one side, and the weakness of the empire on the other, that if there was any future for Hamburg, it was to be found in its own political wisdom and strength ; and of political vitality, there was little then within the walls of the free imperial city. That indifference to all political affairs which pervaded the whole of Germany, had extended its benumbing influence to the Hamburg Council, and to the once proud and sturdy burghesses.

The enthusiasm with which Perthes had, as a very young man, received the intelligence of the French Revolution, was converted to hostility when France declared war against the German empire. It was not in Prussia or in Austria, but in the smaller principalities, that the true national, imperial feeling was to be found, and Perthes, who had been born in one of the petty states, had grown up with a true Kaiser-loving heart. Hamburg, it is true, relying on its foreign relations for its importance, did not afford the materials for a thoroughly German national enthusiasm, but the opposite feeling, at least,

had no influence. The earlier leaning in that town towards the French Republic had been weakened by the growing connexion with England.

Although in the distinguished men with whom Perthes associated, the religious was the predominating element, he took a scarcely less lively interest in political events. He was not then committed to any definite political tendencies or doctrines; he remained entirely free, also, from a limited narrow-minded zeal for a particular part of the fatherland to the exclusion of all the rest. His political feelings, thoroughly German, were opposed to the cosmopolitanism which places greater value on political doctrines than on nationalities, as well as to that local or territorial patriotism which cannot see the wood on account of the trees.

He saw Hamburg only through Germany. He had an ardent desire to gain insight into the great political relations of his country; and the circumstances of life in which he was placed were of a kind to afford facilities for the realization of this desire. Among his acquaintances were many men who had come into personal contact with European affairs. Schönborn had opened his eyes to the internal condition of England and its relation to the Continent, while the Danish poet, Baggesen, who had moved for many years in the most distinguished circles of Paris, and whose political views were at once intelligent and profound, threw much light on the confused politics of France. Reinhard, too, the French consul in Hamburg, was a member of the circle in which Perthes moved, and by frequent intercourse with him, Perthes imbibed enlarged views of political affairs. There were two Frenchmen with whom he maintained still more intimate personal relations, on account of their appreciation of German life—Matthew Dumas and Villers.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Villers afterwards acted as French commissioner in arranging the affairs of the new Tuscan Government; under the Directory, he held, for a short period, the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Dumas,<sup>1</sup> honest and straightforward, independent in his pursuit of knowledge, and decidedly German in his outward appearance, was yet a thorough Frenchman. *C'est un maître-homme*, he used to say, admiringly, of Napoleon. In 1830, when nearly eighty years of age, he appeared once more in the uniform of the National Guard, among the combatants of July.

Villers stood in much nearer relation to Germany. He had studied at Göttingen, devoted himself with ardour to the pursuit of knowledge, and attained to a degree of German culture rarely to be met with even among Germans. He was so attached to Germany, that he would not quit it. After he took up his residence in Lübeck in 1797, his political sympathies were wholly with the Hanseatic towns, of whose significance in Germany and in Europe he entertained decided opinions. These towns afterwards owed much to his exertions on their behalf in Paris, and his views regarding their importance had great influence on Perthes.

Perthes longed for a political connexion with men who would not only give breadth to his political views, but also share his political feelings, and by a community of hope and fear, waiting and striving, might impart warmth, clearness, and strength to his own convictions. It was easier to find political fellowship then than in later times; for there were at that period but two parties—a small one that saw political salvation only in opposition to Napoleon—another and much larger one which hoped to achieve it through his instrumentality. All who took up a hostile position towards France, and sought, at whatever

<sup>1</sup> Dumas had been deeply implicated in the Revolution. In 1789 he had organized the National Guard with Lafayette; in 1792 he was one of the most influential speakers of the period, and commanded the armed force which secured the King's return after his flight from Paris; in 1796 he took an important part in the Council of the Elders. In 1797 he made his escape from Paris on being condemned to banishment, in consequence of the reverse of the eighteenth Fructidor, and took up his residence at Ham-burgh, under the name of General Funk. He became a warm friend of Claudius, Klopstock, Jacobi, Stolberg, and Reventlow, and was as much at home in Perthes's house as one of his own family.

cost, to preserve the internal, and to retrieve the external independence of the German nation, felt themselves politically one. All the striving after this or that definite form of the German political future, which subsequently gave rise to numerous parties, was then merged in the general desire to free Germany from the supremacy of Buonaparte. Of all the men of German sentiment with whom Perthes had intercourse, Johannes von Müller and Niebuhr exercised the most powerful influence over him.

Johannes von Müller had left Vienna for Berlin in 1804, to assume the office of Prussian historiographer, and, in closest concert with Gentz, had put forth all his power to remove the difficulties which opposed a simultaneous and united rising of Austria and Prussia. Müller was at the same time incessantly seeking to arouse the national feeling of the Germans, and to excite their wrath against the oppressor, by a series of spirited and powerful appeals. It was one of these that led Perthes to write his first letter to him, dated August 1805. He turns to him with warm and generous confidence, and concludes with these words, "Old and young, rich and poor, strong and weak, all who love their fatherland, freedom, law, and order, must now act together."—"Thanks, noble-minded man, for your letter," was Müller's reply; "it is refreshing to find such genuine feeling, and without having seen you, I have become your friend. The time is come when all who are like-minded must embrace each other as brethren, and work together for the national deliverance. This is now the only charm that life has for me. There is an unspoken language, an invisible brotherhood among the like-minded, by which they recognise each other. This brotherhood to which you, my friend, belong, is the salt of the earth, and they who are united in it are brethren and friends, far more really than many who have passed a lifetime together."

From this first exchange of letters sprang a correspondence, which, as a key to the opinions and tendencies of the years 1806, 1807, and 1808, is of great importance. A portion of it was afterwards printed. At Easter 1806, Perthes went to see Müller at Berlin, and in the autumn of the same year, Müller came to Hamburg to return the visit. Of this personal intercourse Perthes thus wrote to Müller :—"The esteem that is felt for a lofty spirit, for a great name, for a frank correspondent, is a very different thing from the personal attachment and affection felt towards the man ; and, now that I have seen you, believe that I entertain this personal feeling towards you. I for my part make no claim on you, except that you should recognise that a strong and warm heart beats in my bosom, and that I have some knowledge of the necessities of the times."

The friendship with Niebuhr, who had been long known in the circles frequented by Perthes, was of slower growth, but of greater depth. He had spent his sixteenth summer in Hamburg with Büsch, in 1792, and had at that time made the acquaintance of Klopstock, Reimarus, and Sieveking ; and while studying at Kiel, from 1794 to 1796, had formed a close intimacy with the Stolbergs, Reinhold, Jacobi, and especially with Moltke. In the spring of 1798, he again passed some time at Hamburg before his departure for England, and it was then that an acquaintance began with Perthes, who was about the same age with himself : this acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship that continued to increase in warmth, in depth, and in power, up to the period of Niebuhr's death, in spite of one interruption that seemed to threaten its continuance. While Perthes was captivated by the noble character and the cultivated intellect of the great man, whom he seldom named except as "my dear Niebuhr," Niebuhr, on his side, was no less attracted by the "glorious power," as he was wont to call it, and the



manly aptitude for the business of life that characterized his unlearned friend. It was to the uncultivated man of business that he sent the first volume of his Roman History, in 1811, with these words: "I am anxious to have your unreserved opinion of my book. I do not ask for a learned judgment; but if the great features of the work please you, I shall be delighted. On some points I fancy we are not agreed; but on others, I believe we are quite at one." To Perthes's answer, Niebuhr replied some months later—"Your opinion of the first volume of my book has been of inexpressible value to me. Do not take it as an overstrained compliment, when I say that Goethe's praise and your feeling about it suffice me, even if hostile voices should be raised, as we may naturally expect, at Göttingen." Niebuhr's intellectual superiority, together with a certain sharpness of manner, which not unfrequently broke through the natural gentleness of his disposition, caused even men who were themselves eminent in the literary world, to feel a degree of restraint in his society; and this made the perfect freedom and the unconstrained ease of Perthes's intercourse with him, a matter of surprise. This perfect ease, which Perthes never lost even in his intercourse with the most distinguished men, was owing partly to his position, partly to his consciousness of desiring to pass for no more than he was. His calling and his whole career precluded any expectation of learning or of statesmanship, and yet nevertheless he must have been conscious that he stood for something in society. In a letter to Müller he thus expresses himself on this subject:—"I know who and what I am, and am always anxious to reveal rather than to conceal my ignorance, in order to prevent waste of time. Do not, however, give me too much credit for modesty, for though I am aware that I *know* nothing, I am also aware that I can *do* much."

The terrible years 1805 and 1806 were years of animated

correspondence between Perthes and those last-named friends. The greater part of this has indeed been lost, and the letters written after the battle of Jena show how heavily French espionage pressed upon epistolary intercourse; but enough remains to show the political principles and the hopes by which Perthes was animated. It was with bitter vexation and deep sorrow that he witnessed the stolid apathy which, since the peace of Luneville and the Diet of Ratisbon, had fallen upon men who were regarded as the pride of Germany, and from which neither the unutterable sufferings of their native land, nor the audacity of her tormentors, could arouse them. He was indignant at the appearance of Goethe's *Eugenie* at this season. "Our hearts must and should be filled with shame, burning shame, at the dismemberment of our fatherland," he writes to Jacobi in 1804; "but what are our noblest about? Instead of keeping alive their shame, and striving to gather strength, and wrath, and courage to resist the oppressor, they take refuge from their feelings in works of art!" A new hope of deliverance dawned, when, in the summer of 1805, the report of an alliance between England, Russia, and Austria, was propagated. But Perthes saw with dismay the political leaders of Germany array themselves on the side of Napoleon against England, and strive to work upon the minds of the people through the leading journals. "Our journalists," he writes, "take up the cause of the tyrant and the 'Grande Nation,' either from meanness, stupidity, fear, or for *gold*. I need name only Woltmann, Archenholz, Voss, and Buchholz;" and in a letter to Müller of the 25th of August, he gives vent to his stifled feelings. "Your letter distressed me, by the deep emotions that it stirred in my soul. If such men grow faint-hearted—what then? I am not so hopeless; my courage has indeed grown of late. True, I am young, and not well read in history. From the past you form conclusions as to the present, and so despond! But has not every people,

till consolidated into unity, been ready to receive a leader, a deliverer, a saviour? This readiness is, I think, very observable among us. There is a universal panting, longing, grasping after some *point d'appui*. Much is already cleared away; I instance only this—the end of the paper times. Twenty years more of such coquetting with literature, such playing at intellectual development, such hawking of literary luxury, and we, too, should have passed through a *siècle littéraire* still more insipid than that of our neighbours. Are not our youth now persuaded that the country does not exist to serve knowledge, but knowledge to serve the country? How many are now convinced that strength and virtue grow out of moral principles, and are the fruit of no other soil! Do not men regard the love and care for their own houses as more important than a widely-diffused love capable of no intensity? Are they not now disposed to honour a hearty and even passionate love of country, rather than a cold cosmopolitanism? And even as regards religion, although through the long-standing abuse of theological tenets, infidelity and indifference have struck their roots deep in our soil, still the want of religion is increasingly felt. I grant you that a miracle must be wrought before the country or the people can again have a faith, but then many, many lament this, and would pray without ceasing to revive the religion of the nation. Ought we not to feel ourselves great," he added, "just because we are born in such evil times?"

"I can give you but a very imperfect idea of the impression made by your letter," wrote Müller in reply. "You regard what we see around us as a preparation for something better. I wish it may be so; but what element of good has ever been found in a monstrous empire full of the spirit of rapine, mockery, and vain-glory? The cold hand of death is its sceptre, and humanity and learning perish at its touch. And yet that is a sublime saying of yours—'Must we not *therefore* feel ourselves

great, since we are born in such evil times ?' You are a man of a rare soul, and I love you."

After the disastrous day of Ulm, Perthes regarded all lost if Prussia persevered in her indecision, and much gained if Prussia, uniting her forces with those of Russia, should resist Napoleon. "What are we yet to pass through ?" he writes to Müller ; "what sufferings, what indignities, what degradation, are still in store for Germany, and for the world ? And yet what opportunities Providence offers to men who have energy ! Prussia can and must be the deliverer of Austria, even at her own peril. . . . Go to the King of Prussia and tell him what he, as a German, can do for the freedom of Germany. Prussia does not stand in this prominent position to no purpose. Let her raise the standard of Germany and all will flock to it, and will gladly give up their cherished local independence and look the danger in the face, as a united nation, rather than become the slaves of a people that has suffered itself to be made the instrument, by means of which one man may reduce the whole earth to the same degraded level. Should the historian have eyes only behind him ? Never was a man so high in his position as you are. You can have no motive for holding back when duty says, Go forward. The anticipation of failure, and consequently, of doing something ridiculous, is nothing. Does one man know what is in another, and what there is to be aroused ? It is not I who call you—Germany calls you ; if you knew our city it would inspire you, and be assured all Germany feels as we do. This hour is pregnant with greatness ; but it is passing away and will never return." Soon after this he writes—"I am not dispirited, and will not be ; free German hearts will never be wanting, and God will take care of the rest."

The battle of Austerlitz was fought on the 2d of December 1805, and on the 26th of the same month the luckless peace of Presburg was concluded. In January 1806, Russian troops

invaded the Hanoverian dominions, and closed the Elbe against England.

In July was formed the Confederation of the Rhine, and thus the very form of the Germanic Empire was destroyed. "Events have now outgrown all political calculation," writes Müller. "All customary expedients fail, and there is no appearance of help from any quarter. God must remove one man, or raise up a greater, or bring about something yet quite unforeseen. I no longer feel either indignation or fear. The scene is become too solemn. The Ancient of Days is sitting in judgment; the books are opened, and the nations and their rulers are weighed in the balance. What shall be the end? A new order of things is in preparation very different from what is imagined by those who are the blind instruments of its establishment. That which now is, is not abiding; that which was, will hardly be restored: and the difference will not consist in the mere substitution of Corsican rule, for that of some weakling of Italy, Germany, or Slavonia."

Immediately after the battle of Jena, and while Murat, Bernadotte, and Soult were advancing upon Lübeck in pursuit of Blücher, Mortier had occupied Hanover, and, on the 19th of November 1806, marched into Hamburg. "How you will have mourned over the fate of these districts," writes Perthes to Jacobi, "and over that of our city! Why should I describe to you the awful fate of Lübeck?" Alarming accounts were now received from all parts. "Prussia will be annihilated," writes Niebuhr from Dantzic, "and that without leaving a single deed of heroism, daring, or patriotism on record." "Our blunders are of such a kind," wrote Scharnhorst on the 11th of July 1807, "that nothing short of a miracle can save us." From Berlin, Müller wrote despairingly: "I call to mind the great seer of antiquity, who knew, by the signs of the times, that God was about to create a new thing upon earth. Jere-

minah had wept himself blind, but yet he saw that Asia, and also his own people, were given into the hand of the Babylonians, and he counselled submission as the only prudent course, although even while doing so he forgot neither his country nor the desire of his heart. In like manner, in these days, in this wonderful year, are the nations taken as in the net of the fowler; from Cadiz to Dantzic, from Ragusa to Hamburg, and soon, everywhere, it will be *l'Empire Française*,—whether for seventy years as in Babylon, or for seven hundred, as it was in the case of the Roman dominion, who can tell?"

Immediately after the French occupation of Hamburg, all intercourse with England was prohibited on pain of death; all English property declared forfeited, and all goods purchased from English dealers, although paid for, were demanded from the owners, and trade was allowed to be carried on only under the restraint of a system of certificates. "All that was is annihilated," writes Perthes to Jacobi. "There is no longer any trade as it existed formerly." Owing to the general insolvency which followed the issue of the French regulations, Perthes's personal losses involved all that ten years of toil and anxiety had realized. In Mecklenburg alone, he reckoned his losses at 20,000 marks. Still his courage and hopefulness did not desert him.

## CHAPTER XI.

FAMILY LIFE—EFFORTS TO KEEP ALIVE THE NATIONAL  
SPIRIT—1807-10.

IN those sad years of political oppression, the importance of the family life, in all its calm independence, revealed itself to many. It is true, indeed, that the family must always share largely in the joys and sorrows of the State ; but as in seasons of the greatest national prosperity the family has still sorrows of its own, so in a season of national torpor and calamity it may yet be gathering strength and spirit, and generating courage and vigour for outward activity. The darker the political horizon appeared, the more gratefully did Perthes acknowledge the value of the gift that had been bestowed on him in Caroline. His four children were strong and healthy, and on the 23d of January 1806, another son, John, was added to the number, and on the 15th September 1807, a daughter, Dorothea. The domestic sorrows which grow only out of the family were now, for the first time, experienced by Perthes in the death of this infant, three months later. "Dear mother," wrote Caroline immediately after, "God has taken my angel gently and calmly to Himself. I thank our heavenly Father that He has heard my prayer, and taken my darling child without pain. She looks so peaceful that we must be so too."

Perthes had, as we have seen, sustained heavy losses in 1806 ; but the excitement of the times, which left so many houses in

anxious suspense, or led them to cautious limitations, afforded to his bold and active spirit opportunities of extending his business. He could say with truth, "No one in Hamburg has anything to do, but my business is more active than ever, and I look for a still further extension." His library was now regarded as the finest in north Germany. In 1807, Hüllmann had written from Frankfort-on-the-Oder,—“You have the most extensive collection in Germany;” and Niebuhr had sportively called him “the king of the booksellers from the Ems to the Baltic.”

The spirit that animated him, and the domestic happiness which he enjoyed during those years of external and political suffering, are expressed in a letter to Jacobi of October 1807 : —“My mind becomes every year stronger and more free, and thus I am able to meet all events with courage and cheerfulness. I am, indeed, an ever-erring mortal, but unhappy I am not ; I am, on the contrary, singularly happy, for one who has so restless a career allotted to him. A multiplicity of interests for this world and the next ;—much love, much passion, many friends, many children, much labour, much business, much to please, much to displease me, much anxiety and little gold ; moreover, a dozen Spaniards in the house, and for the last nine days three gens-d’armes to boot, who drive me almost to distraction.”—“You ask how I am, and how I get on,” he says in another letter of the same period ; “I will tell you, as far as it is safe to write such things in these times. I am, then, rich in correspondence. Countess Louisa Stolberg writes to me diligently, and never without having something of importance to communicate. I receive regularly every fortnight a letter from Johannes Müller ; and Niebuhr, frank as ever, has frequently something remarkable to communicate. Here we have Maréchal Brune for our governor, and find ourselves tolerably contented, as he on his part may well find himself. The *ci-devant* printer has already paid his compliments to the craft



by visiting me. Old Zimmermann of Brunswick is still living at Altona ; he is one of the most sensible men I ever knew, and deeply interesting to me. I love without trusting him. We occasionally see at our own house, or at Madame Sieveking's, Walmoden, and the young Countesses of Lippe-Bückeburg, two very interesting girls—the youngest positively enchanting. Besides these, there are many eminent men coming and going, who keep life from stagnating, and put some spirit into us.”—Bernadotte made a deep impression on Perthes: “He is in person, as in many peculiarities of manner and of habit,” he writes, “very like Jacobi. He is uncommonly fond of philosophizing. In Lübeck, at a great dinner, he engaged in a dispute as to the existence of a God, which he thinks he disbelieves, and at last being hard pushed, he called out with great vivacity to his opponent, who was a citizen of Lübeck—‘How can you contend for the being of a God ; if there were one, should I be here in Lübeck ?’ Villers is often in Hamburg, and likes it ; he is very dear to me still ; but it is singular that while he will no longer recognise, and cannot understand the French, he looks the Frenchman all over.”

To shut himself up within the happy and attractive circle of his family and his business was not, however, in Perthes's nature ; his inclination, and the influence of the times, led him rather to take a lively interest in those events which commanded the attention of the whole civilized world. He now began, like many others, to consider Napoleon to be, and likely for some time to continue, an historical necessity. “Napoleon the ruler of the earth, is a unity, and is secure and firm in himself as no other is, because, more than any other, he seeks only himself : and like no other, he is a devil incarnate, because, like no other, he has made himself his god. ‘He does not will, he is willed,’ said Baggesen to me, with striking emphasis.” To this demon-like man Perthes believed the world given over by God

—not to continue subject to his sway, but that through suffering, even of the most dreadful kind, the paralyzed energy of goodness might be resuscitated. “All that was,” he says, “is ruined ; what new edifice will rise on the ruins I know not ; but the most fearful result of all would be the restoration of the old enfeebled time with its shattered forms. By a practical path of suffering and distress, God is leading us to a new order of things ; the game cannot be played backwards, therefore onward must be the word. Let that which cannot stand fall ! Nothing can escape the crisis, and it is some consolation to see that events are greater than the circumstances that called them forth. He who would now turn the wheel backwards cares only for repose, comfort, and private happiness, and to these indeed the times are not favourable ; but to such things Providence cannot accommodate itself. We should rather consider ourselves to be the growth of the epoch ; and who could expect to compress the beginning and end of such a revolution into one lifetime ?”

His opinion of the world-wide importance of the German people is more particularly developed in a letter to Jacobi, of the 19th October 1807. “We Germans have never been wanting in great moral and intellectual pursuits of a general nature : we have always devoted ourselves to knowledge for its own sake. Has not Germany, for many years, been the general Academy of Sciences for all Europe ? All that was discovered or expounded, felt or thought in or out of Germany, was at once generalized by the Germans, and elaborated into a form which might further the progress of humanity. In so far as we Germans had any vitality, we had it not for ourselves alone, but for Europe. We have every right to take credit to ourselves for intellectual wealth and for depth of character, but, alas ! we have never known how to use our treasures. We have never given a general education, or a general business-aptitude

to our people ; nor have we ever founded those national institutions which would have a tendency to keep alive the feeling of national honour, and which might preserve us from the aggressions of foreign enemies. That which we think and have thought can be real and influential only when we shall have learned to act as well as to think."

For the deliverance of Germany, and through it of Europe, Perthes trusted little to Russian interference. He looked to united action on the part of the German nation itself. But that this self-dependent movement would originate with any of the German governments, Perthes did not believe ; since no comprehensive and permanent form of policy had ever been the work of an individual monarch, however great. "Have not all the valuable constitutions, administrations, and institutions, enjoyed by nations, been acquired in the course of centuries, and independently ; I mean, have they not been the gradual development of the intelligence, the sagacity, the foresight, and the experience of the Community itself ? Who made the English—who made the Hamburgh constitution ? We could not name the men ; we honour the forefathers, with whom these constitutions originated. The existing governments had, moreover, clearly shown their self-seeking imbecility by the character of their submission to Napoleon." In the meantime, it appeared to Perthes to be the duty of every German to rouse and strengthen, by every possible means, the hatred and exasperation of the people against the oppressor : and he lost no opportunity of doing what lay in his power.

At Easter 1809 he went as usual to Leipsic. "I rejoice that I have come here," he writes to his wife ; "you would hardly imagine the general unanimity. Germany was never before so united." On the 25th of April the news of the series of victories in which Napoleon, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of that month, had defeated Austria, arrived at Leipsic. "Yesterday

evening we got the tidings of the lost battles," he writes, "and with the greatest precipitation the people illuminated!" The battle of Wagram, fought on the 6th of July, and the peace of Vienna, signed on the 14th October 1809, confirmed the dominion of Napoleon. West Germany had long been united to France. In the east, Austria and Prussia were wholly subdued, and the countries lying between were subject to princes who either belonged to the family of Napoleon, or who, as members of the Rhenish Confederation, were his tools. Germany was dismembered, and any isolated attempt to restore political union would have been an act of madness.

The great object now was to prevent the political dissolution from becoming a national one, and there appeared to Perthes but one means of developing German nationality, without running the risk of exposing it to the prying eye and crushing power of the enemy. Science, so long as it was only science, Napoleon neither feared nor regarded; and for centuries independent scientific life had been one of the essential characteristics of Germany as a nation. This consciousness of scientific independence and unity was not indeed sufficient of itself to uphold the national spirit, but it might help to do so; it might be the veil beneath which the national hatred of the tyrant might gather strength; it might be the undisputed medium of communication between patriotic men in all parts of Germany, who, thus prepared, might, when the hour for action came, be found armed with other weapons than those of science. About this time, he writes: "I am, to use Adam Müller's expression, 'afflicted with the disease of patriotic madness,' and, therefore, not in despair; but feel strongly convinced that although the old form of the Germanic Empire is fallen to pieces, the future history of Germany is nevertheless, not destined to be the history of its downfall, if every one does what he can in his own station. I, for my part, shall try what I can do in mine: individuals can, and will do much."

It was only through his own calling that Perthes hoped, individually, to be able to accomplish anything. "A journal," he writes to Jacobi, "appearing at short intervals, which shall uphold the vital union of all German-souled men, is a pressing want. I have this object at heart, and my position is favourable; the first men of Germany are known to me either personally or by connexion, and I am sure of their co-operation, while my shop offers facilities for the publication such as are nowhere else to be met with. But perhaps you will say, What avails your having it at heart?—dare you do it? I answer with Jean Paul, 'The silence of fear is not to be excused by the plea of coercion.' There are many things that may be said even under the government of Napoleon, if only we learn *how* to say them, and take care not to overlook the good we have because of our hatred of the foreign medium through which it comes to us. The new journal shall be called 'The National Museum.' It must not be prohibited, and must, therefore, be characterized, especially at the outset, by caution and circumspection; it must, at the same time, be read, and its object and tendency must, therefore, be evident to Germans. I shall go quietly forward in the firm conviction of reaching the goal, and, probably, without interference."

Towards the end of November 1809, Perthes began to send the prospectus of his "National Museum" to all parts of Germany, wherever men were to be found of whose patriotism and intelligence he had knowledge. In the private letters that accompanied it, many of which have been preserved, we find him presenting the enterprise to each in the point of view that seemed most likely to attract him. To one he urges the promotion of German science; to another the effect which such a periodical would exercise over the public mind; to a third the encouragement which the journal might afford to patriotic men who had been abandoned and oppressed by their respective

governments, to reserve themselves for better times. To some he set himself to prove that a scientific association was the only possible bond of union in Germany, and that German science should hold the first place in the 'National Museum;' while to a few, such as Jean Paul, he opened his whole heart. He trusted that an alliance, unsuspected by their oppressors, might thus be formed among those who were called to be the intellectual leaders in Germany, every member of which, according to his ability and his position, might, without attracting observation, act as a centre of influence. When the right time came, the scientific alliance was to be transformed into a political one possessing the strength and union necessary for vigorous action. In order to extend this union as widely as possible among the people, the literature of Germany was to be presented in all its aspects and by the ablest men. Innumerable answers poured in from the cities and from the most remote corners of Germany; and there were few that did not express enthusiasm for the undertaking, and gratitude to the man who planned it. Goethe, however, declined participation:—"I must, though reluctantly, decline to take part in so well-meant an institution," was his reply. "I have every reason for concentrating myself in order to meet, in any measure, my obligations; moreover, the character of our times is such that I prefer to let it pass before I speak either of it or to it. Forgive me, then, for declining to share in the undertaking, and let me hear frequently how it succeeds." Count F. L. Stolberg, on the other hand, writes, "I rejoice to associate myself with you and yours, dear Perthes, and I need not say how highly I love and honour the boldness of your Address. Those parts of the announcement intended for the public cannot but appear somewhat constrained, but that is of no consequence: the unpractised reader will not observe it, the practised will at once detect the reason, and the patriotic will be deeply indebted to you."

The "Museum" made its appearance in the spring of 1810. It contained contributions from Jean Paul, Count F. L. Stolberg, Claudius, and Fouqué, with posthumous papers of Klopstock; essays by Heeren, Sartorius, Hüllmann, and Frederick Schlegel, by Görres and Arndt, Scheffner, and Tischbein, and many other eminent men. Although Perthes was forced to confess that but little of what he would fain utter could be said in the pages of the "Museum," its reception far exceeded his expectations; but the labour involved in editing it, combined with the great political excitement to which he was exposed and the continual efforts for the extension of his business, almost exceeded the limits of human strength.

Joys and sorrows in the family too, added to his anxieties. On the 2d of March 1809, his son Clement was born. "We rejoice in the birth of a boy," he writes: "through the youth now growing up we may exert an influence on the future, which we cannot exercise upon the present." His daughter Eleonora came into the world on the 4th of April 1810. His second son John, a lively and promising boy, had been removed by death on the 18th of December 1809. "His heart was overflowing with love and merriment," wrote Caroline, "so that he was our joy and delight. We yearn after him, and cannot yet fully believe that we must continue our pilgrimage without him: we have but a melancholy pleasure in the blessings that God has left us."

After many years of labour, Perthes snatched a short interval of leisure to revisit the beloved Schwartzburg home. The two younger children were committed to the care of their Wandsbeck grandparents, and in the beginning of July 1810 Perthes and Caroline set out with the other four, by Brunswick and Naumburg, to Thuringia. From Schwartzburg Caroline wrote to her mother—"Would that I could describe to you the grandeur, the beauty, the loveliness of this country; but words can convey no idea of it. I thank God that we are

capable of feeling more than we can express: speech is but a poor thing when we are in earnest. The hills and valleys of Thuringia impress one just in the right way. I love them, and shall remember them with affection while I live. It is too much, I sometimes think, and one has no power to repress the excitement which this scenery stirs in the heart. In our flat country, we cannot attain to such a height of joy in the Lord of this glorious Nature, or to such intense gratitude towards Him, as are possible in the midst of scenes like these; and I consider it as a great gift that the good God has permitted me to see all this while yet on earth. The valley of Schwartzburg surpasses all the rest. There is an inconceivable wealth of mingled grandeur and beauty about it which rivets the spectator to the spot, and compels him to stretch out his arms in adoration of the Creator and Sustainer of all this wondrous work. On the one side are vast masses of rock, piled one upon another; on the other, hills of surpassing loveliness, adorned with meadows, houses, men, and cattle; in the midst of all, the Schwarza runs clear and sparkling, rushing and roaring bravely, far below in the hollow. Our reception was very agreeable; we had left the carriage, and were walking towards Schwartzburg; suddenly, from behind the rock, the lieutenant-colonel made his appearance, and caught Perthes in his arms. My beloved Perthes, thus disturbed in the tranquil current of his thoughts, forgot nature like the rest of us in the pleasure of the meeting. This lieutenant-colonel is a fine, vigorous, frank, and very dear old man, and I already like him much. When we had walked a few paces farther, we came to a broad, flat rock on which a breakfast, brought in his own game-bag, was spread. He was quite overjoyed, and never weary of recounting the pleasure he had experienced long ago, in walking-tours and fowling-expeditions with Perthes as his companion. A little further on we met the other uncle with his troop of children; we packed



the little folk into the carriage, and walked slowly after it. The very depths of my soul are stirred when I perceive the great and general happiness which the return of my Perthes has diffused. My dear Perthes himself is like a child with delight, and I thank God that He has let us live to see this time. They live the past over again, and are all twenty years younger."

After a stay of a few weeks, Perthes proceeded with his wife and children to Gotha, the home of Justus Perthes, his paternal uncle. "Here, too," wrote Caroline, "we were received with inexpressible kindness, but our dear Thuringian hills are now only seen in the distance. The children long for the freedom of the woods, and to speak the truth so do I; and it is with difficulty that I can conceal my feelings. We had quite forgotten the French in our beloved woods; but here we are daily reminded of them. For months cannon of enormous calibre have been passing through the town from Dantzic and Magdeburg on their way to Paris. Ah! here we have the world and artificial life with all their annoyances, continually suggested to us; there is no place like hills and woods for forgetting ourselves and all our wants and infirmities."—They returned to Hamburg by way of Cassel and Göttingen. "A journey such as we have enjoyed," writes Perthes to Schwartzburg, "is a real picture of life; but that part of a journey which remains after the travelling, is, properly speaking, the journey. This still remains with us."

Ere long, rumours were afloat of new and violent changes contemplated by Napoleon in the German governments. The French Ambassador, Reinhard, had been in Hamburg ever since the autumn of 1809, in order to settle the final destiny of the city. "He holds continual conferences," writes Perthes, "with deputies and others as to the maintenance and perpetuation of the Hanse-towns. The Emperor, after hearing the real state of

matters, is to determine the future of the cities." More than a year after this letter was written, and just before Christmas 1810, the decision of the French Senate was announced at Hamburg. The Hanse-towns with the whole north-west of Germany were henceforward to be considered as forming part of the French empire. "Hamburg, built by Charles the Great," so ran the decree, "was no longer to be deprived of the happiness, to which it had a hereditary right, of acknowledging the supremacy of his greater successor."

Hamburg had now become a French city, and its burghers subjects of Napoleon. Perthes now finding the impossibility of carrying out his original object, in the form which it had up till this time assumed, gave up the "National Museum." "My sole aim in the establishment of this journal," he says, at the close of the last number, "was to unite the well-disposed and wisest of our countrymen, and enable them to contribute, by teaching and counsel, in a variety of forms, to the maintenance of that which is of peculiar worth in Germans, namely, energy, truth, literature, and religion. Now that, as an inhabitant of Hamburg, I am, by the recent incorporation, made a subject of the French Emperor, the obligations thereby imposed are incompatible with this object, and the 'German Museum' can no longer be carried on by me." "Your 'Museum' is indeed silenced," wrote Nicolovius, "but its spirit still lives, and will yet redound to the glory of you and your endeavours."

He who now, after the lapse of years, gives a glance at the contents of the "German Museum," cannot fail to be impressed with a sense of German ability and honesty; but only those who can recall the iron pressure of that period as it rested on every form of life, will comprehend how the discontinuance of this Journal should, at a time of such unexampled tribulation, have been on all sides regarded as a national calamity.

## CHAPTER XII.

PERTHES AS A FRENCH SUBJECT—HAMBURG'S EFFORTS TO  
LIBERATE ITSELF.—1811-13.

THE great intellectual movements, which were now visible, and the opposing attitudes which political parties now began to assume in Prussia, and especially in Berlin, were not unobserved by patriotic Germans of other countries. Perthes did not clearly see whether this mutual clashing and fermenting of political opinion would be productive of good or evil, and in the summer of 1811, was desirous to see and judge of the state of Berlin from personal observation.

In July 1812, Perthes accomplished his long-proposed visit, and passed some weeks there, during the passage of the French armies on their way to the East. He made himself acquainted with the views and objects of the ardent patriots who composed the two parties ; and all that he saw tended to strengthen him in his belief that the hour of deliverance for Germany was not far distant. "The mental sprightliness of Perthes," wrote Niebuhr to the wife of the physician Hensler, "is very refreshing : he left us on Friday : we passed many cheerful hours together. The facility with which he adapts himself to every changing phase of the period, literary and political, without ever compromising his independence, keeps, and will continue to keep him youthful, and is greatly to be envied." And Nicolovius, in a letter of the 12th of August, says, "Your visit has strengthened

me, my dear Perthes. You understand how to take these evil times, so as not to be overwhelmed by them ; may God grant you strength for further struggles and future victory."

Perthes had now seen with his own eyes, how heavily and how fearfully the French yoke pressed upon Prussia. In Hamburg it was no less galling. Trade and shipping were annihilated ; of the 422 sugar-boiling houses, but few now stood ; the printing of cottons had entirely ceased ; the tobacco-dressers were driven away by the government. The imposition of innumerable taxes—door and window tax, capitation, and land-tax, &c., &c., along with the vexations that attended their collection, drove the inhabitants to despair. Charitable institutions, such as the Orphan-house, the hospital, and the almshouses, were deprived of their revenues, and their very existence threatened : landed property was depreciated in value, and the interest of the public debt could not be paid. The once proud and flourishing city now presented the appearance of complete decay. Harsh regulations were enforced with heartless brutality. Ground down by the exactions of greedy officials of every rank, and harassed by arbitrary persecution, the inhabitants of Hamburg had not even the consolation of feeling themselves free from annoyance in their own houses ; and when, towards the end of the summer of 1812, the Gazette announced victory after victory of the *Grande Armée* in Russia, all hope of deliverance, or even of alleviation, seemed to be at an end, and no man dared to attach any credit to the faint rumours of misfortune and defeat which were subsequently whispered. In gloomy and desperate dejection the citizens were preparing to celebrate the Christmas festival, when, on the 24th December, to the surprise of all, the publication of the 29th bulletin confirmed beyond all possibility of doubt the tidings of the total annihilation of the French host. A miracle had been wrought, and a star of hope had appeared, which rekindled life and spirit in

every oppressed heart. Such a Christmas Eve was kept in Hamburg as had not been known for many a long year.

Perthes had long been connected, in a variety of ways, with Ludwig von Hess, a remarkable and talented Swede, of noble birth, who had in early life filled the post of privy councillor in his own country. He had settled in Hamburg in the year 1780, and his passionate attachment to his new home, his strict integrity, and the acuteness of his understanding, had secured for him universal respect. He was singularly fertile in expedients, and had a peculiar aptitude for stating complicated questions clearly and intelligibly. He had shone in the circles of Reimarus and Sieveking, and was nearly connected with many foreigners of distinction. He had also on many occasions availed himself of his favourable position, to advance and protect the interests of the city as far as this could be effected by private and personal influence ; but he had seldom taken part in the public business of the State, because the inflexible tenacity with which he held his opinions, a quarrelsome disposition, and a mind too subject to the influences of the moment, unfitted him for engaging in debate. He had many warm friends, but the majority of them were at the same time his most vehement opponents ; for he himself was a twofold man, bearing within him unreconciled the greatest contradictions. In his conceptions he was magnificent and noble, but petty and unforgiving in his character, and while he could throw himself with enthusiasm into any plan, he would continue to cherish lurking suspicions in his soul : despising externals, he was yet vain and ambitious : thirsting after freedom, he was a military despot : his weak and excitable body was capable of being stimulated to the greatest exertions by the singular energy of his mind, and yet he was often the victim of a profound despondency, without any apparent cause.

Von Hess had always placed confidence in Perthes, and enjoyed his society ; but it was Napoleon's Russian expedition

that, by the excitement to which it gave rise in both these men, was the means of drawing them more closely together. They sought consolation and relief in the unreserved exchange of their opinions, hopes, and fears. Hess, a man of the past, and a foreigner by birth, had connected all his hopes and fears with Hamburg, the home of his choice, but he possessed no German national feeling; Perthes, on the other hand, though attached to the city, and grateful for all that it had given him—education, friends, calling, wife, and children, nevertheless did not hesitate to say—"If the freedom of Germany be not achieved, nothing in Hamburg is of any consequence to me—can interest me for a moment." But neither their political differences, nor their dissimilarity of view on more important points, opposed the slightest obstacle to their mutual and entire confidence. In speaking of this friendship in after years, Perthes used to say—"We were of different ages; our career in life, and our inward history, had been quite dissimilar; our views and opinions were constitutionally opposed, and yet we became friends in the fullest and most genuine sense of the word."

The winter of 1812 had arrived, and the burning of Moscow and retreat of the French had opened the prospect of a near and pregnant future. Perthes communicated his hopes to several men in whom he had confidence; first of all to Von Hess, and his old friend Hülsenbeck, then to Doctor Ferdinand Benecke, whose heart beat with the most self-sacrificing devotion to Germany, and to the Count Joseph Westphalen, who had been led at this time to Hamburg, in the hope of finding there some field for his chivalrous spirit. The circle soon grew larger, and the opinions and plans of those who composed it more definite. In January 1813, the French garrison numbered scarcely more than 3000 men. To oppose this handful of troops, there was the numerous and vigorous population of the great maritime and commercial city, accustomed to hard

labour and perilous enterprise, aware of their physical superiority, and not deficient in daring. The words of the burghers waxed daily louder and bolder ; even men who had belonged to the old magistracy of the city, gave their fellow-citizens to understand that when the hour came they might reckon on their support. All depended on giving form and cohesion to the powerful but undisciplined mass, and towards the end of January, Von Hess spoke to his friends about the establishment of a burgher force. The consent of the French authorities, tortured as they now were with anxiety, did not seem improbable, as they might regard the measure as being to some extent a security for themselves in the event of any wild outburst of popular fury. While Rist proposed the subject to the French generals, Perthes and his old friend Speckter formed a close intimacy with Mettlerkamp the plumber, a man of spirit and decision, well known to the people, and greatly beloved by them. At their instigation, Mettlerkamp spoke to a number of the strongest and most determined among the people, chiefly of the labouring class, addressing each individually, and urging them to speak to others. Perthes, in like manner, availed himself of the extensive acquaintance that he had formed, partly through his vocation, and partly through his previous position as a member of the committee for billeting the troops. Lists were soon made out of men who engaged to be ready whenever the expulsion of the French might be thought practicable.

While the excitement and the spirit of the burghers were at their height, General Lauriston appeared in Hamburg, early in February, and withdrew the greater part of the garrison to Magdeburg, where a large body of troops was to be concentrated. The French generals who remained, Cara St. Cyr and Ivendorf, now fully recognised the danger of their situation, and manifested their uneasiness by the vacillation and uncertainty of their movements.

On the 24th of February, the citizens unexpectedly rose simultaneously in different parts of the city. The Custom-house guard at the Altona gate was attacked, and the soldiers fired repeatedly on the people. The number of the killed was never ascertained ; but the guard-house was taken and demolished, and a long row of palisades thrown down. At the harbour, where the prefectural guard, which was composed of the sons of the burghers, was to have been embarked, the population of the neighbourhood placed themselves in the road, and on the appearance of the Mayor, pelted him back with stones, and, proceeding tumultuously through the city, tore down the French eagles, wherever they found them, with shouts of triumph, and trod them under foot. The house of a particularly obnoxious French police-officer was levelled with the ground. There was no theft committed ; the French only were sought for by the mob.—“There is no longer an eagle to be seen in the city,” wrote Caroline to her father ; “the tumult in the streets grows louder, God be praised !” The French garrison suffered considerably, but kept the people at bay. But no leader stepped forth from the ranks of the madly-excited populace ; and the consequence was, that at nightfall, the mob dispersed, leaving the French, though dispirited and full of apprehension, still in possession of the city.

In this state of things, Perthes immediately sought out Von Hess, to urge upon him the importance of overcoming a groundless but passionate dislike of Benecke, and of acting in concert with him and his friends Prell and Ewald. On Hess declaring that he was willing to unite, Perthes added Mettlerkamp to the number, and these six men held their first meeting at the house of Perthes on the 26th of February. As soon as they learned from an announcement by the Mayor that the French authorities had concurred in the propriety of arming five hundred of the burghers, and had promised to supply them with arms, the main



difficulty was removed ; but the angry warmth with which Hess in this first interview opposed the ardent German nationality of Benecke, made Perthes fear that it was scarcely possible to induce these two men to work together. "It was then for the first time," said Perthes, "that I saw the evil element of hatred show itself in Von Hess, with a violence hitherto unknown to me ; I saw that the business could only be carried on through my mediation, and that a painful and laborious task was thus imposed on me." Perthes persuaded the Committee to choose Hess as Commander of the burgher-reserve. "I was certain," said Perthes, "that Benecke, for the sake of the good cause, would gladly range himself under him, and I hoped that Von Hess, sensible of the honour conferred on him, would overcome his hatred." On the 27th of February the invitation to the burghers to enrol themselves in the reserve companies was issued. Men of respectability and spirit offered themselves in sufficient numbers, and subjected themselves to the necessary military drill. The five Captains assembled at the house of Perthes, to master the manual exercise, which they were afterwards to teach the men, in a timber-yard that had been cleared for the purpose.

The French, aware of the growing spirit of discontent, and of the approach of the Russians, considered their position untenable, and, much to the delight of the citizens of the town, evacuated Hamburg on the 12th March. The city, however, was soon threatened with a siege ; and when, on the 16th of March, General Moraud, with about three thousand five hundred men, entered Bergedorf, a village within a few hours' march of Hamburg, and the excitement of the burghers had risen to the highest pitch, Perthes, Mettlerkamp, and some other friends, determined to make every effort to defend the city against the French, availing themselves of the popular fury, which was ready to burst forth on the slightest occasion. But the necessity of having recourse to this extreme measure vanished with the announcement

that a detachment of Danish troops had taken up a position between Hamburg and Bergedorf, and refused to allow Moraud a passage through the Danish territory. The latter found himself obliged, in consequence of this refusal, to transport his troops to the left bank of the Elbe. A body of some fifteen hundred Cossacks about the same time entered Bergedorf, having marched by way of Ludwigslust and Lüneburg from Berlin ; and on the evening of the same day, a flying party of thirteen men, under the command of Captain (afterwards Councillor) Bärsch, rode for an hour through the streets of Hamburg. "As the detachment approached the city, and came in sight of the Steintor Guard-house," wrote Benecke to Perthes, "the guard turned out, and our Captain with eight men, myself being one of them, advanced towards the Russians. At a signal from him, the Russian officer commanded a halt, and our Captain delivered the keys of the city to him with these words—'Here are the keys of the free Hanse-town of Hamburg—long live Russia and Germany, hurrah!' The shouts taken up by thousands after thousands, rendered inaudible the German reply of the Russian officer, who received the keys with dignified bearing and cordial friendliness. The rejoicing passes description—'German, Russian, Cossack, Alexander!' were the only intelligible cries, and tears stood in many eyes. Dear Perthes, it was a moment to be had in everlasting remembrance."

During the nights of the 17th and 18th of March, the Russians occupied Bergedorf, over against Hamburg, and on the morning of the 19th, entered the city. The streets were filled with crowds of happy citizens, anxious to behold with their own eyes those wild horsemen of another world who had hitherto been known to them only in nursery tales. "My dear papa," wrote Caroline, a few hours before their arrival, "how can I give you any idea of the universal joy of old and young, rich and poor, bad and good? To have seen, and heard, and

felt it, is, indeed, a thing to be thankful for. I will not inquire into the causes of the joy, but its expression was unspeakably grand, and it appears to spring from a good and pure source. An advanced guard of thirteen Cossacks entered the city yesterday evening, with long flowing mantles, and adorned with the spoils of the French—at any rate adorned with parts of the French military dress. Every throat was strained to welcome them, and every heart thanked God in heaven and the Russians on earth. Never, dear papa, have I seen such a union of hearts—the feelings of thousands all centred in one point. Ah! could we but so centre ourselves in the best point of all, what a glorious Church we should form! The Cossacks advanced at a gallop, their lances lowered, and waving their caps, and looking wonderfully honest and friendly. The people crowded round them, bringing brandy, cakes, and bread. People who were yesterday quite desponding, are to-day full of hope and courage. If the depths of the soul were more frequently stirred, it could not but be attended with good results."

All the sorrows of the past, and the dangers of the future, seemed now merged in the happiness of the present. And yet, scarcely a German mile off, lay the enemy, who might, in the course of a few hours, fill the city with blood and desolation; but no one thought of the enemy or of his chagrin. To him who wandered through the streets in the summer warmth of that spring evening, the town presented a strange spectacle. The echoes of triumphant rejoicing had died away; everywhere profound stillness and the calm of security reigned; there was neither guard nor watch, not even a policeman was to be seen. The moon shone brightly on the houses with their sleeping inhabitants, and completed the picture of peace and tranquillity. The joy-wearied city had committed itself to the sole keeping of the Almighty.

## CHAPTER XIII.

RE-OCCUPATION OF HAMBURG BY THE FRENCH, AND FLIGHT  
OF PERTHES.—MARCH TO MAY 1813.

THE Russian troops which Tettenborn led into Hamburg were too few in number to enable the citizens to entertain the hope that the French would leave them undisturbed. Great exertions were now made to strengthen the government of the city, and to make preparations for a successful resistance in the event of their return. Perthes worked with indefatigable energy, fixing the attention of all the leading men on himself as the citizen in whom most reliance could be placed in the hour of need; and he was regarded by many as the centre of the efforts which were being made.

A few weeks after the evacuation by the French, Davoust, at the head of 6000 men, advanced to re-capture the city. Without resistance he had made himself master of Harburg, which was separated from Hamburg only by the Elbe, and the islands Wilhelmsburg, Ochsenwärder, and Feddel. On the 9th of May, at five in the morning, the drums sounded an alarm through the city; the enemy had effected a landing on Wilhelmsburg, had driven back the Lauenburg and Hanse battalions by which it was occupied, and had taken possession of the island. Two companies of Mecklenburg grenadiers and the first battalion of Hanseatics advanced against the enemy as soon as their leader, Von Canitz, had placed himself at their head; and

charging with spirit and in order, forced the French to the extreme south corner of the island, and eventually drove them back to Harburg. But to the surprise and alarm of all, Tettenborn, on the 11th, gave orders to evacuate the island which had been thus so bravely regained; and on the 12th, after the two Hanseatic battalions were to a man almost cut to pieces, Feddel also was lost. The foe was now close to Hamburg, and on the night of the 19th of May, the bombardment of the city began.

"Dear Caroline," wrote Perthes to his wife, who had passed the night at Wandsbeck, "I implore you from the depths of my soul to be calm, and place yourself and me in the hands of God; trust me, and believe that whatsoever I do, I shall be able to answer before God. The bombardment seems more terrible than it is, and even if it should be repeated, the damage will not be so great as one would imagine; there is often far more danger hidden under common things." During the night of the 22d, above five hundred grenades were thrown into the city, but the spirit of the burghers was still unbroken.

The Burgher-Guard, which at the most mustered 3400 available muskets, and was, therefore, to a great extent, armed only with pikes, had, since the 9th of May, furnished daily from 800 to 1000 men to secure Hamburg Hill, the Stadtdeich, and the Elbdeich, against the landing of the enemy. Every night a part of them were obliged to bivouac. Perthes now felt that his position in the Burgher-Guard required him to exert all his moral and physical powers of endurance, all his elasticity of spirit, and all his influence over men's minds, in order to stimulate the courage, and to increase the steadfastness of his fellow-citizens, under circumstances which, trying enough in themselves, were rendered still more so by the conduct of the military authorities. Now, he afforded to Von Hess

—who in restless excitement passed from the boldest confidence to the most abject despair, and from the most violent activity to a state of absolute torpor—the support of which he stood in need; now he might be seen quieting the citizens, when without any apparent cause, they had been summoned by the alarm bell, and were left to stand forgotten for hours together on the muster-ground; on other occasions, and generally by night, he sought out the burghers on the more distant posts, to many of whom his presence was a source of courage and of confidence. “From the 9th of May,” wrote Caroline afterwards, “Perthes had not undressed for one-and-twenty nights, and during that period had never lain down in bed. I was in daily anxiety for his life. He was only occasionally, and that half-an-hour at a time, in the house. The three younger children were at Wandsbeck, with my mother, the four elder were with me, because they could not have been removed without force. I had no man on the premises—all were on guard. People were constantly coming in to eat and drink, for none of our acquaintances kept house in the city. I had placed sacks filled with straw, in the large parlour, and there, night and day, lay burghers, who came in by turns to snatch a short repose. At the battle of Wilhelmsburg we lost our Weber, and many of our friends. Day and night I was on the balcony to see if Perthes, or any of our relations, were carried by among the wounded. At the time when the cannonading was loudest, and the greatest terror and anxiety prevailed lest the French should land, Perthes sent to desire that I would instantly send him a certain small box that lay on his writing-table. As I was running down stairs with the box in my hand, I felt sure that it was filled with poison. I desired the messenger to wait, and went to my room to decide what I ought to do, for this great matter was thus committed to me; it was a dreadful moment. My horror, lest Perthes should fall alive into the hands of the

French, overcame me; and it appeared to me that God could not be angry with him for not willing this; and then the injustice of my deciding a matter between him and his God, seemed so great, that with trembling hands and knees, I, in God's name, gave the box to the messenger. Many hours elapsed before I heard anything further. It *was* poison, but not for Perthes, who assured me before God that he should not have thought it lawful, and was displeased with me for having so misunderstood him."

Tettenborn had entirely forfeited the confidence of the citizens, from the day on which he had given up the islands to the enemy. Many saw that he was not the man to whom the defence of the city, under such circumstances, should have been committed; and many feared that in the loss of Hamburg he would see little more than the unlucky termination of a boldly planned and luckily commenced Cossack adventure.

Early in May, the conviction of the desperate posture of affairs had forced itself upon Perthes. "How should, how can this end?" he wrote. "The desire which we have to do our best is all that we have to rely upon. I will not speak of those who act as though they wished to neutralize all our efforts. But what avails courage, when there is not one citizen among us who knows anything of military movements, or even of the use of arms, and when no soldiers are sent to us with whom we might incorporate ourselves? Our neglect of our good old guard for so many years past is fearfully avenged now. If we had but three battalions of burghers, who could go through military drill, and were good marksmen—if we had but a hundred young fellows, who knew how to manage a cannon, we might still be saved; but as it is, our preservation depends upon strangers." In the meanwhile the turn that European affairs had taken, had cut off every chance of foreign aid; and, on the 26th of May, Tettenborn's intention of leaving the town to its fate became known.

"The hours pass in uncertainty, dear Caroline," wrote Perthes, "and thus bring sorrow and difficulty. This evening will bring certainty, and two days hence you must leave the city." With the departure of Tettenborn every hope of successful resistance would vanish. In these circumstances, Perthes saw it to be his duty to make preparations for escape, in the hope of working for Germany in some other place, and through Germany for Hamburg. "I consider the thing as decided," he wrote to Benecke, "and can only place my trust in God. Farewell, beloved friend, I shall hardly be able to see you again. I am going into the wide world with a pregnant wife and seven children, without knowing where at the end of a week I may find bread for them ; but God will help us."

On the evening of the 28th of May, Perthes sent away his wife and children to Wandsbeck ; there, in the Danish territory, they were safe from the perils of war. In a letter, of some weeks' later date, to her friend Emily Petersen in Sweden, Caroline thus writes concerning these sad days :—"You can form no conception of the anguish and dismay, the hopes and fears of our last three weeks in Hamburg. My heart is full, and I rejoice to be able to tell you how much more kindness, truth, and fortitude we all evinced, than we had supposed ourselves capable of. We may speak of it now, for it has been proved by exposure to want and danger. How heartily do I thank God for this experience ! I never knew how strong we are when all concentrate their energies on one point. Dear Emily, I never before felt such a universal 'willing' in one direction. We were all elevated above small troubles and difficulties, and desired only the one thing needful, and desired that with all our hearts, each in our own way, and without any doubt of obtaining it. The 28th of May, the birthday of my Agnes, was the last I spent in Hamburg ; then I bade farewell to my dear sitting-room, with a sad, and yet a thankful heart. I had



sent the beds and linen to Wandsbeck some days before, and the rest of the things I had either hidden or given away ; the larger pieces of furniture we were indeed obliged to leave behind, because Perthes would not discourage the burghers by making them aware of our preparations for escape."

Caroline had left the city but a few hours, when, on the night of the 28th of May, the firing recommenced. The enemy had passed over from Wilhelmsburg to the isle of Ochsenwärder, and had attacked the Lauenburg battalion, posted there, with irresistible fury. "The battle," wrote Perthes to his wife, "which began at two o'clock, still rages on Ochsenwärder, and, as far as we can observe, the smoke becomes more and more distant : we hope the best, for it has already lasted five hours." And again, a little later—"We have no certain tidings yet ; the fight continues. Trust me still, and believe that God is in my heart, and before my eyes. How, in my circumstances, could I act otherwise than I do ?—how could I have appeared before you ? That I repress, as far as possible, the outburst of sorrow and of feeling, is for your sake ; for one hour of feeling does me more injury than ten nights of watching, and I desire to spare myself for you and for the children." After a severe struggle, the French remained masters of Ochsenwärder, the island immediately opposite the city, and there were now but few obstacles in the way of their triumphant re-entrance. The Danish commandant at Altona, at the same time signified on the 29th, that, in case of his being compelled to proceed to hostilities, it would not be in his power to give more than two hours' notice. The greatest excitement prevailed during the whole of that sad day. At one time, it was announced that Tettenborn had commenced his retreat ; at another, this was contradicted. Perthes was on guard at the Steinthor with Von Hess ; they were walking backwards and forwards in earnest conversation a little after ten o'clock at night, when Major von Pfuel drove through the

gate and invited Von Hess to accompany him into the city, assuring Perthes that he would not detain him long. About half an hour later, when Perthes was to have met and concerted measures with Mettlerkamp (commanding the burgher-battalion posted at the Steinthor), in case of a night attack, he was ordered by an officer to repair immediately to Herr von Hess at the Hühnerpost, distant about a mile and a half. On reaching this station about midnight, he learned that Tettenborn, with his whole force, had retreated from Hamburg. He had conveyed his troops in safety to Lauenburg, leaving the city to its fate. On the morning of the 30th of May, and only a few hours after the retreat of Tettenborn, the Danes entered Hamburg, and saved the citizens from the vengeance of Davoust, acting as a friendly and mediating power, and formally putting him in possession of the city.

On hearing this sad news from Hess, Perthes set out for Wandsbeck ; there, at two o'clock in the morning, he told his wife that all was lost, and appointed Nütschau, the residence of his friend Moltke, as her next place of refuge. The French troops were now within a few hundred paces of Wandsbeck. To escape a prison, and a rebel's death by the hangman's hand, Perthes himself drove on through Rahlstadt under cover of the night.

## CHAPTER XIV.

CAROLINE AND HER FAMILY—MOVEMENTS OF PERTHES.—JUNE  
TO AUGUST 1813.

It was impossible for Caroline to remain long at Wandsbeck. In a letter written somewhat later to her sister Jacobi at Salzburg, she says—"As soon as Perthes had taken leave of me in his flight, I began to pack, and then, exhausted as I was, set out with my seven children and the nurse, in a light open carriage. It was a very affecting parting; my mother could not control her feelings, and my father was deeply moved: the children wept aloud: I myself felt as if turned to stone, and could only say continually—'Now, for Heaven's sake!' My sister Augusta went with me, to comfort and to assist me; truly willing to share my labours and anxieties. In the morning we arrived at Nütschau, where, finding only two beds for ten persons, I was obliged to divide our cloaks and bundles of linen, so that the children at least might have something under their heads." Yet, on the evening of this day Caroline contrived to write a few lines to her parents—"I can only wish you good-night," she said, "for I am so weary in mind and body, that I can neither think nor write. If I had but met Perthes here this evening, safe and sound, as I had hoped, I believe I should have forgotten all my sorrow. I am still cold, and hard as a stone, and shrink from the thought of the thawing. I felt all day as if everybody were dead, and I were left alone on the earth. These have been weeks of life-and-death

struggle ; God help every poor man who is in trouble of mind or body in these eventful times!" On the first of June Perthes arrived. "And now," says Caroline, "we wished to pause and consider where we should go, and what we should do ; but my brother John came and told us that our friends advised us to lose no time, but to go farther away, as our house at Hamburg had been searched and Nütschau was too near to Lübeck. Perthes set out at once, and again I began to pack up, and, on the 3d, I left for Lütgenburg, to be *en route* for Augustenburg if need were." Perthes, accompanied by his eldest son Matthias, had reached Altenhof, near Eckernförde, on the Baltic, the estate of Count Caius Reventlow. "I was so unaffectedly and kindly welcomed by the Count and Countess," he wrote to Caroline, "that it gave me genuine pleasure. The Count will give up Aschau to us ; it is, I am told, a dreary place ; but I think it will do very well." On Monday, the 7th of June, the husband and wife met again at Eckernförde. "Here we wept freely together," wrote Caroline, "which, in all our trouble, we had never been able to do before." Thence the whole family removed to Aschau, a summer villa on the Baltic, belonging to Count Reventlow, and made themselves as comfortable as they could. "And there," wrote Caroline, "I for a while forgot all our troubles for joy that I had got my Perthes, and I can truly say that we were inexpressibly happy in each other. I thought neither of the past nor of the future, but thanked God incessantly, and rejoiced that, out of all these perils, He had preserved my husband to me, safe and sound."

Perthes had lost everything. His shop in Hamburg was sealed, his other property was sequestrated, and his dwelling-house, after being plundered of every moveable, was assigned to a French general. Ready money for the support of his wife and family he had none. "Do not suppose that I complain," he wrote to his Schwartzburg uncle ; "he who has nothing to

repent of has also nothing to complain of. I have acted as in the presence of God : I have often risked my *life*, and why should I be dispirited because I have lost my fortune ? God's will be done ! I do not yet see how I am to provide bread for my wife and children in a foreign land. In the meantime, if I receive but two-thirds of my outstanding claims, I shall be able to fulfil all my engagements ; but in our country no one is in a position to pay, and as I dare not press my demands in the French dominions, I may not be able to avoid bringing others into difficulty : this to me is a great cause of grief." Letters from creditors now came in from all parts, and there is none in which such expressions as the following may not be found, " Do not think of my claims at present ; I know as well as you do that when you can pay, you will ; you acted as you were in duty bound to act." By the help of the business-books, which had been brought away, Perthes managed to get a tolerable insight into his position. He also made such arrangements as were possible in the circumstances, and endeavoured to secure the creditors through the debtors of the house. By exerting himself to the utmost he accomplished this. " He works from morning to night," wrote Caroline, " with the exception of an hour after dinner, which we devote to thinking over our position, or rather to sleep ; for we rise at four o'clock, and require some repose during the day. Perthes is perfectly clear and calm, and, I may say, in some respects more cheerful than formerly ; and so am I, while he is with me." Perthes received strength and encouragement from the expressions of respect and consideration that were conveyed to him from all sides : " What I hear of you inspires me with the deepest respect," wrote the Duke of Augustenburg, " and your indomitable spirit fills me with admiration, and I esteem it as an honour and pleasure to have an opportunity of saying this to you. Your belief in a higher world is, indeed, a great matter ; it is

this belief alone which is the source of your strength." No sooner had Perthes set his affairs in order, so far as circumstances permitted, than he was informed by the Danish Government that it would be impossible for them to protect him, in the event of his being demanded by the French ; and that he must leave Aschau. It was true that the truce concluded on the 4th of June, between the Allies and Napoleon, kept the sword in the scabbard for the next few weeks even in North Germany ; but Perthes, who from his solitary retreat could see nothing of the state of external relations, desired to attain to such a knowledge of the position of affairs, as might aid him in forming some plan for himself, after the expiration of the truce. A number of influential men of all kinds were assembled in Mecklenburg, and thither he proposed to repair ; and, at the same time, he hoped to procure resources for the present support of his family, by collecting many outstanding debts due to him in that place. In a letter of Caroline's, she says, "When we had spent a few weeks together at Aschau, Perthes told me that matters were not yet settled, and that he must be off, in order to provide for our subsistence. Then it was that the scales fell from my eyes ; I knew, without asking, what Perthes intended to do—what, indeed, he was compelled to do, and once more all my former sorrows returned. Perhaps it would be weeks, perhaps months, perhaps we should be in the world above before I saw him again. I feared for myself ; for I believe that with him I can bear all things, but without him I know not what will become of me. Ah ! and my soul is filled with sorrow, anxiety, and care on his account. You know how earnestly I have desired more rest and leisure for him, and now that he has lost all that he had earned in seventeen toilsome years, he must take up the yoke again, and he will feel it to be heavier than ever. Pray for me, that I may not grow faint-hearted." On Thursday the 8th of July, under the shade

of the gloomy pine-trees of Aschau, Perthes took leave of Caroline. "It was the most painful parting of my life," he wrote at the time ; and a journal which begins with this parting, and contains little else except short notices of facts, opens with these words, "I enter again into the world—into a new and unknown world, full of great possibilities, and also full of perils, but I have spirit and courage to meet them cheerfully. Resignation to the will of God, firm convictions and rich experience, a heart full of love, and youthful feeling, truth, and rectitude, such are the treasures which my forty years of life have given me ;—Lord my God, I thank thee for them ; forgive a poor sinner, and lead me not into temptation."

Agnes and Matthias, the two elder children, accompanied Perthes to Kiel ; here he met Besser, and travelled with him by Lütgenburg to the little town of Heiligenhafen, situated on the shore of the Baltic. The feelings of his heart found expression in many letters written from that place. "About five miles beyond Lütgenburg, the aspect of the country changes entirely," he says in one letter : "all becomes wild and rugged, and the little inn of Bröckel is a very picture of desolation—not even a blade of grass does the barren wilderness produce. The host lay in his coffin ; strangers were listlessly conducting the business : even the poodle at the door was hardly to be called a dog, and though the colour was evidently intended for black, it had got no farther than the dark grey of the surrounding scenery. But when we got over a few hills, we came again into another world. There are, indeed, neither trees nor hedges, but the land is covered with the most glorious crops of green corn, and between the boundless green of earth, and the boundless light of the sky beyond, stretches a sea of the deepest blue, blending and harmonizing all. At my side stands in spirit my beloved, blessed Otto Runge, to point out to me all the mysteries and wonders that nature hides and reveals."

Perthes was soon left alone in Heiligenhafen, for Besser was obliged to return. "For many weeks past," he wrote to Poel, "one member after another of the old life has been removed from me ; farewells follow hard upon each other : now Besser, too, is gone, and as the door closed after him, I felt as if the coffin-lid were shut down upon me, and I had passed from the old to a new world ; but love and memory are fresher and more sacred in me than ever. I mean to go next to Rostock, in order to find out what there is for an honest and upright man to do in these momentous times. I have seriously put it to my conscience as in the sight of God, whether or not I should listen to the inward voice which impels me to rush again into the tumult of life, and I find that I must follow it. It is not ambition that urges me, for under any circumstances I shall fall back, if I am spared, upon the business that I love. My still youthful heart is animated with an enthusiastic hatred of our oppressors, and to this my religion allows me to give full scope. Still, as I am not a military man, and have no scientific knowledge, and as there is no want of brave and strong men, I shall not enter the army ; but if any leader were in want of a man who is accustomed to see his way through complicated relations, and who would unite the candour of a friend with the obedience of a subordinate and the duties and labours of an adjutant, I would shun no danger to fulfil the duties of such a post : Caroline would forgive me, and I should leave to my children a legacy of honour. If, on the other hand, on my arrival in Mecklenburg, I find things and persons in a state which seems to make it my duty to keep aloof from them, I shall then pay attention to my own concerns first ; go with my wife and children to Sweden for the winter, and in the spring to England, where I am sure, in a very short time, to achieve independence by following my calling."

Perthes was detained nearly a week at Heiligenhafen, the



extreme point of Germany, by the prevalence of a strong east wind, which, in spite of the bright beautiful weather, prevented any craft from putting to sea. "A severe trial of patience," he said, "but since we suffer so much from men, why not from nature also?" On the 17th of July the wind changed, and at five o'clock in the afternoon, Perthes, in company with some other Hamburgers, and Curtius, Recorder of Lübeck, sailed in a driving storm from Kiel across to Warnemünde, a seaport near Rostock.

"So I am again on land," he wrote to Caroline, "after a glorious passage! How I delight in these noble waves! My deepest feelings are called forth by them, and I become cheerful and courageous. I feel as if I were in my proper element. The waves were long and high, so that the open boat, which just held us ten, was now poised on the edge of the billow, now lay deep in the trough of the sea. By the time it grew dark, all the passengers and one of the boatmen became sea-sick; I remained well. At eleven o'clock that night, the strong gale had driven us to the point of Warnemünde, but the skipper was afraid to run in; so we cruised about in the dark till morning. Nothing was to be seen but the monster billows which yawned for us in all varieties of horrid shapes. At dawn we found ourselves lying immediately opposite to Admiral Hope's ship, a colossus of seventy-four guns, surrounded by two-and-twenty other large vessels all bearing the flag of England. Far off across the sea the moon cast a strip of silver light, and the rayless sun a reflection of glowing red. I never received such impressions of the sublime as during that short voyage."

At this time tidings came from Hamburg that a general pardon had been proclaimed. Ten men, however, were excepted, among whom was Perthes. "I thank you from my heart, my beloved Perthes," wrote Caroline, "that your name stands among the names of the ten enemies of the tyrant. This

will bring us joy and honour as long as we live." The general pardon failed to protect the city from the atrocities of Davoust. Bad as these appeared in July, they had not then reached their height. "It will do some good," said Perthes, "for if it had not been for this, the old-fashioned spiritless people would have relapsed into the indolent let-alone habits of their former life—still it is terrible, and it cuts one to the very soul when one hears of such horrors." But still more grievous than the fate of particular cities was the miserable condition of Germany. The uncertainty as to the results of the truce filled all hearts with uneasiness. Would it end in a desperate renewal of the struggle, or in a disgraceful peace? Would Austria join the allies or preserve her neutrality? A native Austrian, in a letter to Perthes, says—"It must soon be decided whether Germany is to be a nation or not, and whether the name of German is henceforth to be our pride or our reproach. Would that I were but relieved from the anxiety caused by the conduct of Austria! I cannot, and will not suspect that its hesitation is grounded on a crafty policy which hangs the decision of its adherence on the next turn of events." To many the honesty of Prussia appeared no less doubtful. The hesitation of Austria made it more than ever apparent that it was by Prussia, hated where it was not forgotten, that the fate of Germany was to be decided. The great warlike preparations of the people had excited the enthusiasm of all North Germany.

During the next month Perthes was actively engaged in reviving the Hanseatic Legion, and in taking measures for the defence of the Hanse-towns, and for their full recognition as an important political element in North Germany. He was well aware that no step of an important kind could be attempted without the support of Prussia, and it was therefore with considerable satisfaction that he discovered the opposition between the Government and the people, which now began to manifest

itself. To the Privy Councillor Scharnweber, who possessed the entire confidence of the Prussian Chancellor, he sent a full statement of the position of North Germany, and concluded with these words: "I build my hopes of deliverance for North Germany almost exclusively on the Prussian nation—on the earnestness, on the real German spirit, and the freedom which it is developing; and whatever may be the particular tendencies and aims of the government of the day, they must and will be overmastered by this spirit. Of your own personal desire and the influence you possess, I am well aware, most excellent sir, and I therefore commend our affairs to your protection. If you take up our cause, we have gained a *point d'appui* such as we need." It was amid this complication of cares, of labours, and of doubts, that on the 10th of August, the truce, which had for a time sheathed the sword in North Germany, came to an end.

## CHAPTER XV.

## PERTHES' EXERTIONS ON BEHALF OF THE HANSE-TOWNS—CAROLINE IN RETIREMENT.—AUGUST TO NOVEMBER 1813.

ON the 17th of August, hostilities recommenced between Walmoden and Davoust. Early in September, Davoust was compelled to withdraw altogether from Mecklenburg, and to fix his head-quarters at Ratzeburg during the rest of the month; while Walmoden sent strong reconnoitring parties to the left bank of the Elbe, and, on the 16th of September, cut to pieces a body of 7000 French on the Gôhrde, occupied Lüneburg, and made incursions into the Hanoverian territory.

During these months of hope and fear, Perthes found full employment at his post in the Burgher-Guard, and in the Hanseatic Directory. The maintenance of the Burgher-Guard he considered as a matter of the first importance, both for the future external position and the inward development of the cities. It seemed to afford the only means of diverting the burgher mind from the one object of trade and commerce, and of cherishing a vigorous self-reliant spirit, by means of which the narrow city-life might expand into something wider and more national.

Perthes had taken a considerable part of the labours of the Hanseatic Directory upon himself. These were continually increasing, on account of the growing necessity of procuring fresh supplies of money from England and Germany to provide

for the support of the destitute exiles who were daily receiving additions to their numbers. The universal confidence in his integrity and his conscientiousness, was increased by the circumstance of his having thought it his duty decidedly to refuse every kind of support for himself.

The events between the expiration of the truce and the middle of November, had demanded from Perthes mental and physical exertions and sacrifices of all kinds; but it had also been rich in experiences both of heart and life. Naturally disposed to self-confidence, he had learned that his powers were limited; "but," he said, "I have at the same time learned that the voice of an honest man is a mighty power, and has great influence." There were seasons when the impressions made on him by the great agitation throughout Prussia and the battles which were then being fought—remarkable both in themselves and in their consequences—rendered it difficult for him to preserve his sympathy and his energies for circumstances which, when compared with the momentous events of the times, were petty and circumscribed. Many of his friends desired for him a wider sphere of action. "Would to God," wrote Niebuhr, "that you would now step forth as a statesman in our fatherland! I call to every one who has ears, to tell me how you can in future be brought into the administration of Germany." Perthes, on the contrary, was convinced that he was, by the previous course of his life, unfitted for working for great things except in a small circle; and since he was excluded from any immediate participation in the great affairs of Germany, he rejoiced the more in the confidential relations in which he stood towards the most eminent men of the North. He possessed the personal confidence of Generals Walmoden, Dornberg, and Vegesack, as well as of the Hereditary Prince of Schwerin, and Lieutenant-Colonel Witzleben, who requested his intervention in numberless cases, when fresh supplies were to be procured,

intricate questions to be determined, or young troops to be animated and encouraged. The young men of the Legion were devoted to him heart and soul, and clung to him with childlike affection and confidence. They delighted in the sympathy of the slender, delicately-formed man, who never shrank from the endurance of any hardship with them, who took part in all their joys and perils, and who never spared earnest and friendly remonstrances in the hope of preserving them from the reckless licence of a wild and irregular soldier-life. Perthes repaid their affection with the most cordial recognition. It was not without some mixture of personal pride that he heard Witzleben and other experienced officers praise the cheerful patience under hardships, and the daring, even foolhardy rashness of the attack of the newly-formed legion: he excused their occasional wildness as the exuberance of a poetical enthusiasm. Tears stood in his eyes on receiving a letter from Witzleben, in which the general wrote, "The infantry fought like lions, my dear Perthes, in yesterday's battle at Möllner Wood, and I am perfectly satisfied with their conduct; they have revived the glory of the old Hansa." Perthes writes on one occasion, "I see many fine youths here, who are developing noble qualities. The blessing of God will rest upon our youth, and through them He will make all right; such is my firm conviction, and it is my happiness that all our dear young people cling to me like children."

But the active and stirring life of these three months was pervaded by a deep and heartfelt sorrow, arising from the position of his wife and children. He had been obliged, as we have seen, to leave them in the beginning of July at Aschau, a farm belonging to the Count Caius Reventlow. There, near the farmhouse, and in the middle of the wood, close to the sea, stood the summer-house which was the refuge of Caroline and her children, consisting of a sitting-room and a few small

bed-rooms. The farmer was the only inhabitant within a circle of four miles. In a letter written some time afterwards to her sister at Salzburg, Caroline says, "We could get nothing from the farmer, kind as he was, but milk and butter; bread, soap, salt, oil, and so forth, were not to be had within four miles, and my sister Augusta, with the two elder children, had to fetch them. For eighteen weeks we had neither meat nor white bread in the house. What was called the kitchen was about forty paces from the house; our cooking utensils consisted of four copper pots, a bowl, and a few plates. Fortunately I had brought our spoons with me, and I was able to purchase a few knives and forks; everything else we did without." "And yet," she says, in another letter, "we are rich in comparison with many others, for we have a hundred thousand times more than nothing." Caroline's confinement was expected in a few months. The eldest of her children was a daughter of fifteen, and the youngest, a boy, could not yet run alone. The eldest son, Matthias, walked every morning at seven o'clock to Altenhof, a distance of three miles, to receive instruction with the sons of Count Reventlow. The education of the rest was in the meantime interrupted. One old and faithful servant had remained with them, and their means did not allow them to engage a second. The damp house, with its twelve windows down to the ground, and undefended by shutters, brought ailments of all sorts upon the children during the moist, rainy season, and Caroline herself was often laid upon a sick-bed. There was a friendly old farrier at Eckernförde, but no physician nearer than Kiel, a distance of at least twelve or fifteen miles.

The deserted wife, however, met with sympathy and comfort. Her sister Augusta was ready for every emergency by night or by day, "and the families of Count C. Reventlow and Count C. Stolberg, vie with each other," writes Caroline, "in their attention, and in the readiness they manifest in lending us assistance

in our need." The children, too, while adding to her anxieties, ministered no less to her strength and happiness. "They refresh me in my distress," she afterwards wrote, "each in his own way, and out of the simple and genuine affection of their hearts—the little Bernard not excepted, who is often at a loss to find expression for his love. I am indeed convinced from experience that God can give us no greater joy, or sorrow, than through a loving and beloved child. Nothing else so revives and sustains the heart, and has such power to shame us into energy. This I have experienced a thousand times; and I scarcely think that I could have continued mistress of myself, if God had not given me my angel Bernard, and in him a living image of childish love and confidence. When I was in deep affliction and anxiety on account of Perthes, and in sorrow for my eight children entering upon life deprived of a father's counsel and affection, I was often on the brink of despair. And when at such times I folded my dear Bernard in my arms, and looked into his clear infant eyes, and saw that he was neither troubled nor afraid, but calm, sweet, and loving, I found faith again, and prayed to God that I might become even as my dear child."

The kindness of friends and the love of her children, might indeed uphold her against the heavy pressure of external circumstances, but when her anxiety for her absent husband was aroused, she could not be comforted. The communications with Mecklenburg being interrupted, letters from Perthes were seldom received, while the most contradictory and exaggerated reports were in circulation, as to the position he had assumed, and the dangers by which he was encompassed. Caroline's mind meanwhile was full of the saddest forebodings: in a future that did not seem far off, she pictured her children fatherless and motherless, helpless and forsaken. Her grief is revealed in many letters evidently written under the deepest melancholy:—"I have need of hope," she writes to Perthes, "for the present is mournful, and



my condition and circumstances are more serious, and my sense of desolation is greater than you in the midst of so much activity and hopeful labour can realize. If I am to spend my time here alone, if I am to remain here without tidings of you, while I know you to be exposed to constant danger, I cannot survive. I cannot sufficiently impress on you, my Perthes, the importance of making such arrangements as may prevent our being separated during the coming winter. I solemnly assure you, that it is an act of injustice to leave me here, without the most urgent necessity. . . . I am surrounded by darkness and perplexity, and I see before me a sad and painful deathbed, to which I may at any moment be called ; but I will not despair. May God protect and preserve you to us ; we will pray for you by night and by day." In a letter written somewhat later, she says, " If you love me, take care that in the event of my death, my children, especially my little children, be intrusted to the care of those who will teach them to love God, without *knowing* that they are learning it. This is the main point, and to little ones everything else is comparatively unimportant : their hearts, in which so much lies dormant, must first be opened. Ah, my Perthes ! may God help us to awaken the love of Himself in our children, whether we are to live together or apart in this world. My hand trembles, and I can write no more." At other times her anxiety for the life of her husband overcame the thought of her own approaching hour of danger :—" How can I persuade myself that you, my dear Perthes, will be preserved to me ?" she writes ; " God takes away thousands of husbands as much beloved by their wives and children as you are by us. Perthes, my dear Perthes ! to fulfil your slightest wish, would be my only pleasure, were you to be taken from me, and were I to have the misery of being left in the world without you. Tell me then more of your views regarding the children, and of what I can do to please you."

The quiet energy and self-command with which Caroline, even in her deepest affliction, presided over her household, and the expressions of courage and resignation which filled many of her letters written to women who, like herself, were victims of the events of the time, had impressed her friends with the conviction, that even if the worst should befall, her peace of mind would still remain unshaken. To her husband, whom she had always found a sure refuge in circumstances of trial, she indeed gave vent to her oppressed heart in frequent regrets; but amid her complainings she as often gave utterance, without seeming to intend it, to the language of patience. Thus she writes in one of her letters to Perthes—"I have the firm conviction that my trust in God will never fail, but I cannot always rejoice in the will of God, and I cannot make up my mind to resign you without tears, and without the deepest anguish: you are too entirely my all in this world; but believe me, I do not murmur, I only weep, and I am yours for eternity." But it was only at long intervals that these letters came into the hands of Perthes, and his answers, sometimes lost, sometimes carried from place to place for months together, afforded no help to Caroline in forming her plans, and little or no support in her solitude. To transport his wife and children to Mecklenburg into the midst of the confusion of war, was impossible, and to have visited them in Holstein, he was assured by the Danish authorities; would have involved peril to life or liberty. Perthes was, moreover, fully persuaded that he was in the path of duty. "I follow the voice of God and duty," he says in one of his letters, "and that voice is now clearer and more distinct than ever;" but the privations and anxieties to which he knew his family to be exposed did not on this account the less affect him. "Never, my Caroline," he writes, "permit yourself to think that my love for you and for the children is one whit less warm or deep than that of those who are anxiously striving to preserve their lives

for the sake of their families. There are seasons in which the whole weight of the anxieties which await us in the future, and of the sorrow that is involved in the present, presses heavily upon me. Your task is, indeed, a hard one, but mine is not light. Have patience, be calm, and self-possessed, my beloved Caroline, trust to my sense and prudence, and leave the event to God. When we took leave of each other, you wished to know what was to become of the children in the event of my death. It is not well to make minute arrangements which are to take effect long after our death, for life is always changing, and any disposition we can make, may thus turn out unsuitable. I trust to your wisdom, your energy, and your affection, and I pray to God to give you what you want; and that is tranquillity. If I have a wish, it is that you and the children should live near Nicolovius, and that Matthias should remain under the tuition of Twesten for five or six years. But 'man proposes, God disposes.' "I thank God," he says, in another letter, "that you, my darlings and only earthly treasures, are well. Dear Caroline, what a vast wilderness the world becomes when a man has no home! That which I wanted as a youth I want now, but in a different way. In my youth you stood before me, the object of my love and desire, like some fairy enchantment: I behold you again in my thoughts; but it is in all the reality of your truth and worth, and I cannot reach you. . . . The sight of little children always brings tears into my eyes." "God will help me," he writes again; "I dare not leave what I have undertaken. . . . It is my business to lift up my voice for truth and justice, as opportunity offers, and to show, so far as one man can, that the will of God is not altogether forgotten, in spite of the sinfulness and weakness that everywhere impede its clear and perfect recognition. That in times such as these, when the struggle betwixt good and evil, truth and falsehood, is so fierce, a man cannot hope to achieve any-

thing without risking much ; that, in order to do homage to truth and right, a man must be ready to give up heart, and life, and fortune, and estate—these things, my noble wife, you know as well as I. I have courage, and energy, and moderate desires, and I am at peace with God and with myself. I can pray as I never prayed before, and I pray much. My much-loved Caroline, take courage and be tranquil ; God will help you and me also." Again he writes, "It seems as if God were blessing all my undertakings. Indeed much has been achieved, many things have received form through me, and in more than one instance harmony and stability have been secured by my efforts ; but it is not only in its results, as they affect the one great national object, that our separation has been useful : it has also enabled me to assist many individuals known and unknown. Large sums of money are placed at my disposal, and thus I am able to aid the distressed not only with sympathy and advice, but also with substantial assistance. Yes, dear Caroline, all the inducements that can move a man to sacrifice every earthly possession in order to work energetically and actively, combine to stimulate me now—honour, gratitude, affection, freedom, love of action. Comfort yourself as I do, by thinking on what has been done."

On the 17th of September, Caroline and her children had left Aschau for Kiel, where Count Moltke had given up to them the apartments which he usually occupied when he was staying in that city. There, Caroline found indeed medical help, friends and relations ; but she had still to endure the most severe privations from want of money. Her own illness and that of her children added to her sorrows. Her anxiety for the fate of her family, in the event of her not surviving her confinement, was also increased by her total ignorance of her husband's circumstances, and even of his place of residence. From the 7th of August to the 2d of October she was without tidings of him, and knew not whether he were alive or dead. Towards the

end of October she wrote, "I struggle ever more and more to keep thought and fancy, heart and yearning, under control, but oh, my beloved, I suffer inexpressibly!"—and then, after details concerning the children, she adds, "I tell you everything, for you should know how things actually stand, that you may be able to do what is right in the circumstances; but do not think that I write thus to induce you to draw back. I take God to witness, who is more to me than even you are, that I do not wish you to do anything but your duty."

These last words were conveyed to Perthes with unusual rapidity; and within a few days he was transported to a sphere of action which enabled him to assure his wife that she had now nothing to fear for his life, for that he was employed on a peaceful mission.

Circumstances had arisen which rendered it desirable that Perthes should remove to Bremen, to prosecute there his labours on behalf of the Hanse-towns. With all the zeal, the untiring energy, and the self-sacrifice which we have already seen him display, he continued to labour in this new sphere until he was deputed to represent the Hanse-towns at the Diet of Frankfort, where the affairs of Germany were to be deliberated upon. On the 3d of December, in company with Sieveking and Smidt, his fellow-deputies, he left Bremen, and on the 8th reached Frankfort.

Many were the political impressions that Perthes received during his short stay in Frankfort. At the table of the Chancellor he met the most distinguished personages of Prussia. Their mission accomplished, Perthes and Sieveking returned to Bremen, and arrived there on the 20th of December, having left Smidt to represent them at head-quarters. The Emperors Francis and Alexander, and King Frederick William had in writing recognised the Independence of the Free Cities, and the deputies were thus able to render a joyful account of their jour-

ney in the Council-hall at Bremen, where the senators assembled to receive them.

Pertthes had been disappointed in his hope of finding letters from Caroline at Bremen : he was the more anxious, because Holstein had become the seat of war. Finding no letters at Bremen, he hastened to Lübeck, carrying with him the guarantees of the Independence of the cities. Here he heard that Caroline had been safely delivered of a son, Andreas, on the 10th of December. On Christmas night he travelled to Kiel, now no longer threatened by a hostile army, and arrived there next day at five o'clock in the afternoon. "Unexpected, and in the twilight, he entered my room, after a separation of nearly six months," wrote Caroline : "Matthias saw him first. I had the happiness of restoring all the children to him safe and well, with the addition of a darling, healthy infant. What this was none can know but one who has experienced it."

Shortly after his return, Pertthes was requested by the staff-general of the Crown-Prince of Sweden, to associate himself with two other gentlemen of Lübeck and Bremen, in the administration of the large sum of money which the Prince had granted for the relief of the exiled Hamburgers. For this purpose, Pertthes again left his family on the 1st of January 1814, and in order to be as near as possible to the scene of suffering, he took up his quarters at Flottbeck, a small town on the Elbe, about nine miles above Hamburg. Here the lamentable condition of the city revealed itself to his eyes in all its horror.

While the greater part of Germany had long been delivered from the French, Davoust had maintained himself in Hamburg, although confined within the limits of the city by the besieging army of General Benningsen, who had succeeded to General Woronzow towards the end of December. What Davoust did may perhaps find its excuse in his position as a beleaguered

general, but the manner in which he did it could only have been devised by the rage of a disappointed villain. He began his outrages with the robbery of the Bank, and the most cruel treatment of the burghers. On the week following the Christmas festival, the suburbs, all the surrounding villages, and the fine country houses on the Alster, were set on fire after only eighteen hours' notice, and 20,000 people were driven out of the city destitute and homeless ; first the young and strong as dangerous, and then the old and weak as superfluous. The children were next brought out of the orphan-house, the infirm poor from the alms-houses, the criminals from the prisons, and all were driven outside the gates, and there left to their fate. At mid-day, on the 30th December, Davoust gave orders that the hospital in which were 800 sick and idiots, should be vacated, and set on fire, and by the same hour on the following day it was in flames ; but not till, through the incredible exertions of the burghers, the helpless inmates had all been removed, while bands of drunken soldiers were struggling with the sick for their very clothes and bedding, and scenes of reckless plundering were being enacted on every side. The troops, at the same time, set fire to the adjoining houses, and gave themselves up to deeds of unmitigated atrocity. The intense excitement and the bitter cold of a January night cost 600 of the sick their lives.

The tidings of these horrors filled with sorrow and indignation the minds of Perthes and his friends at Flottbeck, while the misery which came under their own personal observation was equally heart-rending. For miles round, the snow-covered country presented the appearance of a vast waste of ruins, while women and children wandered about amid the desolation seeking their property. Every night the sky was illumined by the glow of freshly-kindled fires. In the streets of Altona, and in the neighbouring villages, half-frozen figures were

seen wandering about and crying for food and clothing and for shelter from the frost and cold, while long lines of the sick and the aged, of women and children, might be seen on the roads to Lübeck and Bremen, under the escort of a troop of Cossacks, on their way to seek in the sister-cities the assistance they so sorely needed. "You will have heard of the misery of this district," writes Perthes to Caroline, "but no words can give any idea of it. It must be seen: all the trouble that I have witnessed and shared for the last nine months, is as nothing in comparison. How will it end! May God graciously shorten it, and bring us safely through it!" Much was done to alleviate the general wretchedness; the most strenuous efforts were made in Altona, Bremen, and Lübeck; contributions poured in from far and near; a committee of Hamburg burghers made great exertions at Altona, and those appointed to administer the Swedish contribution did what they could. "But all we can do," wrote Perthes, "is only to relieve cases of individual suffering, we cannot meet all the necessities of the present; may God save the future! We must in the meantime summon all our energies to prevent the burghers and the city from sinking into depths out of which there will be no possibility of raising them." It seemed as though the destiny of Hamburg for years to come had been sealed, by what had been already done. Everything depended on Davoust's abandonment of Hamburg being insisted on, as the preliminary condition of the next truce or treaty between the allies and Napoleon. Perthes turned to Smidt with the most urgent entreaties that he would continue to press on Metternich, Hardenberg, and Nesselrode, while still in Frankfort, the importance of making the evacuation of Hamburg a preliminary condition of any treaty with Napoleon. With the same object Perthes availed himself of his personal influence with the Duke of Oldenburg, begging his mediation with the Emperor Alexander.



Perthes sought to minister to the pressing wants of the Burgher-Guard, by applying to Benningesen and to his friends in London, but without success. He then had recourse to a loan, by means of which food and clothing were to a certain extent provided. He next drew up for Smidt an estimate of the losses that Hamburg had suffered through the French occupation, and he was incessantly busied in bringing to Benningesen's head-quarters, men who could give information required by the General. The letters belonging to this period which have been preserved, give evidence of an almost incredible number of references made to Perthes during his residence in Flottbeck, touching matters great and small, far and near. From the Russian and Swedish head-quarters, from the leading citizens of Bremen and Lübeck, from men of all parties, and from the unfortunate, he received applications for information, counsel, money, or for assistance in carrying out their plans. Perthes held no office, he had neither rank nor title, and yet he appears at this time to have occupied the centre around which all business revolved that had any bearing on the destiny of Hamburg.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## FAMILY AFFLICTION—THE RETURN TO HAMBURGH.

JANUARY TO MAY 1814.

PERTHES had passed the last days of his residence in Flottbeck in sorrow and depression, working amid many anxieties. On the 17th of January he wrote to Caroline, "No letter, not a word from you, my beloved Caroline—how is this? I am very unhappy, and long to be with you and the children; but I dare not leave, for an important decision may depend on my presence. Never since our departure from Hamburg have I been so unhappy as I now feel myself, and yet I have no tidings from you. Surely some great calamity has overtaken you. Is my darling Bernard still alive?—he was unwell when I left." This child, a boy of uncommon beauty and vivacity, was indeed still alive when Perthes wrote these lines, but he was even then struggling with death, and within two days God took him to himself. "My dear Perthes," wrote Caroline, immediately after the death of the child, "what I feared has happened: our dear Bernard is very ill, and although the physicians assured me yesterday evening that he was not in danger, I am full of care and anxiety, and fear the worst. I wish above all things, both for your sake and for my own, that you were here. . . . May God be our help! Why should I conceal it longer from you?—our angel is with God—he died this morning at half-past nine. He looks wonderfully beautiful, and I implore you to come as soon as possible, that you may see his dear remains

before any change takes place." Owing to the irregularity of the posts, Perthes had neither received this letter nor a former one acquainting him with the illness of the child; and on the 21st of January he stepped cheerfully into Caroline's room with the question, "Are all well?" "I had to lead my poor Perthes to the lifeless body of our beloved child," wrote Caroline to her sister: "his grief was excessive, and my anxiety for him carried me through this painful day."

Perthes had been only a few hours in Kiel when he received an invitation to repair to the Russian head-quarters at Pinneberg, in order to consult in the name of the Crown-Prince, as to what further measures ought to be taken for alleviating the sufferings of the outcast Hamburgers, and for obtaining the voluntary cession of the city. "Called at such a time and under such circumstances, you must go," said Caroline. But Perthes was physically unable. "Caroline's heroic spirit was greater than my bodily strength," he wrote. He was unable to leave the house till the 27th January. "But, thank God, nothing has suffered by my absence," he wrote from Pinneberg. "Be strong, my beloved! May God spare us further trials. We are quiet just now. I have no more to say to you at present; but we understand each other for eternity without words. May the Lord protect you and my dear children."

The misery that Perthes saw on every side left him no time for the indulgence of his own grief. He exerted himself to the utmost to give unity to the efforts which were being made to alleviate the sufferings of the Hamburgers, and was the means of bringing into operation a Central Relief Board, under the able presidency of Senator Abendroth; and in this way much was effected for the relief of the more urgent necessities of the fugitives. In order to be as near as possible to the seat of suffering, Perthes had fixed his quarters at Van Smissen's Mill, near the Devil's Bridge at Flottbeck. On the

9th of February the Russians converted the mill into a temporary hospital for their soldiers, and he had to carry on his work amid the groans of the wounded and the dying.

"My letter of the 7th of February, your fortieth birthday, my still young and ever-youthful bride, you will have received before this," wrote Perthes; "and gladly would I have hastened to your arms and pressed you to my heart. Be comforted, my dear Caroline! True love is immortal, and by some bond of love I feel sure that our departed little ones are still united to us. Here, since three o'clock to-day, things look very, very serious. The French are attacked on every side, at Wilhelmsburg, at Neuohof, and in Harburg, and many of our people have already been brought in wounded. One fine brave young fellow, Volkmann, fell to-day. He went out yesterday full of spirits. His father, a stout artisan, was obliged to flee from Hamburg on his account, and is in deep distress, but is supported by the thought of the honour his son has won by his self-sacrifice. Close to me lies a Russian captain, a man upwards of fifty; as the surgeon was cutting out the ball, he said that he felt the house shaking. And here I sit amid blood and moaning, groans and death; but I trust in God that the end is approaching. Here come three waggons full of wounded, and there is not a spare corner in the house. Nine corpses are now lying in the snow before my door. It is strange to look upon these once wild men, now so still and tame." The misery of the exiles, and the sufferings of the wounded, now that he was brought into such close proximity with them, filled the heart of Perthes, already saddened by the loss of his child, with a horror such as he had never before experienced.

He was compelled to be almost perpetually in motion, passing and repassing over ground covered with snow, while suffering severely from a contusion on his foot, which he had received by a fall from a carriage. A dangerous fever at the same time

prevailed in the regiment stationed at the mill, and Perthes carried the germ of this with him, when on the 16th of February, he left Flottbeck for head-quarters, with a view to complete arrangements for the relief of the destitute. He arrived in Kiel on the 19th of February, and then it was found on examination that a bone of his foot was broken. "I hope my future biographer will record," he wrote playfully to Sieveking, "that I have walked about for nearly a fortnight, and driven twenty miles in a requisition waggon, with a broken bone." For nine long weeks he was now confined to bed, and for the first part of the time was in great danger from a severe attack of fever; but a good constitution carried him through all, and he had soon only to endure the pain of lying still. "Here," he wrote to Besser, "after many journeyings up and down, I have been obliged to cast anchor at last. Such a fate is hard to bear at the present moment. If a ball had done it, one might have been better pleased." His spirits, however, never flagged, and his wife could write,—“My dear Perthes is always the same, whether lying and enduring, or travelling and acting; and during the whole period of his confinement, he has never been cross or impatient. I rejoice that he was with us when he fell ill, and that I had the happiness of nursing him. The children were all well, fortunately, and we made the best of it.”

Intellectual excitement was not wanting meanwhile. As soon as the state of his health permitted, he was visited by his numerous friends, who passed many cheerful hours by his bedside. He took advantage also of being laid aside from public duties to consult with Besser, whose faithful friendship afforded him comfort and support in this, as well as in many other seasons of trial, as to the ways and means of resuming their business; and he gave himself up with fresh delight to the pleasure of reading, of which he had been so long deprived.

He sought the probable causes of the present state of Europe in Pütter's "Development of the German Imperial Constitution," Frederick Schlegel's "Lectures," and Lacretelle's "History of France," without overlooking the numerous fugitive pieces to which the events of the day gave rise. Nicolovius directed his attention to Neander's "Life of St. Bernard." "Read Neander's 'Life of St. Bernard.'"<sup>1</sup> he wrote; "you will be astonished at the author's wealth of inward experience, and his exalted view. Fr. Leopold Stolberg wrote to me about it with the most enthusiastic admiration, inquiring whether the author were old, or whether he might be expected to write more. His popularity in the university here is great, and his influence must be good. It is touching to see the simplicity with which he brings forward the most sublime opinions, and the results of the most laborious study." But above all other books, Perthes was again enchanted by a re-perusal of Goethe's "Wahrheit und Dichtung," of which he writes, "Just as the Bible is the book of the life in God, so I would say is Goethe's 'Wahrheit und Dichtung' the book of the life in the world."

But all other objects of interest were soon cast into the shade by the events of the time. By an active and extensive correspondence, Perthes endeavoured to bring order, harmony, and regularity into the plans devised for the assistance of the exiles, and even from his sickbed his efforts were attended with success. The conferences at Châtillon, the fresh victories of Napoleon, the onward march of the Allies, their arrival before Paris, were known to him before he had left his room, and many a word of hope for the future found its way to distant Kiel. "We are living in a time of miracles," wrote Nicolovius, in a letter that the Countess Louisa Stolberg transmitted to Perthes. "What we, with sad hearts, *desired* for our children, but never dared to expect, we ourselves have lived to

<sup>1</sup> A translation of this work has been published by Messrs. Rivington, London.

see. And what a glorious day this beautiful dawn promises! A generation that has raised itself so high will never sink again." On the 9th of April, Perthes at length received permission to leave his bed. On this occasion he wrote to Max Jacobi,—  
 "I have borne this trial of patience with tolerable composure and cheerfulness. I have been strengthened by the victory of truth which is once more bringing back freedom, order, and love to mankind. God is with us, and all now feel that they have been doing more than they thought."

On the 19th of April, Perthes left Kiel with his whole family, and on the 20th arrived at Blankenese, a fishing village a few miles below Hamburg, where he purposed remaining till the French evacuated the town. Although the day of Hamburg's deliverance seemed uncertain, it was evident that it must come in the course of a few months at latest, and in this uncertainty all those hopes and fears for the political constitution of the city that had been thrown into the background by the pressure of the moment, now started once more into life.

The thoughts of all now naturally turned to the question of the future constitution of the Hanse-towns. As to Hamburg, Perthes was decidedly of opinion that some innovations should be introduced. He was desirous above all to see a perfect civil equality among the three confessions, and to infuse fresh blood into the hereditary *Bürgerschaft*, by the admission of deputies from the hundreds, the educated classes, and the Jews. It was in the executive, however, that he thought reform most indispensable. But apart from any reference to his own peculiar views, Perthes had begun to doubt whether any open party-strife was not likely, in present circumstances, to be more perilous to the interests of the city than the restitution of the old and defunct constitution. From the head-quarters of the Allies came an emphatic warning against all internal division. "It is all over with the Hanse-towns," wrote Smidt, "unless

they see the necessity of avoiding all that may lead to foreign interference. The Allies can look upon each city only as one body politic, not as divided into factions, each of which seek some separate object."

At this time Niebuhr, irritated apparently by the prominence which the Hamburgers were giving to their own affairs, and especially to their own differences, took a view of the position of Hamburg and the other Hanse-towns, and of their claims in the settlement of the general question then engaging German statesmen, which caused a temporary estrangement between him and Perthes. "I need not tell you my opinion of yourself," he wrote to Perthes; "you have done what your friends expected of you; but we must not expect the historian to hear the fame of an unwarlike people like your Hamburgers, whose thoughts are bounded by their trade, and whose city has ingloriously fallen, made so much of without ascribing it to a vain and partial exaggeration." "For a long time," wrote Niebuhr subsequently, "the isolated Hanse-towns have existed by a kind of sufferance, without any political activity worthy of the name. Such civic communities, in fine, have been contented with the reed's destiny, and have regarded it as a privilege to bow before the wind. Bravery is the attribute of cities full of free and vigorous life, and which by virtue of their own resources are capable of defending themselves. A full and free life is now only possible in great states, in which all homogeneous elements are concentrated." Many passionate and hasty words passed between the friends in the spring of 1814, and Perthes wrote so bitterly of Niebuhr, that Nicolovius replied—"I like quarrelling in such times as these as little as you do, and I am convinced that in no circumstances are we warranted in speaking hastily, or otherwise than as the good spirit prompts, and that in this respect, as in the Gospel, a mite is of more value than large gifts and mighty deeds. You must not do injustice to



Niebuhr as you do in your last letter to me. You make erroneous combinations, and draw false conclusions. Continue to him your full and entire confidence, for he deserves it. He is not only one of the most profound and most original of men, but also one of the most upright. He is excitable, and may, therefore, be occasionally unjust, but he is full of humility in the presence of the good, the great, and the godlike."

It was at the price of what then seemed an irreparable breach of friendship with the man whose sympathy of heart and mind had attracted him in a period of national suffering, that Perthes learned the inevitableness of a contest between those who sought to develop the future destiny of Germany through the German people, and those who sought its development by means of Prussia. Many perplexing anxieties were, indeed, involved in the prospect of such a struggle, but that help from above which had wrought deliverance in the hour of greatest necessity, was not now to be distrusted. Nicolovius warmly pressed this home to the heart of Perthes. "As I have an opportunity of forwarding a letter, I send you a few lines, my dear, noble Perthes. God above has certainly understood and willed matters better than the wise heads at Châtillon, who are seeking to reconcile themselves with the evil one: they don't know how wonderfully God helps when we are but in earnest in our pursuit of what is truly great. This great, and mighty, and all-sufficient help, must have given you new life in heart and soul, and is the earnest of a glorious reward for all the sacrifices you have made."

Early in May, and through the mediation of a French General despatched from Paris, negotiations were entered into for the surrender of Hamburg to one of the Prussian commanders. In consequence of this, the former members of the Senate thought it right to assemble without the city, and, as its legitimate representatives, to take part in the negotiations.

On the 25th of the same month, the old Senate declared itself restored to place and authority, and on the following day, the hereditary Bürgerschaft met, and chose twenty men who were to form a commission for three months for the reorganization of the city. The attempts to secure the extension of the constitution and to infuse greater energy into the executive were thus resumed. "Henceforward," wrote Perthes, "I can have no other relation to public affairs than such as springs out of my position and rights as a citizen, and my influence with my friends; and I thank God from my heart that He has been pleased to give me a larger share of the affection and confidence of my fellow-citizens than is usually the lot of any one who steps out of the limits of his own immediate sphere."

The day when Perthes and his family were to leave Blankenese, and return to Hamburg, now drew nigh. "These six weeks in Blankenese have been the sweetest part of my life," wrote Caroline to her sister. "Perthes with me, the children well, and the hope of the deliverance of our city gaining strength day by day. Suddenly the white banners waved once more at Harburg and from St. Michael's tower, and in all directions outcasts might be seen streaming into the city. We lived near the Elbe, and could see all those who were hastening back from Bremen and Hanover. One day, a carriage full of little children, whose parents had died in the Hospital at Bremen, arrived at our door. Troops of starving people with many children and little luggage passed under our windows, and it was touching to witness the love for home and hearth that was manifested even by poor creatures who could look forward to nothing but trouble and wretchedness. As they came through the country, each silently broke a branch from the trees by the wayside, and bore it in his hand, and old and young, and even little children, amid tears of grief and shouts of joy, thanked God for their deliverance from the great and universal calamity, little think-

ing all the while that each brought his own burden with him, and *that* a heavy one."

On the 31st of May, General Benningesen made his entrance with the Russians and the Burgher-Guard; and, on the morning of the same day, Perthes and his family left Blankenese, and, in the midst of the advancing troops, returned through Altona, to the home from which they had been driven a year before.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE SUMMER OF 1814.

ON the 31st of May 1814, Perthes had returned to the home and the city which he at one time hardly expected to see again. Many an anxious thought was mingled with his feelings of gratitude. "God be praised that He has brought us thus far, that He has stood by us and helped us in this year of heavy trial," wrote Caroline to her parents on the day of her return. "I will be glad, and forget all, except my dear Bernard. We have many troubles before us, even under the most favourable circumstances: God grant that my Perthes may be spared to me with strength and spirits for the heavy daily toil now before him."

It was, indeed, no easy task to take up the links of the old life after so long an interval—an interval filled with suffering and privation. Even to render the house habitable was a difficult undertaking. The pleasant and beautiful apartments on the ground-floor had for many months been used by French soldiers as guard-rooms. In the middle of the largest room was a huge stove, and trunks of trees had been dragged in through the windows to feed it. All the woodwork that could be pulled down had been burnt; the smoke had found an outlet through the windows. The upper part of the house had been inhabited by General Loison, but even there the soldiers had conducted themselves so riotously, that the whole house was little better

than a heap of filth. All the furniture had been taken away ; some of it, by kind friends who had concealed it where they could, and the rest by the French prefect. There was not a single habitable room : dirt and rubbish, a foot high, covered the floors. Chairs and tables, beds and bedding, and the whole apparatus of the kitchen, had to be replaced ; while the want of money and the heart-breaking spectacle of numbers of hungry and sorrow-stricken exiles flocking into the city, made the strictest economy a duty no less than a necessity. It was a heavy re-commencement for Caroline ; but before winter all was once more in order, though not without considerable labour and anxiety.

To place the business, which had been entirely broken up, on its former footing, was an undertaking of far greater difficulty. A numerous family had to be maintained, and many liabilities to be met. Along with a number of adventurers, sharpers, and revolutionists, times of great political excitement always call forth the most talented and energetic members of a State, turning their attention away from their usual occupations, and drawing them into the current of events in which unusual powers are required to meet unusual circumstances. When the waters have returned to their accustomed channel, these men, whose minds had been kept in a state of continual activity and excitement, and who had been intimately associated with all the great events of the period, have to return to the quiet, uniform, and narrow circle of their own peculiar vocations. Such a change has been difficult even to men of strong natures, and many who were worthy of all praise for their conduct in critical times, become, when order is restored, a species of intellectual vagabonds, who, at home in no calling, occupy themselves first with one thing, then with another, unsettled in their minds, discontented with themselves and with the world, and a source of grief to others. Perthes felt that if he would escape this

danger, the time was now come when he must devote all his talents and all his energies, to the business of his calling, and he was able both to form the resolution to do so and to carry it out. In spite of seasons of trial and difficulty, it was not without a certain pleasure that he had taken part in the weighty and complicated political events of the period ; but, fortunately, he had sense to see the limited orbit in which it was henceforward his duty to move, and courage to keep within it. The actual state of his business was such as to render a return to its daily cares and labours doubly difficult: "I dislike this transition," he wrote to Villers, "from the poetry of my late existence to the prose of common life, and the more so, because I see labours and anxieties of all kinds before me."

On the day following the re-occupation by the French, in the previous year, Davoust had sealed up Perthes's warehouse, and had given notice that all debts due to the firm were to be paid to the French authorities. He then issued an order that all the serviceable books were to be seized and divided between the libraries, schools, and the officials, and the rest sold by auction. A great part of the valuable stock of maps was distributed, some to the topographical bureaux, some to the different generals, while many valuable works fell into the hands of individual officers: the auction was, however, delayed. It was impossible for Perthes to pay any attention to the concerns of the business during his exile, but Besser, though also an exile, never lost sight of it. Before the threatened sale could take place, it was necessary that a catalogue should be prepared ; and this, Besser, in the expectation of a speedy deliverance from the French, proceeded with as slowly as possible. He gained his object, though Davoust more than once threatened to have the books sold by weight, if the catalogue were not forthcoming. The warehouse being required as a residence for the French officials, the 30,000 volumes which it contained were removed

in waggons to another place, and thrown together without any regard to order. The catalogue was nevertheless begun, but before it was ready, the Allies had crossed the Rhine. The books accordingly remained unsold, and in safe keeping.

Such was the state of things when the two friends, Beaser and Perthes, met at Kiel towards the end of February 1814, and subsequently at Blankenese, to deliberate as to their further proceedings. Although the whole of the customers were dispersed, both partners were of opinion, that under the circumstances, it was not only possible to resume the business without involving any culpable risk, but that it was a duty to do so, as being the only means of securing the creditors from loss. With this view, Perthes issued the following circular in 1814:—"No one could expect that I should at once fulfil all my engagements, and I am aware that many of my correspondents expect a proposal for an accommodation. But now that the position of our fatherland has enabled me to re-establish myself, I trust to God to end as I began, and to pay every man his own. I have, indeed, no longer the youthful energy with which I set out eighteen years ago, and I have a numerous family to support; but on the other hand, I have experience, and am thus saved paying the apprentice-fee of ignorance. I have the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and also a large circle of friends and patrons, and an extensive connexion in foreign countries. I resume my business confidently, in reliance on the friendship of my correspondents, and with the resolution to pay all my debts, and to let none suffer loss through me. The how and the when of payment I must ask you to leave to myself, but within three years all liabilities shall be discharged." In this circular Perthes announced that the name of Beaser, who had long been actually in partnership, would "now appear in the firm, and would thus afford to the commercial world a further guarantee for the security of the house."

As little was to be expected from Germany under existing circumstances, the attention of the partners was turned to England, where the results of the war of Independence had awakened a degree of sympathy with the Continent, such as had not been known for centuries. The time appeared especially favourable for arousing a taste for the wider diffusion of German literature in England, and more particularly for directing the attention of the many great and wealthy collectors to German classics of all kinds, and to works on philology. The very defective state of the English book-trade also induced them to hope that the German booksellers might be constituted the medium of the English foreign literary traffic. Besser had passed some time in England, earlier in life, and had perfect command of the language, and introductions to the most influential persons were at his disposal. It was therefore determined that he should go to England and endeavour as much as possible to extend the previous connexion of the firm in that country. The preparations were soon made, and on the 4th of May Besser embarked at Ritzbüttel.

On the 30th, Perthes thus wrote to Besser:—"I shake hands with you from our old house. I dare not express in words the emotions of my heart. It is, indeed, like a resurrection from the dead." The labours involved in the re-opening of the shop were begun and carried on with all diligence. "You will believe, but you can form no idea of the labour of finding one's way through all this confusion, and of putting everything in order: if only there were some one to help me!—but that is impossible. I thank God that I am well and in good spirits, and I am grateful both to Him and to men. The worst of all is the payments which require to be made immediately: few pay *us*, while every day bills, small and great, from Peter and Paul, from bookbinders, tradespeople, and others, are coming in: the poor creatures are in the greatest distress, and petition



us to pay them. This is very sad. Bills and notes, too, pour in upon us from abroad. I shall fight my way through, but it will only be by the sweat of my brow." Amid all his labours, cares, and anxieties, Perthes never for a moment lost hope or courage, and many a favourable turn helped him through difficulties when things were at the worst. "I am inexpressibly affected," he writes again to Besser, "by the confidence, the affection, and kindness which our fellow-citizens manifest towards us in so many ways. Our credit is not only maintained, it stands firmer than ever. The booksellers' answers to our circular are now come in. With a single exception they are all satisfied with our proposals, and express the most entire confidence. I can assure you that our business will soon be once more in full operation." Towards the end of June Perthes himself opened the shop, and within a few days he could write:—"God's blessing is upon us, and all promises well; but I cannot get through the work alone, and it is absolutely necessary that you should return. One thing presses hard on the heels of another, while things are not yet in order. All are desirous to prove their friendship, and orders pour in from every side. I am overpowered, and long for your return."

Besser's stay in England was to have been longer, but he quickly perceived the position and relations of the book-trade there, and felt that his absence from Hamburgh was no longer necessary. He had been deeply impressed by the spectacle which London presented in the first moments of excitement, immediately after the fall of Napoleon. "Here I am," he says in his first letter, "in this great city, and in this wonderfully beautiful country, at a time which has not its parallel in history. The sovereigns are expected shortly; but General 'Blutscher' is more thought of than all the rest. There is something absolutely overpowering in this enormous mass of animated and mechanical life; but with the people, if you only

understand their manner and their language, you are soon quite at home, spite of their want of amenity."

It was Besser's object to form acquaintance with men of all kinds and of all ranks, and his numerous introductions gave him access to the most distinguished circles. Germans, English gentlemen of fortune, leading men in the "city," he freely mixed with. Now he had intercourse with the keen business man; then with the amiable and the good; at another time with Methodists and Quakers; and again, with people who knew nothing of life but its worst side. "It is a perilous thing," he exclaimed, in one of his letters, "for a poor frail mortal to seek to take the measure of the knowledge of so many other children of men; whether we will or not, we must place ourselves above those whom we presume to judge. I am heartily tired of this sort of life, and often, in the course of the evening, find myself longing for my little lodging, where at least in thought I can be with you." He turned for rest and refreshment frequently to the great Museum, and the private collections of London. The interest evinced by so many different men for German literature, seemed to justify the most sanguine hopes, and Besser formed his plans accordingly. "Through Schwabe, who is a truly admirable man and highly respected, and through some other clergymen, and Count Münster, as soon as he comes, I mean to suggest the introduction of German into the schools. Why not as well as French? Don't laugh, this is what I call going to the root of the matter—and it will succeed. We should also have a German periodical here, on the plan of the English miscellanies; I do not mean that we should undertake it, but we might give encouragement to such a thing in connexion with a literary advertiser. I have the right men in my eye, both authors and publishers. In close connexion with this periodical, it would be well to endeavour to establish a subscription library. It would bring

together the lovers of German literature, and increase their numbers. At present there is scarcely a single German work to be found among the twenty great booksellers at Oxford. My proposals are warmly seconded by friends and acquaintances. Only take courage; I may assuredly say that my coming to London will have important results."

A few weeks very much diminished Besser's hopes. "Here," after further experience he writes, "you must strike again and again before you can hit. Strokes are not wanting on my part, but I am no farther advanced in the carrying out of my plans." As was natural, Besser had at first conversed chiefly with the most eminent men, both Germans and English—men who had cultivated and who were fond of German literature—and had imagined that each of these was the centre of a circle, devoted like himself to its advancement. But he was soon to learn from the men themselves, that each occupied an isolated position. "Alas! I am candidly told," he wrote, "not only by Germans, but by Englishmen who are thoroughly acquainted with German literature, that the English as a people are incapable of apprehending it. Goethe and Herder they do not understand, and Klopstock they totally misunderstand. I myself now see more and more clearly that it is impossible that the genuine English should have any taste for our works. I do not speak of the men of 'the city,' who are certainly by no means the patrons of literature, but, as Robinson calls them, mere *quill-drivers*; neither do I refer to my Methodist friends, to whom Goethe is a 'wicked fellow;' but the insular character of the people generally, is intellectually exclusive; it cannot get out of itself, and it cannot take in anything foreign." After an interval of a few weeks, Besser again writes to Perthes: "I have at last become thoroughly aware that to promise, to will, and to be able, are three very different things; and while we may with certainty reckon on the two first, in the case of

many men, we must not on that account venture to rely upon the third. I am distressed at the thought of having raised false hopes as to the results of my present visit; nevertheless we have gained much by it. We know with certainty what we should *not* undertake; and if we cannot enter into any great enterprises in England, we may yet reap certain positive advantages. We must keep our eye upon works of science, especially of natural history and medicine, while, on the other hand, German editions of the Classics appear to be less used than formerly. Under these circumstances, a longer stay in London is unnecessary, and I hope to be in Hamburgh by the beginning of August." "Your lamentations do not alarm me," answered Perthes; "only be contented; the blessing will not fail us, even in England. We are in good repute there, and the tranquillity which is by degrees winning its way all over Europe, will open to us fresh channels even on that side of the water."

On Besser's return from London in August 1814, the two laboured together in right good earnest, and friends far and near assisted them gladly in their constantly recurring pecuniary embarrassments. By Easter 1815, Perthes and Besser were able to show that they had already discharged all their obligations long before the lapse of the stipulated time, and from that period the house took the important position which it has ever since maintained.

Perthes, however, did not allow the demands of business so entirely to engross his attention as to divert him entirely from the attempts which were being made to re-establish the old civic constitution. By speech and writing he did as much as his position and the circumstances of the time permitted.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### WATERLOO—PERTHES'S ACTIVITY ON BEHALF OF THE SUFFERING CLASSES—EXPERIENCES IN THE FAMILY.—1814-15.

NAPOLEON'S escape from Elba in March 1815 again threw Europe into confusion ; but, sooner than any one could have ventured to expect, the hopes of Germany were realized by the victory of Waterloo. Caroline had been residing for a few weeks at Wandsbeck, and when the first uncertain rumours of a great and decisive battle reached her there, she wrote at once, in the greatest excitement, to Hamburgh. "Is it true, dear Perthes ? Oh, why are you not here, or I with you ? Write to me immediately if it be true. I cannot believe it, and stand listening for voices in the air." Caroline had posted her children on the path leading from Hamburgh, in order to have the first news of the approach of the expected messenger. At length a horseman was seen in the distance advancing at full gallop, and waving a white flag. It was a friend whom Perthes had despatched with the Gazette of the victory, and these words,— "Behold the wonderful works of God ; give thanks and praise to Him !" "That is indeed a victory," replied Caroline : "may God help us still further, and may it be without fighting and conquering, if this be not asking too much. You write that Hanbury is shot. Alas for the poor mother at Flottbeck ! But she must bear up ; she sees what he has died for." Events now succeeded each other with wonderful rapidity. "The first

great act of the European drama is ended," wrote Perthes on the 20th of June. "Napoleon is dethroned. You will read the rest in the Supplement to the Gazette ; the French, if they give up their idol, set the crown on their own degradation. I expect it, and, on this account, I shall illuminate, and not because of the fall of the monster, who has long ago appeared to me as fallen." And again, a few days later,—“In France all is confusion, and that kingdom of hell is going to pieces. What a judgment from God !” On the 26th of June, he again writes to Caroline,—“Yesterday came the report of the capture of Napoleon, but it is not yet confirmed. Believe me, the person of this monster is not now of the importance that you and half the world imagine. Look at the fate of the French ! their present downfall, their terrible prospects ! The dispersion of the Jews is nothing in comparison.”

These events, which had again convulsed Europe, had indeed driven the citizen from the seclusion of private life, and forced him into the wide circle of political sympathies and affairs. But the individual and his purely human lot retain their significance in a period of political excitement, as well as in a season of political repose. While states are struggling with each other, and conquering or falling, cold and hunger, bodily and spiritual privation, are still inflicting their sufferings on the individual. While great battles are being fought, and great congresses are being assembled, the individual still requires our sympathy with his present and his eternal wants ; for even the poor perishing man occupies a far higher place than the State : he is connected with eternity, the State has to do with affairs of earth alone. It would have been no sign of political greatness, but a symptom of moral decay, if MAN, as an individual, had been forgotten in the mighty rising of the War of Independence. In fact, the distress had become everywhere so great, during the eighteen months between the first and the second

peace of Paris, and had reached such a height, especially in Hamburg, that none but the hardest hearts could have been unmoved by it, even amidst all the excitement of political events.

For many months the numerous workmen of all kinds that, in Hamburg, earned the daily bread of wife and children by daily labour, had, perforce, kept holiday: the whole trade and commerce of that world's emporium had given place to a stillness like that of death. From the moment that labour ceased on the quays and in the warehouses, hunger began to tell upon strong and active men. Thousands had lost home and all, when Davoust set fire to the suburbs; and though death had made provision for a large number of the 12,000 grey-headed and helpless men, women, and children, whom Davoust had driven out of the city in the cold of a December night,<sup>1</sup> still thousands survived to return, bringing sickness and sorrow with them, and no property of any kind save what they carried on their persons. To provide food and lodging, and a bed of straw for each, was the least that could be done. Artisans, too, required tools to enable them to resume their work; while the many petty dealers who ministered to the daily wants of the great city required some capital, however small, to meet their first outlay; in every corner wants were springing up that craved immediate attention. The public charities were turned to the best account, and were admirably worked: 148,000 marks were expended annually in alms, clothing, and lodging; but the distress that had been occasioned by extraordinary circumstances called for extraordinary exertions. Collections were made among the wealthy burghers, and sums, greater or smaller, came in from the different European cities. Distant Malta sent a large sum, and in London Von Hess laboured with indefatigable zeal to procure fresh contributions for his unhappy countrymen. A number of the most experienced citizens dis-

<sup>1</sup> In the meadow behind Ottensen 1138 of these lie buried.

tributed the supplies thus sent. Perthes, with a few others, undertook the distribution of the English contributions, and the minute accounts still preserved, attest the care and conscientiousness with which he discharged this duty.

As the dispenser of these contributions, Perthes had come in contact with individuals who were suffering the extremity of privation, and in every instance he had found that they were suffering from other than mere bodily wants. Thus in September 1814, he wrote, "I have gathered much valuable experience among the poorer classes, and, thank God, I have often found that suffering and sorrow have been the means of rousing many from their former spiritual death, and of awakening in many hearts a sense of divine and eternal things. Hundreds of families would fain seek help and comfort in God, but they know not the way that leads to Him, and, under our former circumstances, *could not* know it. What could our handful of clergy do with this multitude of people? The Bible, too, is known only to a few families; I have found it wanting even in schools." It was at this time that the London Bible Society, founded in 1804, began to direct its efforts towards Germany. The missionaries Steinkopf and Patterson were first deputed to request that Rambach, Perthes, and Gilbert van der Smissen would form an association in Hamburg and Altona, for the distribution of Bibles; in the event of their doing so, a contribution of several hundred pounds was promised. Perthes and his friends were well aware, that owing to the tendency of the times, such an undertaking would expose them to the reproach of pietism or mysticism, or some such term of reprobation, and in order to avoid, as far as possible, the suspicion of anything clandestine or sectarian, Perthes had recourse to the men who then held the first ecclesiastical and political offices in Hamburg, and requested their personal co-operation. On the 6th and 13th of October 1814, the preliminary meetings were held



at Perthes's house; and on the 19th the Hamburg-Altona Bible Society was founded. When its twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated in 1839, the important services which Perthes had rendered to the Society in its infancy were gratefully commemorated.

Perthes regarded the Bible Society as but one of many means for bringing about a revival of religion, and he gladly recognised the labours of those who, in a variety of different ways, were seeking to influence the people. But to make the theatre, although frequented by great numbers of persons who were inaccessible to any other influence, a means of rousing religious feelings, seemed to him more than doubtful. "Be temperate," he wrote to Fouqué, "and don't seek to bring your religious feelings, or rather your convictions regarding our holy religion, on the stage. Life and nature, and therefore destiny, belong to the theatre, but not the consolations of religion. These man must seek in his chamber or in the church, and there God will reveal himself to him." Popular works by which the dormant Christian consciousness might be revived, Perthes viewed on the other hand as an absolute necessity. Thus he wrote to Fouqué: "We greatly need a national-historical religious catechism for our primary schools, through which our youth may be taught that God made man, that the human race fell by sin, of the coming of the Redeemer, and of the means by which Christianity was spread; how a way was made for its introduction by the migrations of the Germanic tribes, how we Germans, thus born again, advanced in the new world-career, and how the seed of better times was and is still preserved among us. I do not understand how to put it together, but you have it all at your fingers' ends. It must be short, and in question and answer, or else in simple propositions. The man who should give us this would be an unspeakable benefactor in the sight of God and man."

It was upon the youth of our land, and on their yet uncorrupted susceptibility, that Perthes built his hopes of future improvement among the people, and as a favourable opportunity of advancing their interests now presented itself, he did not suffer it to pass unimproved. A committee of twelve was appointed to make an extraordinary collection for the education of the poor of the city. "We got 30,000 marks at once," he says to Fouqué, "for the education of poor children, and we hope to get a great deal more. We twelve have now gone minutely through the town, and what numbers of fine children we have found! The blessing of God is indeed upon our people. We have taken 700 of the destitute children of the city." The Hamburg schools for the poor, since so widely extended, owed much to this collection.

The anxieties and privations of the year of exile had told severely on Caroline's health. Her freshness and vivacity of mind, however, never forsook her; and on this account she felt only the more painfully the pressure of the bodily disease which had been for some time impending, and which had its origin in great excitability of the nervous system, and in an incipient complaint of the heart. "I have not yet recovered my strength and energy," she writes to her friend Madame Petersen in Sweden, "and I often find my household duties so heavy, that I almost despair." But, although occasionally depressed, Caroline was neither indifferent to nor ungrateful for the many blessings she enjoyed. "The old song is every morning new," she once wrote, "that, if possible, I love Perthes still better than the day before. How inadequate seems all the gratitude I feel for having been permitted to retain him!"

Death was now to be revealed to Caroline in its most solemn form: she was called to attend her father, as he approached that awful moment when time and eternity meet together.

Claudius had suffered severely in the years 1813 and 1814. At the age of seventy-three, he had been driven from the house and home to which he was attached by the happy memories of half a century, to seek an uncertain asylum and a precarious subsistence in Holstein, where he was often exposed to poverty. "We are pretty well off here," he wrote on one occasion to Caroline: "we have a little room, with a bed and a sofa which almost fill it. We cook groats and potatoes for ourselves, but fuel is extravagantly dear. You will have seen in the papers that Wandsbeck is in the hands of the Allies. Fritz is there taking care of our house, and has sold the cow: he writes me that the cellar is, like the universe before Creation, waste and void." A few weeks later he wrote—"We are now living in a larger, I might say a large room, but it is very cold, and we have not the means of making and of keeping it warm." The outward difficulties were great, but it was not these which affected Claudius the most sensibly. "The still vigorous man of seventy-three had strength to bear all his personal sufferings and the dispersion of his children," says Perthes in a letter of that period; "but his sincere and patriotic heart was broken by the conflicting emotions and the doubts for his fatherland to which the war with Denmark had given rise. He felt that the exaltation and victory of Germany involved the defeat of his own king, whom he had good reason both to love and honour. This inward struggle, during a season of such violent outward excitement, was too much for the simple mind and the loving heart of the noble old man."

Claudius had returned to Wandsbeck in May 1814, but never again to enjoy his old home. Wearied with the burden of years, and worn by bodily infirmities, he struggled through summer and autumn. In compliance with the earnest entreaties of his daughter, he removed to Hamburgh in the beginning of December, that he might be within reach of

medical advice. "Papa is weary and languid," wrote Caroline, soon after the arrival of her father and mother; "but we have reason to be thankful that he is free from pain. He is so calm and so kindly, I might even say so satisfied and contented, that I am too happy to see this, to give utterance to the grief which I really feel." It soon became evident that recovery was not to be expected; but life was prolonged for seven weeks, which to Claudius was a season of thankfulness, and of almost uninterrupted calm and love: the blue sky above, the rising of the sun, the sight of his Rebecca, of his children and grandchildren, were all perpetual sources of enjoyment. One night he called Caroline to his bedside, and said, "I must take something from the night, for the day is too short to thank you, my dear child." Caroline, writing a few days before his death, says, "He is confident, peaceful, and, except at very short intervals, even joyful. Yesterday, after half an hour of distress from difficulty of breathing, he said to Perthes, 'Well, dear Perthes, this is all just as it should be, though not pleasant.' He then spoke of the approaching struggle, and of Him who is mighty to save, and said that he had placed his whole confidence in God. He is wonderfully kind towards us all, and likes our mother to sit by his bed. He is also anxious that you absent ones should have daily tidings of him, and never fails to send you his greeting." His mind continued active to the last, and he was able to trace the daily progress of his own dissolution—of the great mystery of the separation of soul and body. "I have all my life reflected by anticipation on these hours," he said to Perthes, "and now they are come; but I still understand as little as ever about the manner of the end." During the last few days he prayed incessantly, and was pleased when he saw the bystanders praying, although he did not like prayers or exhortations to be made aloud. He never relinquished the hope that God would

vouchsafe him a glimpse into the realms beyond, while still on this side of the grave ; but although sight was not vouchsafed, his faith was never shaken. "The 21st of January was the day of his death ; about two o'clock in the afternoon he became aware that his end was approaching, and prayed, 'Lead me not into temptation, and deliver me from evil.' An hour later he said 'Good-night !' several times, and in the moment of departure he opened his eyes, and looked lovingly upon his wife and children, as though they had a right to the last outgoings of affection."

"His mind was quite unimpaired, and he retained all his originality and all his peculiarities to the very last hour," wrote Perthes on the day of his father-in-law's death. "He died without anxiety—I may say, he died rich ; for even in temporal things the fulness of hope was, as usual, at his command. The expression of the whole person is still very striking ; there is an air of weariness, as if he were satisfied and pleased to have done with the earthly ; while the brow still retains the beauty and power, and the mouth all the fulness of affection which characterized them in life. The end of this man was indeed great and noble." "May God forgive us," writes Nicolovius, "for feeling that such a man could have been better spared in heaven than upon earth."—"Death is a hard step," wrote Caroline, "but to take the step as he did is inconceivably great."

The solemn experiences of these weeks, during the whole of which her husband had been at her side, took deep hold of Caroline's mind ; and with her lively fancy and a heart ever seeking sympathy, she felt it to be hard, that Perthes, laden with cares, business, and interests of all kinds, could devote so little time to her and the children. "My hope becomes every day less that Perthes will be able to make any such arrangement of his time as will leave a few quiet hours for me and

the children. There is nothing that I can do but to love him, and to bear him ever in my heart, till it shall please God to bring us together to some region where we shall no longer need house or housekeeping, and where there are neither bills to be paid nor books to be kept. Perthes feels it a heavy trial, but he keeps up his spirits, and for this I thank God." To these and kindred feelings which she had long cherished in her heart, Caroline now gave expression in letters which she wrote to Perthes during his absence. After eighteen years of trial and vicissitude, her affection for her husband had retained all its youthful freshness; life and love had not become merely habitual, they remained fresh and spontaneous as in the bride. She always gave free utterance to her feelings, in a manner at once unrestrained and characteristic, and felt deeply when Perthes, as a husband, addressed her otherwise than he had done as a bridegroom. During Perthes's detention for some weeks in Leipsic, this state of feeling found expression on both sides, half in jest and half in earnest. "You have indeed renounced all sensibility for this year, because of your many occupations," wrote Caroline a few days after her husband's departure; "but I, for my part, when I write to you, cannot do so without deep feeling; for the thought of you excites all the sensibility of which my heart is capable. Not a line have I yet received. Tell me, is it not rather hard that you did not write me from Brunswick? At least I thought so, and felt very much that your companion G. should have written to his newly married wife, and you not to me. It is the first time you have ever gone on a journey without writing to me from your first resting-place. I have been reading over your earlier letters to find satisfaction to myself, in some measure at least, but it has been a mixed pleasure. Last year, at Blankenese, you promised me many happy hours of mutual companionship. I have not yet had them; and yet you owe many such to me—yes, you do

indeed." Perthes answered, "You write, telling me that I have renounced all sensibility for this year. This is not true, my dearest heart, it is quite otherwise. I think that after so many years of mutual interchange of feeling and of thought, and when people understand each other thoroughly, there is an end of all those little tendernesses of expression, which represent a relationship that is still piquant because new. Be content with me, dear child, we understand each other. I did not write to you from Brunswick, because we passed through quickly. Moreover, it is not fair to compare me with my companion, the bridegroom ; youth has its features, and so also has middle age. It would be absurd, indeed, were I now to be looking by moonlight under the trees and among the clouds for young maidens, as I did twenty years ago, or were to imagine young ladies to be angels. Nor would it become *you* any better if you were to be dancing a gallopade, or clambering up trees in fits of love enthusiasm. We should not find fault with our having grown older : only be satisfied, give God the praise, and exercise patience and forbearance with me." "I wish you were here on this your birthday," answered Caroline on the 21st of April, "and had half an hour to spare to celebrate it with me and the children. The children do their best, but you are always yourself, and have ever the first place in my heart. Thank God, my Perthes, neither time nor circumstances can ever affect my love to you. It is, indeed, beyond the reach of change. May God be pleased only to spare my life and restore my health, and preserve you and the children, and maintain your love for me unimpaired. It is all I ask ; but there is no end of wishing and praying, and happily, none too, of granting—if not in our own way, at least in God's. Your last letter is, indeed, a strange one. I must again say, that my affection knows neither youth nor age, and is eternal. I can detect no change, except that I

now *know* what formerly I only hoped and believed. I never took you for an angel, nor do I now take you for the reverse ; neither did I ever beguile you by assuming an angel's form or angelic manners. I never danced the gallopade, or climbed trees, and am now exactly what I was then, only rather older ; and you must take me as I am, my Perthes :—in one word, love me, and tell me so sometimes, and that is all I want." "Your answer," says Perthes in his next letter, "was just what it ought to have been ; only don't forget that my inward love for you is as eternal as yours is for me ; but I have so many things to think of." And so ended the correspondence upon a subject which, perhaps, is not altogether unknown to other married persons.

In the middle of May Perthes returned to Hamburgh, and soon became aware that Caroline's health required serious attention. The physician, Dr. Schröder, an old friend of the family, had told her that her nervous system, although still unimpaired, was over-wrought ; and that by stimulating the bodily powers to exertions beyond their strength, she was gradually preparing the way for disease. A change of scene was desirable, and Caroline, with her younger children, went to pass the summer of 1815 at Wandsbeck with her mother. During this period, almost daily letters were exchanged between her and her husband. While those of Perthes were devoted to warnings and entreaties to take care of her health, the few lines in which Caroline was wont to reply, were full of expressions of love, and of sorrow on account of their necessary separation. "I am seated in the garden," she writes, "and all my merry little birds around me. I let the sun shine upon me, to make me well if he can. God grant it ! if it only be so far as to enable me to discharge my duties to my family ; for I feel myself too unhappy as a mere cipher." And on another occasion, "I hope, my dear Perthes, that you will again have pleasure in me ; the



waters seem really to do me good. Come to-morrow, only not too late. My very soul longs for you."—"You shall be thanked for the delightful hours that I enjoyed with you yesterday," she wrote after a short visit to Hamburg, "and for the sight of your dear, kind face, as I got out of the carriage."—"I only live when you are with me," she writes a few days later; "send Matthias to me if it does not interfere with his lessons; if I cannot have the father, I must put up with the son."—"The children enjoy their freedom, and are my joy and delight: alas! for those who have none!" she says after telling some childish adventures. "But you, dear old father! you, too, are my joy and delight. Let me have a little letter; I cannot help longing for one, and will read it when I get it ten times over. Pray don't forget the poor people in the mud-huts at Hamm: the house is easily found, it is in the lane, opposite to something particular, but I cannot remember exactly what."

With many fluctuations of health, Caroline had passed the time at Wandsbeck; August had now come, and with it was brought vividly before her mind the many years of happiness she had spent with Perthes. "It is eighteen years to-day," she writes, "since I wrote you the last letter before our marriage, and sent you my first request about the little black cross. I have asked for many things in the eighteen years that have passed since then, dear Perthes, and what shall I ask to-day? You can tell, for you know me well, and know that I have never said an untrue word to you. Only you cannot quite know my indescribable affection, for it is infinite. Perthes, my heart is full of joy and sadness—would that you were here! This day eighteen years ago I did not long for you more fervently or more ardently than now. I thank God continually for everything. I am and remain yours in time, and, though I know not how, for eternity too! Be in a very good humour, when you come to-morrow. Affection is certainly the greatest wonder

in heaven or on earth, and the only thing that I can represent to myself as insatiable throughout eternity."

In the middle of August Caroline returned to Hamburgh, and although not fully restored to health, she was yet able, with sundry interruptions, to superintend her large household, and to continue to minister comfort and joy, support and assistance, to many persons of different classes and ages.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## PERTHES AS A BOOKSELLER—JOURNEY TO FRANKFORT.

PERTHES had never regarded the book-trade merely as a means of subsistence and of personal gain; he had always looked upon it as one of the institutions by means of which spiritual vitality is maintained in a nation. His business had indeed secured to him a comfortable livelihood and an independent position; but he never forgot, in the enjoyment of these advantages, that it also involved the responsibility of quickly discerning and diligently supplying the literary wants of the nation within the sphere of his own business operations. It is in this perpetual and practical recognition of the indissoluble union existing between his private interests and the public welfare that we detect the secret of the success that, to the end of his life, attended all his undertakings. In 1816, he believed that the time was come when the German book-trade stood in need of a fresh impulse and a partial transformation.

Among the many dangers by which Germany was menaced from within, that which Perthes most feared was the possibility that the division into North and South, Protestant and Catholic, Austrian and Prussian, might eventually cease to be merely political, and become national in its character. Once divided into distinct races—into North and South Germans, he gave up all hope of any brilliant future for Germany.

There exist, indeed, important differences between the North

and South, grounded in the very nature of things, and these can neither be overlooked nor obliterated ; but in spite of these, and of the diversity of races, Perthes considered it as the first duty of all Germans fully to recognise, and to labour earnestly to develop, the national unity. A pertinacious adherence to the local had stereotyped every religious and social diversity, and preserved every political and historical tradition ; still, Perthes believed that in literature, the North and the South, Protestant and Catholic, Prussian and Austrian, would learn the lesson of their common nationality. But even in this, unhappily, Germany was divided. In the South, especially in Austria and Bavaria proper, the literature of the North had but little influence ; and the literature of Austria and Bavaria, again, was so little known in the North, that it was impossible to say whether, notwithstanding its Romanist bias, it might not contain treasures destined to confer universal benefit. He consequently believed it to be the first and special duty of German booksellers to overarch this unnatural breach in our literature, and to render the circulation of a work equally easy, whether it was published at Hamburgh or Vienna, at Königsberg or Trèves.

But every attempt to bring unity of action into the German book-trade was met by an obstacle which the Governments alone could remove. The publishing trade, though representing one language, literature, and people, was yet carried on under exclusive regulations in every separate State. Thus there was no general copyright, and the right of reprinting without acknowledgment, a work which had been published in another State, was recognised and adopted as a lawful source of profit. The pernicious effects of such a system of spoliation Perthes endeavoured to make plain, even to the uninitiated, in a small pamphlet written about this time. "When an author," he says, "wishes to publish, he applies to a bookseller to print his book, since he himself has neither time, nor money, nor aptitude for

such an undertaking. If the bookseller think well of the work, and believe—*know* he cannot—that it is likely to interest the public, he buys the manuscript, and pays for the paper and printing of a certain number of copies. But the bookseller is perhaps mistaken, and has many copies left on his hands, so that he loses not only his hope of gain, but a portion of the capital he has expended. This experience the bookseller repeats several times; perhaps with the sixth undertaking he may be successful, and thus he may be indemnified for his previous losses. Then comes a second publisher, who, taking no note of the failures, pounces at once upon the popular work, and prints a new edition at a cheaper rate, a thing which he can afford to do, as he has neither previous losses to cover nor author to pay. The original publisher is thus left with half an edition on his shelves, and is afraid to venture on anything else. The author no longer finds a purchaser for his book, but the pirate-publisher, the *liar-in-wait*, pockets what should be his and his publisher's rightful profit. The public, it is true, reap the benefit of the cheaper edition; but can we call him a good householder who eats up his seed-corn?"

The parties more immediately concerned—the authors and publishers—had indeed always considered this piracy to be an evil, and had taken steps for putting a stop to it, immediately after the second peace of Paris. Eighty-one of the principal publishers had held a meeting in the summer of 1814, and had chosen a committee, authorizing it to take such steps as might induce the several governments of Germany, and the impending Congress, to guarantee to authors and publishers the protection of copyright throughout Germany. Cotta and Bertuch had repaired to Vienna, as a deputation, with a memorial drawn up by Kotzebue, and had been favourably received by Metternich and Wessenberg, Hardenberg and Humboldt. The result had been the insertion of the following words in the Bundesact:—

"The Bund shall, at its first meeting, endeavour to devise some measure of general application, by which the rights of authors and publishers may be secured against piratical reprints." As the day of meeting drew nigh, it was thought desirable, in order to secure the fulfilment of this promise, that the statesmen of whom the assembly was to be composed, should be provided with clear and accurate information regarding the bearings of a question half mercantile, half literary, of which they could have little previous knowledge. Urged on all sides, Perthes, in the summer of 1816, drew up a memorial, entitled, "The German Book-trade as a condition of the existence of German Literature," especially calculated by its tone to win over Austria, which, in so far as literature was concerned, had been up to that time estranged from the rest of Germany. This statement Perthes, at the instigation of Schlegel, caused to be printed and distributed.

There were many obstacles in the way of attaining the object which the publishers had in view, arising from the political institutions and police stringency, not only of Austria, but of most of the other states. In order to form an opinion of the existing obstacles, and of the means of removing them, and to gain reliable information respecting the literary wants, tendencies, and objects of the different German states, as well as to form connexions with the most influential statesmen, all which seemed indispensable, it was necessary to have a personal knowledge of the various districts. The extensive acquaintance of Perthes, and the general confidence with which he was regarded, not only by authors and publishers, but by the statesmen of many different governments, seemed to point him out as the person on whom such a mission should naturally devolve; and ever since the spring of 1816, he had entertained the thought of making a tour in South Germany, in pursuance of these objects. He believed that the expenses of the journey, which to one in his

circumstances were by no means inconsiderable, would be balanced by the extension of his own business-connexions, and also by the publication of a new and cheap edition of Stolberg's "History of Religion," in and for Austria, from which he expected to realize a large profit. Urged on all sides to carry out his intention, and assured in confidential letters from the most eminent and influential men, that they regarded it as likely to be fraught with good results, and to be a means of cementing a cordial and fraternal union between the still divided North and South, he resolved to undertake the journey, and accordingly set out for Vienna by Cologne, Frankfort, and Munich, about the middle of July 1816, in company with his son Matthias.

Perthes travelled, without stopping, to Münster, where he meant to stay some days. "It is sad," he writes, "to see the fine chaussée, made by the French with German money and German labour, entirely neglected by the Hanoverian government, the displaced stones are left by the wayside, and in many places between Bremen and Brinkum, for instance, it is impossible to travel by night; yet the tolls are everywhere exacted. Till you approach Osnabrück, the country is dreary and tedious; towards Böhme it is more interesting. Here we drove to see the oak of a thousand years. Its circumference at the base is twenty paces. This giant of antiquity stands towering to the sky, but bears neither bark, branches, nor boughs; on one side only, where a vein of living sap still runs, the trunk is covered with tender green sprouts: a touching sight this monument of grey antiquity, standing like some ancient watch-tower, clothed with clustering ivy. It is a pleasing custom they have here of giving proper names to horses. The horse is a noble and intelligent animal, and quite as deserving of such a distinction as the dog; and when it has a name, it has made some advance towards personality." "Here I am once more in old Münster," he says in another

pleasure of visiting J. Keetmann ! I have also met and conversed with all the men whose names I had set down."

It was at Düsseldorf, and by the light of a fine sunset, that Perthes first saw the Rhine. "The glorious river makes a grand impression," he says ; "it is true that like the Elbe at Hamburg, it flows through a level country. I should not say flows, but *streams* impetuously, for there is a vast difference ; yet the Rhine can never form so beautiful a mirror as the Elbe occasionally does. We have now, my beloved Caroline, the Elbe, the Weser, the Ems, the Ruhr, and soon we shall have the Rhine, too, between us ; but love and devotion recognise no boundaries. Be confident. Your glances into the past, and fearful and hopeful longings, are indeed guarantees for the great future beyond the grave ; yet do not forget that a vigorous grasp of the present is our duty so long as we are upon earth. It is the present moment that supplies the energy and decision which fit us for life. Retrospect brings sadness, and the dark future excites fears, so that we should be crippled in our exertions were we not to lay a vigorous grasp upon the present." It was with deep emotion that at Pempelfort, Perthes looked on the spot, where in bygone times, before the stormy season of the first revolutionary war, Frederick Henry Jacobi had formed the centre of a highly cultivated circle, and had received as his guests, Goethe, Herder, Lavater, Hamann, Schlosser, Heinze, the Princess Gallitzin, and so many others ; and thus in recollections of the past, rather than in observations on the present, the time was spent in Düsseldorf. But the general impression that even the passing traveller almost inevitably receives is not favourable to the inhabitants of this town. "There is an appearance of restlessness and inconstancy in the countenance, bearing, and manners of the people ; their features are not well defined, and they do not look like men whom one would choose as associates in a time of peril."



It was but a hasty visit that Perthes could pay to the literary residents, Kohlrausch, Kortüm, and Delbrück : with Frederick Hoffmann, the merchant, he remained somewhat longer. In his earlier mercantile journeys Hoffmann had been in the habit of everywhere seeking out men animated by earnest religious feeling, and had thus formed an extensive circle of friends—men of the most diverse characters. “I sought out our old friend Hoffmann,” writes Perthes to Caroline. “The peculiar and distinguishing characteristic of this pious and very wise old man, is his enmity to all Churches and ecclesiastical institutions. He maintains that the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, through which medium alone a Church can be constituted, ceased with the third century ; that all endeavours to restore the lost visible Church are ineffectual ; but that, according to the promises of Scripture, a second effusion of the Holy Ghost is sooner or later to be expected, when the Church will be restored, and the present forms of society will be dissolved. I could not help answering, that the Jews had failed to recognise the Redeemer when He came, because they were expecting a worldly lord and a king clad in purple ; and that we too should be on our guard, lest in our anticipation of a glorious and all-conquering manifestation of a *Church*, we should think ourselves justified in overlooking and alighting the present inward working of the power of God.”

“It is difficult to give you any idea of Cologne,” he writes in a letter to Caroline, “for all is so new to us—men, manners, and customs, the city, the houses, and the institutions. We have already seen much that is grand and beautiful, and also much that is comic. Don’t be alarmed at our having become somewhat Catholic : in the Cathedral there was a service against the rain, and at night there were torch-light processions, the priests praying aloud, and were we travellers to keep aloof? As soon as we arrived, we wandered through the city. The streets,

lanes, and alleys, appropriately called *Spargassen*, are strangely intricate and perplexing. Houses of all periods, antiquities of all ages, are here seen side by side ; within a few paces you walk through the history of the old Roman times. The Colognese dwell among the stones and the ruins of fifteen hundred years : they are distinguished by peculiarity of dialect, carriage, and manners. On the street floor most of the houses have only a counting-house or shop ; above are warehouses and large rooms without windows, the frequent dwelling-place of the bat and the owl. But on passing through the ground floor to the back of the house, you find well-built, spacious rooms, in which the family live as quietly as if they were in the country, and which frequently open into large gardens surrounded by venerable walls festooned with ivy and other climbing plants. We saw a number of small houses built against the old Roman city wall, and clustered together in mid air, like swallows' nests. How many generations with their joys and sorrows have passed away with them ! But amid the ruins of the past we were pleasantly reminded of the present by a glass case, protected by wire-work like a parrot's cage, and containing three merry and fine-looking children, which was let down upon us as we passed under a window. These floating children's rooms are hung out of the windows in the sunshine, or when there is anything to be seen.—We went to the cathedral on the day of our arrival though it was already half dark ; our cicerone unceremoniously tapped on the shoulder a very old priest, who was kneeling and praying diligently, and the old man rose at once from his knees, in order to do the honours of the cathedral to us, while the cicerone knelt down in his place and carried on the prayers. To-day we went again for the third time to the cathedral. What honour has been conferred upon man in making him the instrument by which the Spirit of God produces such wonderful works ! It is impossible to write about it. St. Peter's has now recovered the picture of the

Crucifixion of Peter, painted by Rubens, and presented by him to this church in which he was baptized. It was taken to Paris by the French, but I am afraid that the barbarity which did not scruple to tear even this precious legacy from the very altar will soon be forgotten by the inhabitants. This morning, after visiting the Wallraff collection of Colognese antiquities, where I might have learned much if I had known more, we went to the house of Schauberg the bookseller, a very well-informed and highly-cultivated man, and there met several gentlemen. Several hours passed rapidly away in animated conversation ; Catholicism and Protestantism being among the subjects discussed. On my mentioning the incident of the cicerone and the priest, and referring to similar indecencies of daily occurrence in Catholic churches, I was told that it was the office of this priest to show the relics, and that whether praying or not, he must needs be always ready to discharge the functions of his office ; that among Catholics it was the custom to treat God with familiarity, as a father, and thus they could occasionally put Him on one side with childlike confidence, while Protestants who, on the contrary, always make an effort when they pray, must be on ceremony with Him as they would with some stranger of rank. This reminded me of the drunken Catholic peasants who, before they begin to fight, with a similarly confiding spirit, put the crucifix under the table, that the Lord may not be a witness of the scandal !”

On the 31st of July Perthes left Cologne for Godesberg. “While changing horses at Bonn,” he says, “I sought out old Stegmann. The sight of me reminded him of the death of his daughter, our dear Herzfeld, and he wept bitterly ; but we drank to her memory in a glass of old Rhenish wine, and he soon recovered his spirits :—O human nature ! At Bonn the vineyards begin ; the bright green of the foliage gives a colouring to the district, of which we in the north have no idea :

the growth of plants and flowers is, in general, more luxuriant here than with us. Fruit-trees are planted in rows in the corn-fields, and the cherry here aspires pine-like to the skies, while the apple and pear trees spread out like limes. Everybody is dispirited by the incessant rain. I am determined to be cheerful, for the enjoyment of nature was not the object of my journey; yet the farmers have but too much cause for uneasiness. All have failed—corn, grapes, and fruit—and the prospect is dreary enough."

Pertthes reached Coblenz on the 1st of August, and early on the following morning, the anniversary of his wedding, wrote to Caroline:—"You are awake I am sure, and looking towards me as I towards you. We have known fulness of joy in our nineteen years of wedded life, and have also experienced much trouble and sorrow; God be praised for both! I again hold out my hand to you, beloved one, for the years that are yet appointed to us! let us meet them bravely. Matthias is just awake, and he, too, greets his mother. The day is breaking: the dark majestic rock of Ehrenbreitstein rises in the east and hides the sun, which nevertheless casts kindly rays athwart into the valley that winds between the heights, while a thick grey mist is still brooding over the rushing Rhine in the plain beneath."—"This morning," he says in a letter written on the evening of the same day, "I went to Görres.<sup>1</sup> He is a tall, well-made man, energetic and plain-spoken, but withal somewhat affected. The genial spirit and the kindling fancy appear at once. I found him alone; his wife was at the bleaching-field with a great washing; she came in afterwards—a cordial, unaffected, and very amiable woman, with a good, clear intellect. The children were with her—a very pretty girl of fifteen, a frank

<sup>1</sup> J. J. Görres was born at Coblenz in 1776. He was celebrated as a political orator, and was for some time editor of a Journal called "Das Rothe Blatt." He held an eminent place among the politicians of the time. In 1827 he was appointed to the Chair of History in Munich.

lively boy of twelve, whom I would gladly have taken with me, and another little wild girl ; altogether an amiable family, and a well-ordered burgher household, simple and beautifully clean. Everything bears the impress of Görres' strong moral sense : the same cannot be said of all gifted men. At noon we went in company with him and President Meusebach to the Procurator-General Eichhorn, and afterwards Görres and the President accompanied us to Ehrenbreitstein, and, like experienced guides, showed us, through the chinks of the demolished fortress, wonderfully fine glimpses of the vale below. Meusebach was delighted with Matthias, and chased him from rock to rock. This Görres was pleased to call a mere literary predilection for the grandson of Claudius, whom, indeed, the President does not deem sufficiently honoured till his works are printed in grand folio volumes, instead of their present octavo form, or else written in parchment ! Among these antiquarian gentlemen, the value of a book is determined by the antiquity of the form, by the type, and the binding. The evening was spent in cheerful society at Görres' house."

In order to speak with Baron von Stein, Perthes chose the route by Ems and Wiesbaden. "On leaving Ems," he writes, "you see on a hill that rises before you the ruins of the castle that was the cradle of the Nassau race, and beneath, raised upon a rocky eminence, the remains of the castle of Stein. In the valley below, the Lahn winds its way through charming meadow lands, and in a narrow bend of the stream lies the little town of Nassau, and near it Stein's present castle. I sent in my name, and was received by him in a very friendly manner, and recognised as an old acquaintance, on account of our meeting here in December 1813. He requested me to sit down. 'You are going to Vienna? What do you want there? What do you want with me?' were his first questions. Assuredly, he who did *not* know precisely what he wanted with Stein, would very quickly find himself

outside of the door. I explained my views and intentions in a few words, and he went into the whole affair at once, heart and soul. He then asked me about the Hanse-towns, and whether any fresh blood had found its way into the Hamburgh Senate;—the perukes he had once seen there had made no pleasing impression. He agreed with me in my observations on the Rhenish provinces, but he cherished a hope that they would gradually grow into the Prussian kingdom. Great mistakes, he said, had indeed been made by the superior Prussian authorities through indecision and vacillation, but the government was working for good, and the chief authorities in the provinces were, without exception, men of sense and integrity, and thoroughly German, while the majority of them were also able and active. Görres, he said, was a genius, a learned and upright man, but he would not listen to counsel, though the Chancellor had done his utmost to keep him within bounds; finally, that both in and out of Prussia there were blunders and evils; so it had ever been, and so it would be to the end of the world. ‘Nevertheless, even in Frankfort,’ he added, ‘you will see that good also is in store for Germany, and, therefore, for Europe; for the present conservators of freedom—the English—will hardly continue so much longer.’ Stein invited me to dinner, and on my refusal, accompanied me to the door, in order to show me a stone tower, in process of erection. On my saying, ‘That will be a Zwing-Uri, not *against* the people, but *for* them,’ he laughed heartily, and shook my hand, and thus I left a man who, after a world-wide experience, is yet open to every new impression; and who, though so many of his schemes have foundered, and though he has been so often compelled by the will of the Prince or by an unfavourable majority in the Council, to withdraw his plans for the progress of the people, is still full of hope. We got on afterwards as far as Wiesbaden, and this morning, August the 4th, arrived in Frankfort.”

## CHAPTER XX.

JOURNEY TO VIENNA BY HEIDELBERG AND STUTTGART.

4TH AUGUST TO 8TH OCTOBER 1816.

AT Frankfort, Perthes found letters informing him of the sudden and serious illness of Caroline. He had resolved on a hasty return, when, in a letter from Caroline herself, he was assured that all danger was over. "How can I thank you for your letters," she wrote, "and for the lively enjoyment that they afford me? If I were not altogether yours, I would now give myself to you anew. You cannot conceive how thankful I am. To-day I have another letter, while I am still enjoying those from Cologne and Coblenz. They are living pictures of your inner life, and of all that you are seeing and doing, and are inexpressibly dear to me. Often I can scarcely persuade myself that it is only a narrative, it is so exactly as if I were present at all you describe. Rubens' picture of Peter hangs before me day and night, and yet it is too terribly beautiful to have always before my eyes. I am also most thankful to God for keeping you so well, after so many years of wearing labour."

His mind set at rest by this letter, Perthes could now surrender himself without anxiety to the manifold impressions of Frankfort life. "I did not find one of my personal friends here on my arrival," he says, "and was consequently obliged to make my own way; and first I sought out Frederick Schlegel,

whom, notwithstanding our long correspondence, I had never seen. He is a fat, round man, with very bright eyes, which nevertheless look coldly out: he has shortness in his manner, which you may call straightforwardness if you will. He gave me a very friendly reception, and yet I did not feel myself constrained to open my heart to him. I passed the evening at his house in company with Buchholz; you remember this accomplished, amiable southron of 1813. Frau von Schlegel made a very favourable impression on me. She may, indeed, have passed through a hard apprenticeship; but she seems to me to have won the victory, and appears to be an unassuming, sensible woman. Canon Helfrich, the well-known papal orator at the Congress of Vienna, was also there; a lively, talented, and open-hearted man, who won my confidence. The conversation soon turned on the important subjects shortly to be discussed at the Bund, and I learned how to look at them from the Catholic point of view. 'Things have come to such a pass,' said Helfrich, 'that there is more union of sentiment among Protestant divines in Church matters than among Catholics.' On my asking how an independent Catholic Church unity could be upheld in Germany, in the face of Protestantism, I saw that the restoration of a *Corpus Evangelicorum*<sup>1</sup> was already forming matter for discussion, though from different points of view. To such a *political corpus* in itself the Catholic politicians do not appear to object, only they would have it placed under the presidency of Saxony, as in the time of the Empire: but being all aware that this is no longer possible, and that Prussia would now be at its head, they are opposed to its revival. In general, the claims of Protestants and Jews are regarded by Roman Catholics as precisely on the same footing; even to the latter, Schlegel would have all civil rights conceded excepting only that of sitting in the representative assemblies. 'You Protes-

<sup>1</sup> A union of all Christians, who could unite on a broad evangelical basis.



tants stand outside the Church, as well as the Jews,' said he to me, 'and so have no right to speak against them!'—How different, in spite of all the external unity of Catholicism, are the Catholicisms of Münster, Coblenz, and Frankfort! Here, in this very intellectual circle, the dread of Protestant influence is in the ascendant.

Among those who were accounted the most zealous Protestants, Perthes found almost as much to dissent from as among the Catholic circles of Frankfort. "I shall name first the Senator, J. F. von Meyer," he writes, "the same who, under the signature Imo, wrote the criticisms in the Heidelberg Annual, on Jacobi, Goethe, and Claudius, which so much charmed us. I met him with feelings of respectful anticipation, but quickly found myself repelled, and in a few minutes involved in violent argument. You see at once that he is a man of talent and weight; but he is ever ready to do battle for petty points of controversy, in support of which he has an infinite number of texts at his fingers' ends. He is undoubtedly a man of piety, and full of genuine humility towards God; but what he says, he says in the name of God, and carries it very proudly towards men. To him Rome is Antichrist, and Stolberg a cast-away, who does not know what the grace of God is; every other Christian community is good only when compared with Rome,—in other respects, they have only the external form of Christianity."

Wilhelm von Humboldt, an old personal acquaintance, received Perthes with great cordiality, and took up the book-trade question with zeal. After an afternoon passed in his family circle, in company with the Secretary of Legation, Count Flemming, and Von Bülow, Perthes wrote, "There is a wonderful atmosphere about a really great man; nowhere do we feel so much at home; nowhere does one feel so free and happy. Through all the light play of conversation, in which

he takes quite an equal share with his wife—the real, actual greatness of Wilhelm von Humboldt comes out, and I am confirmed in my old opinion, so often laughed at, that under an ice-cold exterior, and a keen-edged sarcasm, this man conceals deep and warm feelings, and a lively interest in Germany.”

At the end of a week Perthes prepared to leave Frankfort. “I am,” he wrote, “so thoroughly tired of eating and drinking, of speaking and hearing, and of the exuberance of talent and wit which I have here encountered, that although there are still several influential men I would fain see, I have determined to depart. I have received letters of all kinds for Vienna. Schlegel, whom I met this morning at breakfast at Smidt’s, asked me, on my conscience, whether I was not a Freemason, or a member of some other secret society; and when I said I was not, he commended me to the Director of the Police at Vienna, Councillor von Ohms. And now for the southern Tetrarchy—Darmstadt, Baden, Würtemberg, and Bavaria.”

As he left Frankfort on the 12th of August at noon, Perthes cast a last look, from the Sachsenhäuser Tower, across the broad plain, dotted with innumerable towns and villages, watered by the silver stream, and stretching itself in luxuriant fertility at the foot of the Taunus range. “It is from this point,” he says, “that one first learns to appreciate the splendid situation of Frankfort. How many memories of former times, and of its grand old history, are awakened as one looks upon the outspread city; and how many conflicting efforts in which the welfare of Germany and of Europe are involved, are now mutually clashing there! Immediately on leaving the Sachsenhäuser Tower, you are in the Darmstadt territory, which is like a piece of patchwork. The little place seems to have been bent on great things, for the gates are a mile and a half from the capital. But though the greatness is yet unachieved, things seem in good order, and much has been done to promote science and litera-

ture. I went to Leske the bookseller, and asked him if he could tell me where Claudius had formerly lived. 'Here, in this room,' he replied. 'My house was the printing-office of the journal which was begun, under the superintendence of Claudius, for the benefit of the invalids.' Late in the evening I saw the house again. The moon shone brightly, and I thought of the little Caroline who had played here so many years ago. On the well-known Bergstrasse between Darmstadt and Heidelberg, we were met by large parties of emigrants, whom a characteristic restlessness drives from this earthly paradise to the barren steppes of Russia. On the other hand, what numbers of peasants from the Breisgau<sup>1</sup> flock hither for the harvest! We encountered a large party of these reapers talking a simple Hebel<sup>2</sup> language. The girls, with their pretty faces, short petticoats, and short morals, were quite on simple Old Testament terms with the lads who accompanied them. The Heidelberg students who find their way into this Canaan must have a hard time of it."

At Heidelberg, Perthes passed three days full of interest and instruction. On the day after his arrival he visited his old acquaintance Voss, anxious to know his manner of bearing himself in his altered circumstances. "Voss has a healthy look," he writes, "and what was decaying in him has passed into the tough; but Ernestine is much weaker, and looks as if she had not long to live. I received a kind and friendly welcome from both, and a cordial greeting for you. The old man took me into his garden, and was very amiable among the flowers. At first he spoke patriarchal *Luisisms*<sup>3</sup> about God's beautiful nature, about flowers and plants, old times and simple-hearted men; and then, suddenly, at the mention of Fouqué's name, gave expression to a spirit of hatred which I was really terrified to

<sup>1</sup> A district of Baden, in which wooden clocks and toys are made.

<sup>2</sup> So called from Hebel, a writer of great naïveté and simplicity.

<sup>3</sup> Voss had, in his youth, written a sentimental Idyl, called "Luise." Vide p. 69.

see in the old man. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'that Fouqué, who has misled the whole crew of booby priests and aristocrats, is seeking to make Catholics of them, as he has done of Stolberg!' He next inveighed furiously against the worthless spirit of the Mecklenburghers and Holsteiners; then attacked Claudius, and said, it was his intention to publish an edition of the 'Wandsbeck Messenger,' in which all the priestly legends should be expunged, which, he said, had been the suggestion of the dark spirit of superstition. I was silent for a while; but to this last sally I replied, that I, on the contrary, was thinking of publishing a new edition of Stolberg's 'History of Religion,' to the extent of several thousand copies, believing that I should have cause to congratulate myself on the speculation, not only as a matter of business, but as one that was likely to have a great and good influence throughout the whole of Catholic Germany. Upon this the old man said, that he had read nothing of Stolberg's since his apostasy. I then endeavoured to turn the conversation, for I do not willingly speak of Catholics, or of the Catholic Church, except with those who have themselves received the faith of Christ in all humility. With such persons we can contemplate, from a firm and intelligible stand-point, the various forms in which the spirit of Christianity has expressed itself; but with a man who is ever revolving in the circle of his own self-constructed religious system, it is nothing but idle or passionate disputation. After dinner, Voss went with me alone into the garden; he hastily ran over a string of names, adding to each some epithet, such as 'sneaking fellow, mischief-making traitor, scoundrel,' &c. At last, I got up and ran away. I would not answer the worthy old man as he deserved, and yet felt that I ought not to be silent. Believe me, in spite of all the domestic spirit and garden joys which are visible here, there reigns in this house a spirit of hatred that has surprised and deeply pained me.

“In an hour we leave for Stuttgart. Notwithstanding all this wonderful beauty of scenery, I am oppressed and dispirited. There are few here who recognise in their lives, fewer still in their words, the mystery of love in its uniting and saving energy—the point to which the inexhaustible goodness of God is ever leading us back. The moral nature becomes rank through licence, and the spirit hardened; and although there are many who have escaped the snares of sensuality, there are few who have been delivered from those of pride. Here, in this earthly paradise, grief and dejection have overtaken me. To-night we put up at Heilbronn.”

From Stuttgart, where he remained from the 18th to the 20th of August, Perthes continues his narrative:—“I passed a night of the wildest fever-fancies at Heilbronn; body and mind were both over-excited by personal fatigue and by speaking and hearing; the experience gained at Heidelberg, too, had impressed me deeply. But the fresh and glorious morning chased away the spectres of the night, and, refreshed in spirit, we drove through the valley of the Neckar. Cotta drove us to see the fine environs, and with this remarkable man, in whom the greatest contradictions meet, I passed the evening. On Sunday I dined at his house with a small circle of very interesting men, among whom was Wangenheim, whom I had known long ago at Gotha, as a wild youth. Yesterday afternoon and this morning I spent in calling on many distinguished people. This country is truly in an extraordinary and perilous situation. Its princes are possessed of a kind of heathen greatness—wicked and powerful; just such as men in the olden times required as rulers, in order to keep them quiet. As to personal affection for the king, that is not to be thought of. A Stuttgarter said to me with evident pride, ‘Our Princes have always been wicked fellows, and have deserved to occupy even higher thrones!’ The people of Württemberg are proud of the vastness of their palaces,

the magnificence of their gardens, the beauty of their theatre, and of their model highways. They are proud that their king should have better horses and dogs than any other king; that he is the best *shot* known, and that what he wills, he accomplishes in spite of any amount of opposition from his subjects. Every Stuttgarter knows, and makes no secret of it, that the wildest beast in the whole menagerie of kings has fallen to his share. Freedom of speech is at the same time so unlimited, that I could not write the half of what was told me openly close under the palace windows. Order reigns supreme; the ministers appear to be honourable men, and are so situated as to be kept out of the range of popular hatred, the burden of which the king takes pleasure in keeping to himself, by a series of offensive and tyrannical enactments. In vigorous and determined opposition to this powerful prince, stand the Constitutionalists, regarding the voice of the country as the voice of God, and looking neither to right nor left; while between them, the world, with its selfishness, its corrupt principles, and its interested views, plays a cunning and wicked game."

On the 20th of August Perthes left Stuttgart, and travelled by way of Esslingen, Geislingen, and Ulm, to Augsburg. In spite of the hurried journey, he found abundance of material for observation among a country and a people, which, to a North German, were foreign. He halted for a few days at Augsburg, attracted by the social life of this old, art-loving, imperial city. "Augsburg," he writes to Caroline, "is a large and handsome town, but it does not impress one with the idea of antiquity. There is not a single public building, and but few private houses, that date from our great architectural era. Centuries of prosperity have enabled the inhabitants to renovate their dwellings according to the fashions of the day. It is within the houses and in the mode of conducting business that we find the family

manners and customs of ancient artistic Augsburg. I am much mistaken if we are not here among a spirited and determined population, hard to bend or to break: we find here 'originals' in character and even wild eccentricities. At the present time, a vast traffic is carried on, and many factories are in full operation. Works of art in silver and other materials are still objects of desire with the burghers; and yet there are tokens of decay. Such a life, so prodigal of labour, energy, and invention, can only be sustained in these days by men possessed of civil and political freedom. The good people of Augsburg firmly believe that, on his accession, the Crown Prince will again declare their town and Nuremberg to be free cities." "The present state of the literary traffic here," he says in another letter, "is really extraordinary, and it has been at the expense of much labour and fatigue that I have got a glimpse of it. I shall write the details to Besser."<sup>1</sup>

The journey from Augsburg to Munich offered little that was attractive in natural scenery; but the Sunday brought out the peasants in all the picturesque variety of their singular but grotesque costume, richly adorned with silver lace, buttons, and coins. "They may be at once distinguished from the Swabians," wrote Perthes. "These are stout, cheerful fellows, well-fed, and vigorous; in Swabia, the men have a downcast, oppressed look, and are often thin, sallow, and ill-shaped."—On the 25th of August he reached Munich, and went straight to Jacobi. "He received us as if we had been his children, and with the feelings of a child I embraced the dear old man. In appearance he is little altered, and his health is quite as good as can be expected at his age, especially for one so delicately organized, and of so susceptible a temperament. In conversation, when only two or three are present, there is the same power as ever, the same

<sup>1</sup> The professional experiences and results of the tour are omitted, as not likely to interest the general reader.

clearness and readiness of mind, but for general society he is dead ; being somewhat deaf, he does not follow a conversation quickly. If possible, he is even more affectionate and cordial than ever, and he bears his altered and now narrow circumstances with the composure of a wise man ; it was only when he referred to the pension that he had lately been obliged to ask of the king for his sisters that his voice failed and the tears came into his eyes. He still takes the liveliest interest in public affairs, and carefully watches the progress of events. He listened to my account of the death of his friend (Claudius) at Hamburg, and seems to dwell with interest and thoughtfulness on this last event in human life, but yet without seeing further into Christianity than he did ten years ago.

"I have seen few *things* in Munich, because I felt that my time belonged to Jacobi ; but the Picture Gallery has great attractions. For some time I was perplexed, till from the mass of the great and beautiful, I was able to fix on something definite : the contrasts are too strong. With wonderful power has Rubens penetrated into the dark side of human nature, and with equal power has he exhibited it. His drunken Silenus is a horrible compound of devil and sow ; the woman just falling into hell, and still reeking with lust and passion—the torments of the damned portrayed in her countenance—is not less horrible than the principal figure in the same picture, a bloated glutton. Gluttony and the dread of future hunger are both depicted in his face, the latter somewhat diminished by the consciousness of having a temporary resource in his own fat. The evil that is in man is as truly represented by Rubens as man's heavenward aspirations and pure affections are by Guido Reni and Raphael. Man is in both : we feel, and are conscious of the contradiction that we carry within us, at other times and in other places, but here we see it in pictures—it becomes visible to itself. It was strange to see again the pictures that



were in the former Düsseldorf Gallery, and which I had helped Tischbein to take, one by one, out of a chest in a barn at Glückstadt." "Matthias shall have special thanks to-day," replies Caroline, "for his descriptions of nature, which really did me good, after you had frightened me with Rubens' dreadful picture. I hold it to be sinful and wrong to pervert such a divine gift as Rubens had received to such corrupt and monstrous uses. I rejoice over one who has passed through life without having known, seen, imagined, or been susceptible of such abominations. How dare a man, by the medium of pictures, realize to better and purer souls, who dream not of them, things which are the disgrace and brand of humanity? In a word, I hate such pictures, in spite of all the art with which they may be painted. It is a black art. Matthias should not paint such pictures if he could; I glory in God's work—Nature; she comes from Him and leads to Him, and happy is he who has it in his power to look upon these works as you have done. Dear Matthias, fill your soul with *such* pictures, and let them live there till you have learned to draw nigh to your Creator in another and higher way: bring back to me all that you can apprehend and can communicate—I long for it."

"I have again spent some hours with Jacobi," wrote Perthes immediately before his departure from Munich; "he took me into his room alone, and spoke of many things, and his voice was often tremulous: he was always beginning the conversation afresh, and I could see plainly that he dreaded the parting moment. He felt, as I did, that in this life we shall never meet again."

And now that Perthes was entering on the hitherto unknown world of the Alps, he forgot kingdoms, literature, and the book-trade, and surrendered himself with all the freshness and joy which were peculiar to him, to the overpowering impressions of that glorious region. He passed some days at Salzburg,

and visited Berchtholdsgaden, the Königsee, the Eiscapelle, and the saltworks of Hallein. In spite of these demands on his physical strength, he preserved sufficient elasticity of spirit to write to Caroline late in the evening, and to convey to her living and graphic pictures of the sublime Alpine world. But the human element in man never, even amid such scenery, lost its attractive and abiding interest for Perthes—"I have," he says, "seen many men, and men of all kinds, in my long journey from Hamburg hither; and my love for man is in no wise diminished. I have found far more intelligence, ability, and uprightness, and far less outward immorality than I expected. If only we meet men with confidence, and are not repelled by differences of manner, and peculiar modes of viewing things, we everywhere feel how nearly related the individuals of our race are to one another. I have felt in some degree at home even in the rigidly Catholic countries, and have seen much that is attractive there. How touching, for instance, was it to see in one of the churches at Augsburg, the childlike thought of a whole row of little chapels, each devoted to special prayers, suited to different circumstances—first a marriage chapel, where, under garlands and orange-flowers, bride and bridegroom come to be united; then a chapel to the Virgin Mother, to entreat her blessing on the marriage; a third, in which maidens pray for good husbands, and a fourth set apart for parents whose darlings are sick or dying. In the Salzburg district you see a crucifix at the summit of every declivity, and a crucifix or an image of the Virgin on every bridge; and the driver never passes any of these symbols without a grateful reverence and a friendly look. After all, the people of Cologne were not far wrong when they talked about the Sunday-God of the Protestants and the family-God of the Catholics, to whom they can resort on work-days and in all the petty circumstances of life." To this Caroline replied—"The little chapels for prayer interest

me, but, nevertheless, dear Perthes, you are very unjust to Protestantism. I can tell you, as before God, that I have many little chapels in my heart, to which I resort in time of need, although not so fervently or so purely as I ought and as I could wish. At present, the chapel of thank-offering takes up most of my time, and you must retract what you said of the Catholics being more familiar with God than we, and of our making a rush to Him only on Sundays."

The character of the South German, as he saw it at Salzburg, struck Perthes forcibly. "At the *tables-d'hôte*," he says, "I met chiefly officers and employés. Everywhere I found good common sense, expressing itself clearly and decidedly on all the circumstances of life, without exaggeration and without losing itself in vague generalities. Learned or book-borrowed phraseology you never hear. Cheerfulness and gaiety prevail unchecked. The different dialects, with their simple hearty accents, suit all this. To many travellers this appears tiresome, unpolished, and insipid; some, in the pride of their refinement, have thought themselves justified in animadverting on this simplicity of manners, and have, for the most part, been answered as they deserved. I have often found the people draw back suspiciously from the North German, leaving him to himself, as though all belonged to the class of commercial travellers with whom they are most familiar, and who are indeed often very ignorant as well as unblushingly immoral in their talk. For myself, I have everywhere found the South German easy of access. If you ask about the inner man, I must say that, here as elsewhere, we find self-sufficiency and arrogance; and here as elsewhere, one is forced to admire the wisdom that planned the world, and is ever renewing it by means of children, and the love they bring with them—restoring men when their faith in their own wisdom is at the strongest to the simplicity of childhood, and placing marrying and giving in mar-

riage in the middle. We walked for a while in the churchyard here, and read inscriptions. They are, in general, very singular, and many of them provoke a smile ; but there are no flowery, fantastic, or sentimental phrases, and no heathen philosophy ; all is from the heart, and expressive of a firm faith in the mercy of God. There is much love and goodwill in our people, and where the materials are still, or I should rather say, *already* so good, the right political form will surely not be long wanting, if we would but try to work in existing forms, however unfitted they may be, and—satisfied with a gradual development—not insist on having everything ready-made.”

It was with no small regret that, on the 3d of September, Perthes took leave of the Alpa. “ We travelled through a fine and pleasing district, but our hearts and minds were closed, and, like one who sighs for his home, we often turned to look for the splendour we had left behind, till at length even the last of the Salzburg hills had vanished from our eyes. At night we reached the Austrian frontier, and were harshly wakened from our soft slumbers by the officials on duty. The officer, roused out of his sleep, asked sternly, ‘ Is the business then so urgent that people are obliged to travel by night ? ’ But on my replying politely that the explanation of my business would only detain him the longer from his bed, he looked at the passport, and muttered, ‘ Drive on—but at Lambach you must stop for the night.’ In some anxiety as to the reception that might await us, we drove on, and stopped at Lambach, in front of a large building. The postilion unharnessed his horses, called out, ‘ This is the custom-house,’ and rode away. The question now was, whether we should patiently wait for daybreak in our carriage, or knock up the custom-house authorities. At last I took courage and knocked, and soon an old soldier with a lantern in his hand came out, and said, ‘ Follow me.’ He brought me into a large hall, where there were at least twenty desks,

went into a side-room and returned immediately, bringing two large wax-candles, and followed by a man of very gentlemanly appearance, in snow-white under garments, who very politely asked to see my papers. The soldier again said, 'Follow me.' We went to the carriage, and he searched the pockets—'Cards, maps, and schnapps, the rest only dirty linen.' For the third time the old man said, 'Follow me;' and reported at the bureau, 'The gentlemen have all in order.' Thus satisfied, the officer bowed, returned my papers, and said, 'All right,' and disappeared. The old soldier procured horses, took a two-guilder token, and at the end of an hour we drove free from these mighty perils."

They arrived at Vienna on the 5th of September. "I soon felt quite at home here," says Perthes in his first letter. "In the midst of so many people and of so much activity, a man soon finds freedom of life and action for himself. I feel uncomfortable and ill at ease only in a place where I am conscious of being observed, and where I am liable to come in contact with individuals of peculiar and different characters, who have as yet given no intimation whether they are friendly or hostile—however, this does not apply to Vienna. Here the stranger sees neither officers, orders, signs of rank, nor official costume in the streets or public walks—at the *tables-d'hôte*, or in the theatres. He sees no *individuals*, but everywhere Viennese, all seeming to be on equal terms, and none allowing himself to be disturbed in his ways and enjoyments by a third party, or even recognising the existence of such a third party. In Vienna the stranger observes only life and pleasure, not the living and the pleasure-loving; all is freedom and equality, as these are to be found only in great cities." In the Austrian capital there was so much to be seen and done, so many persons to be visited, that the time till late at night was fully occupied; and, not to speak of the danger incurred by committing

everything to paper in Vienna, it was impossible for Perthes to record the impressions received there and to continue his journal-like letters to Caroline : a jotting down of names was, in general, all that he could find time for. Even of his audience of the Archduke John, his dinners with Gentz, his visit to Collin, where he saw the young Napoleon, and of his frequent meetings with Hammer, Baron Stahel, Stift, and other eminent men, we find mere passing notices, but the general impression made on him by Vienna life appears in all his letters. Many questions were there debated, on which Perthes was already well informed, but the religious movements of a small yet decidedly Catholic circle in Vienna, touched and interested him most deeply.

The interview with Father Hoffbauer, of the Redemptorists, to whom his attention had long been directed, had great interest for Perthes. "To-day," he writes on the 18th of September, "after many ineffectual attempts, I succeeded in meeting Father Hoffbauer. I found him in a large gloomy saloon, whose very windows were converted into small latticed chambers, within which young ecclesiastics were sitting, some reading, some writing. During my visit one of them came forward, and took a slice of bread and butter out of a safe attached to one of the pillars. Hoffbauer seated himself by me in the centre of the room ; he is over seventy, and small of stature, but vigorous and smart. He has not the usual downcast look of a Catholic priest : his eye is full of fire, and his glance keen and steady, with great variety of expression ; yet withal there is a repose of countenance that one can only call heavenly. Hoffbauer began the conversation with great politeness, by speaking of common friends ; then, of my youth and manner of education. From Claudius he passed to F. L. Stolberg and his joining the Catholic Church. He soon won my heart, and I talked quite freely of Stolberg and his connexion with the Prin-

cess Gallitzin, whom I spoke of as my motherly friend, and said that, considering Stolberg's peculiar temperament, and the state of the Protestant Church at the time he left it, with reference both to doctrine and practice, I regarded this step, not only as natural and intelligible, but almost as inevitable. When, however, I perceived the impression that my words had made, and found that they were received as having immediate reference to my own position, I immediately added, in order to set the worthy old man right, 'Had I been born and brought up in the Catholic Church, I should have remained in it ; or were I now to be transplanted to some land where there is no Protestant congregation, I should, if obliged to remain there, join the Catholics ; and even, in the event of the present Protestant Neology getting the upper hand, and becoming generally acknowledged in the Protestant congregations, I would, in order to secure Christian communion for my children, follow Stolberg's example. But this, I said, will never happen, and such a step is nowise necessary for the salvation of my soul, inasmuch as consciousness of sin, the necessity and certainty of redemption through Jesus Christ, humility, faith, and walking with God, are entirely independent of adhesion to the Catholic Church ; while the passing over of individual believers from one church to another, except in very peculiar circumstances, might be an anticipation of the Lord's purposes, and an obstacle to the future union of all Christians as one flock. The Catholic Church has already given way in many matters of form ; the Protestants will also have much to retract, and the course of time must and will again unite them.' While I was speaking, Hoffbauer regarded me steadily but calmly, then grasped my hand, and said, 'I, too, believe in an invisible church ; I will pray for you, that you fall not into temptation. And now let us talk on without disturbing the explanation which you have just given.' We then spoke of the Reformation, and Hoffbauer said, 'Since I have

been enabled, as Apostolic Nuncio, to compare the religious position of the Catholics in Poland with that of the Protestants in Germany, I am convinced that the apostasy from the Church arose from the need which the Germans felt, and still feel, of genuine piety. The Reformation was propagated and upheld not by heretics and philosophers, but by men who were seeking a religion for the heart. I have said this at Rome to the Pope and Cardinals, but they would not believe me, and will have it that it was enmity to all religion of whatsoever kind that brought about the Reformation.' Hoffbauer then listened to much that I had to tell him about the religious and ecclesiastical condition of North Germany, and, on my departure, the gentle and pious old man extended his hand to me with his blessing."

A young Catholic priest, named Hörni, who, on the death of Claudius, had written to Perthes a letter full of respect and sympathy, made, indeed, a different but not less interesting impression. "This morning," he says to Caroline, "a young man in the dress of an ecclesiastic entered my room, and approached me with great respect. It was Hörni, whose letter written on the occasion of your father's death you will remember. He entered on his family history, explained to me his personal circumstances, and the course of his education, in a very amiable and intelligent way. 'I too, like most of my associates,' he said, 'was a victim to the religious free-thinking that prevailed in Austria under Joseph the Second; but my truant soul was led back to the way of truth and grace by the writings of Claudius. How wonderfully great he was! In the hottest of the battle waged throughout Germany, Protestant as well as Catholic, against all revealed religion, he clung but the more closely to the Lord Jesus Christ, and when all the so-called philosophers of Germany were perverted by the prevailing systems, he remained unmoved, and recognised the delusive enchantment, when at its culminating point, to be what it really



was—a dazzling nonentity. His wisdom was, indeed, too little like that of this world, to be acceptable to the children of this world. His contemporaries did not understand his lofty simplicity, and esteemed it lightly; they spent their energies spinning cobwebs, and seeking out many devices, and only went the further astray. For my own part, I shall be thankful as long as I live, that the wisdom of the single-minded Wandsbeck Messenger was revealed to me in its height and in its depth.' Hörni then asked me for further particulars of your father's last hours. 'For though,' said he, 'it is possible that, in the death-agony Claudius may not have had the power of expressing what the soul experienced in prospect of approaching union with its Friend and Redeemer, I believe that after such a uniform and singularly Christian life, his death must have been beautiful, and that the consolation poured into his soul by the Redeemer must have been evident to the happy witnesses of his passage "to the land of life and truth."' On taking leave he asked me for a picture of Claudius. 'It does a wrestling man good,' he said, 'to be constantly surrounded by tried wrestlers; evil thoughts are put to flight when the eye falls on the portrait of one in whose living presence one would have blushed to own them.' All that Hörni said bore the impress of truth, and of pious conviction. The intelligence with which he spoke indicated great accomplishments; his manner of speaking is fluent and pure, such, indeed, as you seldom meet with here, even among people of rank and learning. Next to the Drostes at Münster, he appears to me to be the deepest and most assured Catholic I have ever met, deeper and better grounded assuredly than any of the champions of Catholicism that I am acquainted with."

Towards the end of September, Perthes had brought to a close the arrangements preparatory to entering into literary undertakings in Austria; and, delighted with the fruitful weeks and the confidence that he had enjoyed in Vienna, he took his departure

from that city on the 22d of the month. After a hurried journey, and a halt of four days in Nuremberg, he found himself on the morning of the 2d October in the neighbourhood of Blankenburg in the Thuringian forest, and within a few leagues of Schwarzburg, the home of his childhood. The heavy rains of the last month had swept away the bridge over the forest-brook between the village of Schwarza and the little town of Blankenburg. Perthes, well acquainted with all the footpaths, ordered the postilion to drive round by the stone bridge while he with his son walked in the direction of the paper-mill, where he knew that a lofty narrow footbridge was thrown over the stream; but this also had been carried away, and in its place two trunks of trees had been laid from shore to shore. As they were setting foot on these, a bystander suggested that there was danger in venturing to cross on so narrow a ledge. They went forward, however, without hesitation, both having risked far more perilous paths in Salzburg. The Schwarza swollen to a torrent rushed rapidly beneath them: they were within two paces of the opposite bank, when Matthias, who was foremost, called out, "Hold me, I am falling!" Perthes seized his son by the collar, and was instantly precipitated with him into the water. He soon regained his feet, but both were again carried away by the impetuous stream. Once Perthes rose to the surface and cried, "Don't lose your presence of mind,"—then immediately sank. Wife and children for a moment flashed across his mind, and then all consciousness left him. Both were being swept rapidly along towards the wheel of a saw-mill about two hundred paces distant, but when within a few yards of this, Perthes was vigorously grasped by the left arm, and slowly dragged to the shore. In the struggle for life he had kept convulsive hold of his son, by the right hand, and now, quite unconsciously, dragged him to the bank. The stranger who had warned them of the danger—Stahl, the owner of the

paper-mill—when he saw them precipitated into the torrent, had hastened over the narrow bridge and along the bank to a shallow which extended far into the Schwarza. Here, up to the middle in water, he waited, seized the floating body as it passed, and while expecting to save only one from certain death, found he had saved two. In the warm drying-room of the paper-mill the rescued father and son speedily recovered under the treatment of a surgeon who happened fortunately to be on the spot. They then hastened to Schwarzburg, where, well heated by a rapid walk, they arrived towards evening. The hand of death had been upon them, but had left no marks of his having been so near.

Amid the scenes of his childhood—cherished and affectionately cared for as if he had been still a child, by the old Colonel, the old Master of the horse, and the old Aunt Caroline—Perthes sought a few days' repose after the excitement of the two preceding months. Then, after a short stay in Gotha, he hastened back to Hamburg by way of Göttingen and Hanover. He reached home on the 8th of October, and found Caroline, whose health had often been a source of anxiety to him during his absence, stronger than he had left her.

## CHAPTER XXI.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS—REPRESENTATION AND THE NOBILITY—  
DEMOCRACY—GREECE—THE HOLY ALLIANCE.—1819-22.

THE public mind, agitated by the absorbing interest of great general subjects, was little attracted to individual political questions, such as the organization of the public service, taxation, the law-courts, and the police. The mercantile world, however, had been considering the relation between paper-money and that which it represents, as also the compatibility of the custom-house system with a prosperous commerce. In the hope of gaining information for himself and others on the perplexing subject of the currency, Perthes had already, in 1817, applied to Gentz at Vienna. Gentz replied, "The monetary question, from its complications, is not a popular one; and to treat it in clear and precise language, is above all things necessary. No one in Germany has yet done so with success. A single chapter in the style of Adam Smith is worth more than a hundred volumes of fantastical and mystic writing, like Adam Müller's, in his 'Theory of Money.'"

But questions regarding the representative assemblies, and the nobility, were of far deeper interest to the public than those connected with trade. Representative assemblies were indeed ardently desired, but only in the general. The infinite difficulties connected with their realization in the present circumstances of Germany, were perceived only in very few circles.

It had become a generally received maxim, that the voice of the majority should be law. In opposition to this view, Falk had written from Kiel, as long ago as the year 1817: "Nothing is more dangerous than a delusion which prevents men from recognising any higher law than their own will, and justifies every folly for which a decision of the majority can be shown. *Major pars meliorem vincit*, says Livy, and the old saying is true yet. If, indeed, there exist in any society no higher ground of decision than the will of the majority, its first effort should be to create a law for restraining individual will."

Perthes himself entertained no doubt that if the majority were to rule, the government would fall into the hands of those whose proper function is to obey. This he says very decidedly in a letter of the 4th March 1821:—"It will be long before we attain to constitutional order; and the hindrances lie rather in the liberal than in the monarchical party. We must again be subjected to a despotism; but this time the despot will be a *majority*. If Chambers be established as in France, or Cortes as in Spain and Portugal, the State and all that belongs to it become a prey to party leaders whose cry is popular opinion. Already passion rages wildly in these countries, as at the era of the French Revolution, and the representative system opposes only one barrier to the invading deluge, namely, the majority of votes. Do you really believe that men politically opposed, instruct or convert each other by argument? Never! Each adheres but the more closely to his opinion and party. The representatives of the people are therefore but counters; and, according as they have been won by gold, fear, intrigue, or some other means, we can tell beforehand how they will vote: all the fine speeches about the welfare of the state are but spoken into the air, and leave no trace behind. Our forefathers in Hamburgh well knew that most hideous tyrant the majority, and sought to

break its power by voting not individually, but by the five parishes. Unless remedies of this kind, or, at least, to the like effect be found out, we shall be slaves to the multitude, or rather to the miscreants who lead and beguile them. That liberalism is advancing towards a decided, if only a temporary, victory over monarchy, I cannot for a moment doubt. The people will however soon discover that to be politically free, and to have no king, or a weak one, are two very different things. When once liberalism has attained its objects, that is, a king who is but a cipher, and a majority which, under the name of Chambers, acts the despot, then the struggle will begin; blood, death, and utmost misery will overtake men in whom no trace of humility will then be left. The end of all will be, that since every one wishes to get much and to give nothing, to be everything and to acknowledge no authority, every man will oppress his neighbour, in order that he may not himself be oppressed."

Another question had at this time greater interests for Perthes than even that of the representation. So early as the period of the Vienna Congress, the standing of the lesser nobility, a subject which had been kept in the background during the war, became again the subject of discussion. Pride, suspicion, and the love of prerogative on the one side; jealousy, discontent, and the mania for equality on the other, embittered a contest, which had its origin, however, in actual relations. The universal unpopularity of the nobility was manifested when Voss attacked Count Frederick Leopold Stolberg. Public opinion was decidedly with Voss—although his weapons were most unworthy—partly, indeed, because in Stolberg he attacked Catholicism, but far more on account of the vehemence with which he attacked the nobility as represented by him. Even to so honourable and moderate a man as Count Caius Reventlow, the cause of the nobility seemed to be very feebly supported. He wrote

to Perthes in 1820 :—"The nobility, now that it exists, and for that only reason, is not to be killed outright, it seems ; but a mere *pro forma* nobility is as good as none. Besides, the contest is not one of principles but of feelings, and it can never therefore be settled by arguments."

While by the people, the present position of the nobles was regarded as absolutely untenable, the governments adhered with greater tenacity than ever to the opinion that to the nobility alone belonged the conduct of public affairs. "The old poetico-historical nobility of former centuries has long since passed away," writes a friend of Perthes in 1819. "Our nobles, however, would fain return to the glorious times of the Emperor Frederick II. ; well, let them try it. The nobles, in that case, should be nothing but knights : and they only, not citizens and and farmers as well, should be subject to military service, and, shouldering the musket, form our regiments ; every knight of course disdaining pay. Now, if our nobles neither will nor can do this, they no longer represent the ancient knightly nobility ; and the rights and claims of a class cannot last longer than the class itself. Driven by hunger from the ruined castles of their fathers, the nobility would fain revel at the burgher's table ; and because, in days of yore, they were outside the State, now they would be over it ; because formerly they were the only warriors, now they are to be the only ministers and privy-councillors. I know, indeed, that we want an aristocracy, but I also know that it is the necessity of the State, and not the interest of the nobility themselves, that must determine their position." Similar sentiments on the same subject were expressed in letters to Perthes, with reference to the special circumstances of particular States. Thus a Prussian statesman in 1819 writes, "Everything lies bound in the fetters of the aristocracy, and the efforts to shake off these fetters which have been attended with such happy results in the humbler spheres of society and government, have

scarcely been felt in the higher ranks. Public life is made up of petty private considerations ; the State, the government, public offices, and public institutions serving merely as ornamental appendages to a small number of families. I have no hope, so long as the ministries are regarded as prizes to be contended for within a limited aristocratic sphere ; for a fresh breeze can only then fill our sails, when the State comes to be influenced by a spirit not born and educated in the prejudices of the aristocracy."

Count Adam Moltke wrote—" Just because I love the aristocracy, and regard it as essential, I regret the more deeply to see it leaning upon prejudices. Its present position is quite false, it stands as a historical wrong, upheld by force only ; and unless it be reconstituted according to the spirit and requirements of the age, not a scion of it will be allowed to remain."

In spite of this vehement controversy, it was seldom that any attempt was made to gain clear views of the inner life and proper functions of the order in dispute. In the hope of obtaining correct ideas, Perthes applied to men holding the most various positions in life. " The essence of the nobility," wrote Count F. L. Stolberg, " cannot lie in territorial possessions, or in any particular employment or position in life. The accident of birth could not in that case remain long and everywhere an object of high consideration : there must, therefore, be some idea of which the external position of the nobility is only the expression. There is, indeed, something poetical, which appeals to sentiment, in the nobility. As the military order represents courage, and the clerical piety, so the nobility represents nobleness of mind : and unless this idea had always influenced the conduct of a great many among them, the nobility, in spite of territorial possessions and external position, would have sunk beneath notice long ago."—" The nobility," wrote Fouqué, " is virtually the same institution in England and in Germany ; but the form that



it assumes in the two countries is very different; and this difference we should respect as of historical origin, without seeking to transfer the form acquired by the nobility in the one country to the other. Even in England territorial possessions do not imply nobility, but are an appendage to it; and in Germany a noble is still noble, though he may not possess a single rood of land. This being so, there must be something in the noble which is not represented by property. The peculiar knightly spirit which is, as it were, the soul of nobility, is a subtle essence almost as delicate as virgin purity, and like it, must be represented in the living person, not defined. I cannot say, This or that precisely is the knightly spirit; but I can say, Here is a man in whom it lives. While this spirit exists in the nobility as a class, individuals in whom it is found may from time to time be admitted to their order; but that an order of chivalry may be developed, the institution must be permanent, and the chivalric flame kept alive from father to son."

Notwithstanding these and many other mutually contradicting views, Perthes, on the whole, adhered to the idea which Rehberg had developed in his *Essay on the German Nobility*, published in 1803; and, in a series of letters which afterwards appeared in a somewhat altered form, under the title of "*A Word on the German Nobility*," Perthes endeavoured to work himself into clearness on the whole matter.

To the friends of the aristocracy Perthes freely expressed his opinions, that their present position was untenable; but he did not conceal from others the great anxiety with which he regarded these attacks on their hereditary and legal rights. Thus, in the spring of 1821, he wrote, "Very unsatisfactory and ambiguous is the answer to the questions—Why should the rights of property be more sacred than personal rights? Why, if I may deprive the noble of his privileges, may I not, with equal justice, deprive the rich man of his wealth? If, as you Liberals would

have it, we are to be all equal, I may, nevertheless, do whatever I please with what I have earned myself; and what becomes of equality if the son of a wealthy father spend his hard-earned fortune in ease and idleness, in the midst of a starving community? Should not children work like their fathers before them? Is social order established for the benefit of 'slow bellies?' No! If we are to be really equal, all property must return at the death of its possessor to the common stock, to be anew divided. But even this will not suffice to preserve equality. Differences of education will, even after hereditary rights are swept away, produce inequality. Why should the children of the poor be worse educated than the children of the rich, whose parents have worked less? Educational establishments must, then, be provided for all. This is a consequence of the demand that the nobility be deprived of their privileges. I know, indeed, that to be consequent is to be devil-driven; but it is well sometimes to be consequent in theory, for many may thus, perhaps, see what a perilous thing it is to be consequent, and may change their minds." . . . .

Conspiracy raised its head in 1820, and even men who were quite innocent of conspiracy, gave expression to feelings, both orally and in their correspondence, just such as animated the conspirators. More than one weak point was indeed presented by the governments. By many of the reigning families and their adherents, the idea of authority was associated with the notion that the crown transformed its wearer into something superhuman. A king, let him be what he might as a man, was to be regarded as, in a sense, inspired—a sort of political pope. This superstition, so opposed to the whole current of our history, and to our national feeling, could not but be offensive to the Germans, who never regarded their princes as demigods, but simply as men of sense and vigour, who had inherited from their forefathers the right and the duty to govern, even as the

people had inherited the rights and the duties of subjects. "The princes feel more and more," writes one of Perthes's correspondents, "that they conquered Napoleon not by their own power, but by that of others ; and since they will on no account own themselves indebted to the people by whose manly uprising alone they are what they are, they resort to a convenient subterfuge, alleging themselves to be special objects of divine favour ; political prophets, plenipotentiaries, and vicegerents of God, images of His wisdom, infallibility, and inviolability !" Another correspondent, writing from Berlin in July 1820, says :—"While the blinded partisans of the governments throughout Europe are making the essence of monarchy to consist in a political incarnation of God, the principle of monarchy is caricatured by events now passing in Spain, and by scandals in England."

While the governments were thus assailed on the one side, they were defended on the other, everywhere throughout Germany, by men who were devoted, heart and soul, to authority and its claims.

In 1821, a nobleman of the old stamp wrote to Perthes :—"The cause of freedom is injured most of all by those who would force us to wear national cockades and caps of liberty. And although when they cry liberty they mean dominion, they are exceedingly displeased when those, who have the power and the obligation, do actually govern. How often have I been displeased with kings for seeking to compel their own people and others to live and think thus, and not otherwise ! But do not these would-be kings do the same ? Like the tuneless organ-pipe of my village church, they strike into every melody with their single harsh note, to silence, if possible, every expression of opinion but their own." Another correspondent writes :—"It is said that the people are regenerated, and must therefore be put into a new skin. I myself don't believe that it would be advisable to try on the old coats again : but these

brawlers feel themselves ill at ease, not because the coats are too tight, but because their own bodies are puffed up."

The democratic party was too well aware of its own weakness and want of cohesion to attempt force. It was on a European agitation that their hopes were based. If revolutionary principles triumphed in other parts of Europe, it was impossible that the German powers should long resist their influence. The eyes of Germany were therefore turned with earnest attention to every popular outbreak. During the years 1820, 1821, and 1822, revolution was in the ascendant in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece, while Germans looked on, and familiarized themselves with the idea that it was not impossible for subjects to appear in arms against their rulers.

When the first news of the triumph of the Spanish Revolution reached Germany, all eyes were turned to the arena where the great political quarrel had been fought out, not as in Germany with words, but with arms, and those the arms of victory. A friend from Franconia wrote to Perthes:—"Everything in Spain wears so bright a colouring, that we can hardly hope for its continuance, and yet it may be that this noble and heroic people is destined to serve as a model for Europe. Their affection for the king; the moderation of all parties; the fact that the people are not groping about in the dark for they know not what, but have a definite object in the constitution of 1812, reassures me; the consequences to Europe are incalculable." The Cortes met in Madrid, July 1820, and continued to sit till the following November. Even then the struggle began which the constitutionalists had to maintain against the king and the clergy on the one hand, and the Jacobin Decamisados on the other.

While the strife of parties was just beginning in Spain, revolution triumphed in Portugal, and raised its head in Italy. The northern part of the Apennine peninsula had, after the ex-

pulsion of the French, been broken up, and divided among Austrian archdukes and the King of Sardinia, while the States of the Church and Naples had been given back to their former rulers. The Carbonari, who had arisen during the French dominion, now overspread Italy, and possessed considerable influence. On the 8th July 1820, Ferdinand IV. was compelled to accept the Spanish constitution of 1812, as the groundwork of one for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; and in Piedmont and Lombardy, plans were laid for placing the crown of all Italy on the head of Charles Albert of Savoy. Count Moltke wrote to Perthes, "If I were an Italian, I should be a Carbonaro. To dispute about the lawfulness of revolution, appears to me like disputing about the lawfulness of storms and earthquakes: thus much is certain, no people makes a revolution because it wills so to do, but because it must, and the *must* is plain enough in the case of Italy. The Italians have slept for centuries, like the marmot in winter, spending their sickly strength in the composition of languid sonnets; one cannot but rejoice that they are now animated by the wish once more to play a part in history."

The revolutionary spirit, in its progress from west to east, did not stay at Italy. In the spring of 1821, Greece, so long oppressed, rose in arms against the brutal yoke of Turkey. Under Alexander Ypsilanti, Moldavia and Wallachia broke out in insurrection, and in the Peloponnesus, Attica, and the isles of the Archipelago, a war of extermination began between Greeks and Turks. The heroic deeds of the Greeks, and the tortures to which they were subjected by the Sultan, were sounded throughout Europe. The insurrection of Greece was, of course, hailed with joy by all who favoured revolution in general; but because this was an insurrection of the descendants of the Hellenes against the Osmanlis, of presumed civilisation against utter barbarism, of the victim against his tormentor,

of the abused Christian against the brutal Mahometan—even the most decided opponents of revolution, in general, forgot that the Greeks had turned their weapons against their lawful masters, and went so far as to wish them success.

A friend, who was rather fond of paradox, and who looked with an unfavourable eye on the prevailing enthusiasm, wrote to Perthes in June 1821:—"You are busily engaged with Greek affairs. For my own part I cannot think of the Greeks otherwise than as history represents them. From their first appearance in history they have, like the French in modern times, shewn themselves to possess everything that could be desired in honest men, except honesty itself. It is not only in their present state of degradation and semi-barbarism, but also in the days of their greatness and glory, that the Greeks have proved themselves wanting in the sense of truth and right, of justice and gratitude, and have even ridiculed these qualities. Thucydides is my witness in respect to ancient times; the period of Roman influence, and the abominations of the Byzantine empire furnish evidence enough, and you may add to these the Greek councils. I am no panegyrist of church councils in general; nevertheless those of the West, especially those of the noble-minded Goths and Spaniards, wore the aspect of seriousness and dignity, sometimes even that of fairness and benevolence. How entirely opposite was the character of the Greek councils! What an abuse of imprecations and maledictions on the most indifferent occasions! What wrangling! What impatience! What sudden transitions from condemnation to approval! And among patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops, what coarseness, what stamping and cuffing, what mutual altercation! The Greeks have indeed suffered severely, but not more than they deserved: they will sooner or later achieve their freedom, but only to abuse it, else twice two are not four. I cannot bestir myself for such men, or such Christians."

While Revolution was thus progressing in Southern Europe, and exciting sympathy and admiration in the North, all parties were expecting, some with hope, others with fear, a counter-movement on the part of the great powers. After the downfall of Napoleon, the necessity of some power that should be recognised as director and regulator of all European questions, was generally felt; and the Holy Alliance concluded between Russia, Austria, and Prussia in September 1815, sprang out of this feeling. The Christian religion was to be the only rule in the government and intercourse of the allied states; love, justice, and peace were to reign upon earth—God was to be the only Sovereign—all men brethren—and kings were to be considered only as fathers chosen by God for the guidance of the great Christian family. Russia, Austria, and Prussia believed the introduction of this new order of things to be their mission, and invited the co-operation of the other European States: in five years' time, however, there were few who saw in the Holy Alliance an institution capable of averting the ruin which impended over Europe. Perthes wrote in 1821, "Although the Holy Alliance has sprung from the inquiring and tentative spirit of the age, it has nevertheless so far outstripped the existing order of things, as to be without truth and power. A Council of European sovereigns, summoned for the candid consideration of high destinies, and for the purpose of appeasing or repressing disturbances, is a thought pleasing alike to God and man; but such a Council must not be merely an assembly of princes for the maintenance and increase of princely power—it presupposes princes who represent states, and govern them by just and constitutional means; and since we have no such princes, we cannot have such a Council."

The religious character of the Holy Alliance disappeared soon after its formation. At Aix-la-Chapelle an alliance was concluded between the five great powers on the 15th of November

1818, in virtue of which, all events which might in future threaten the peace or order of Europe, were to be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of individual states, and referred to the united judgment of the five great powers. And now the question was, whether the Holy Alliance in this new form would be able to check the movements arising out of the revolutions in the South. A well-informed friend wrote to Perthes as follows:—"When Russia, Prussia, England, and Austria had, by their union, overthrown the dominion of Napoleon, they thought to exercise jointly the same power over Europe which Napoleon had hitherto possessed. They regarded themselves as heirs of his sword; and though, in the first moments of devout gratitude, they vowed to use it as a shepherd's staff, the sword was still a sword, the abuse of which Europe might well dread. Notwithstanding the more republican forms of government now introduced, oligarchy was still formidable; and as, in all directions whatsoever, the age was striving after representative forms, so the states of the second and third rank naturally sought to be represented in the Councils of Europe. The quadruple alliance, however, was not generally considered likely to be permanent, and never won much confidence from the other States; it was indeed held together only by the necessity of crushing every new attempt of France to make herself again the arbitress of Europe. France, however, not only became less and less dangerous from month to month, but even joined the Alliance at Aix-la-Chapelle, which thus admitted an alien element; and it was all the more difficult to amalgamate this element with the Alliance, because the other powers had previously been in opposition to France, and a hostile attitude is apt to be retained in feeling and act long after it has been renounced in theory. In order to preserve unanimity and energy in the Alliance after this new accession, a common object was wanted which might take the place of the former common hostility to the dreaded



preponderance of France ; and as such a common object was not found, the Alliance was in danger of falling to pieces, each member seeking to make the interests of his own state the vital principle of union. But the particular interests of the several great powers were very different. Austria, from her internal position, would fain make use of the Alliance to uphold the order of things established in 1815. Prussia seeks in the Alliance the means of ranking in Europe as a great power. Russia has, indeed, greater interest than either in the permanence of the Alliance : the necessity of civilizing her unwieldy masses binds her closely to Europe ; but in her relations with Europe she must ever seek to counterbalance her want of intellectual superiority by the greatness of her physical resources. Direct and instantaneous interference in the minor collisions of civilized Europe is difficult to Russia on account of her geographical position ; her views and advice can generally only be learned after circumstances have already changed. Russia seeks, therefore, to make up for the want of direct interference by indirect influence, and sees in the Alliance a means to this end : she has constantly striven to gain an influence over some one of the other powers, so that this power may acquire the habit of consulting Russia before deciding, and thus delay the definitive settlement of every matter till her voice has been heard. The future course of events in Europe is to Russia, from its isolated position, generally a matter of indifference. For instance, whether or not a constitution be granted to a certain country is of great importance to Austria, while it matters little to Russia ; but it is of the utmost importance to Russia that she should always play a part in European politics ; all which explains the frequent apparent inconsistencies of Russian diplomatists in treating of particular interests. England's position is altogether different. England has all along regarded the Alliance only as a means to a well-defined end ; the arbiter of the Continent was to be overthrown, and a guarantee obtained that France should never again at-

tempt, as she did in 1815, to concentrate in herself the whole power of Europe. Now that the necessity for that guarantee is diminished, the Grand Alliance, which she has made use of for no other purpose, becomes indifferent to England. So long as it holds together, England will take part in it, but she will not oppose, nay, may even favour its dissolution, in order to be more at liberty to devote her whole strength to the promotion of her own interests, which do not always harmonize with those of the Continent. Finally, France found herself obliged to tread very softly, on first joining the Alliance, in order to allow the historical enmity of the other powers to subside: and although her influence slumbered for a few years after the fall of Napoleon, she is, nevertheless, in virtue of her whole history, a nation which need not stoop like Prussia to continual subserviency in order to keep her place among the great powers. France regarded the Alliance as a means of regaining her former position; and, as a sick man throws away his crutches as soon as he can walk without them, she now shows herself inclined to dispense with it, as being in its origin odious to every Frenchman. If we consider all the changes that have occurred in the position of the great European powers since the fall of Napoleon, it seems impossible to believe that either the Holy Alliance, or its continuation at Aix, is called on or is fit to check the events now taking place in Southern Europe."

Not long after, a friend thus writes to Perthes:—"The recklessness with which Austria has manifested her wish to make the Alliance subservient to her own interests, has so aroused the suspicion of the other powers, as to threaten the dissolution of the Alliance altogether. The attempt to unite Europe under the five great powers, may be regarded as abortive; the grand Alliance is to all intents and purposes at an end. Each member of it goes independently his own way, and will seek as before to gain as many allies for himself as possible among the greater and smaller States."

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE RELIGIOUS CONFLICTS OF THE PERIOD.—1818-32.

THE men to whom in his youth Perthes had been accustomed to look up with childlike reverence, by whose faith and convictions he had strengthened his own, and in whose strivings he had found a guide through the intricacies of his own inner life, were no longer in the arena on which the great religious conflicts of the age were to be fought out. The man, to whose words he once listened as to those of an oracle, had now become a loved and honoured patriarch, who required and received the most tender consideration. In December 1818, Frederick Henry Jacobi, then in his seventy-seventh year, wrote to Perthes a few lines concluding thus :—"It is really wonderful how, in old age, men often gain what they had previously striven for in vain ; I, for instance, can speak of an increasing cheerfulness." Perthes answered—"You have certainly every reason to be cheerful ; it is assuredly no misfortune to have reached an advanced age, and few even of the most distinguished men retain so much clearness and activity of mind. But look no longer for production any more ; historical narration is the province of age. I very much wish you would let alone Part Fourth of your works, and devote yourself to gathering and arranging the experience of the last forty-five years of your life. It would cheer you by bringing vividly before you the entire circle of ideas and course of thought belonging to an im-

portant period. If it has not been granted you to accept with childlike confidence the Divine Revelation, because you have eaten too largely of the tree of knowledge, this is indeed a great spiritual loss : but he who can ask as you do in your last letter, 'Where and what is truth?' possesses humility before God, such as few inquirers like yourself attain to ; and humility is the very kernel of humanity, and the way to God."

Throughout the length and breadth of Protestant Germany, the Rationalism of the 18th century, as propounded by Roehr, Bretschneider, Paulus, and others, had exercised absolute dominion, but its very existence was now endangered from two opposite quarters. The profounder scientific theology had appeared in alliance with the new philosophy, and in Schleiermacher especially, who was then at the zenith of his influence, had found a powerful champion. It withdrew the loftiest minds from rationalism, limited its influence to the less intelligent, and threatened its extinction. Scientific theology might at first escape the notice of the laity, or it might be suspected of merely defending the old errors of rationalism with more approved weapons, and of making the ascertainment of truth the first object, while sanctification in the truth was not even the second. Doubts of this kind may have been expressed by Perthes in the letter to which a theological friend sent the following answer :—"We ought not to forget that, as the majority, and among these the most eminent men of our times, have been seduced from Christianity by science, it is only through science that they can be brought back. She alone can heal the wounds which she herself has made. In saying this I am advancing nothing new ; none of the Fathers thought otherwise, though, undoubtedly they were as ready to sacrifice life and fortune for their convictions as any of our present zealots can be. Nevertheless they always acknowledged that the word of life revealed in Christ was reflected in the philosophy of the East

and West, and that, as the Jews by the law, so the heathen by philosophy might be prepared to receive Christ." Perthes's doubts were in nowise removed by these and similar representations; he still feared that the theologians, rejoicing in the newly discovered or newly established scientific ideas, would not resist the temptation of bringing them into the Church, which, as it neither was nor could be a scientific institution, would find in these only a new element of disruption.

To understand the character of the popular religious movement of this period, we must bear in mind, that it originally manifested itself as the antithesis of Rationalism, and consequently brought chiefly into view those wants of the soul which Rationalism ignores. With the Rationalists, good and evil differ only in degree; bad is synonymous with inferior good—good with inferior evil. Refusing to acknowledge good and evil as eternal opposites, belonging respectively to the kingdoms of life and death, of light and darkness; viewing them, in fact, only as different stages or platforms in the same realm, the Rationalist feels no need of a helper to carry him over the abyss that separates the two kingdoms, and which none can cross in his own strength. The exhibition of this human want was consequently the starting-point of every genuine religious movement among the people of this period.

"He who has not felt the internal working of a great mystery which is ever alienating us from God," wrote Perthes, "will never attain to that humility without which the saving virtue of the atonement is inaccessible. The flesh is not the root of evil, pride—pride is the real devil. The flesh is but the means of punishment and cure, ever reminding, even the proudest, of his misery and helplessness. Little that is positive is revealed to us, but that little is all. What form shall be given to revealed truth is an open question, for it breaks into rays of the most various colours, according to the fancy and modes of thought

peculiar to individuals and epochs. But when you say that the Christian revelation, if received as truth, at once shrouds history and philosophy in a haze, in which man is confounded, and dreams rather than thinks, I reply, that to every one who ignores the redemption through Christ, history becomes one immense tangled skein, and every philosophical system a sum in arithmetic, the correctness of which, for want of proof, can never be ascertained. Inquiries into the nature of the Trinity, and of our Lord, into redemption and atonement, are great and noble, but the craving in which they originate is scientific not spiritual. We are lighted and warmed by the rays of the sun, whether we understand the laws of light and heat or not. On your expression, 'The swinish multitude do indeed require a faith which surpasses comprehension,' I must observe, that the arrogant contempt of the people which it betrays, is very remarkable in so determined a liberal as yourself. In conclusion, I have only further to say, that a man who, like you, has never been seduced by the allurements of sense, and never felt the swellings of pride, nor ever needed any to help him, would only be wasting his time by bestowing further attention on me. Such a man might choose for his spiritual adviser a preacher in this neighbourhood, who selected two Jews as sponsors for his own child; and he might repeat daily, till his last hour, that men are all in the right, and all in the wrong."

An upright and gifted man, far gone in rationalism, endeavoured in lengthy communications to justify to Perthes his position with reference to the Christian revelation. "My words will not have pleased you," he says in conclusion, "but I cannot help it, and you have too much sense and fairness to expect fresh bark on an old withered trunk. I believe but little, but I am fully persuaded that every man is justified in believing a great deal more than I do, and that it is not the business of the so-called wise or learned to despise those who do. We need

not be hypocrites, eye-servants, and enemies to intellectual freedom, in order to despise the talkers who make use of their own liberty for the purpose of imposing laws on the rest of the world; and this I would not hesitate to say to the Heidelbergers, Paulus and Voss. Both stand upon a rock which I myself have tested; but neither can see that the standing-ground of other men may be equally sure. I thank God that my views are compatible with feelings of the highest consideration for every faith which respects the moral law. I am as candid towards Christianity as an inveterate heathen can be, and simple-minded Christians will never be my opponents, nor I theirs; they are rather my natural allies, and only go further than I do; my religion ceases, indeed, where their mysteries begin; I cannot follow them thither, but remain peacefully, without envy or scorn, in the heathen camp. You may at the most pity me, for I would have believed, if it had been the will of God; it was not His will, and I am too honest to play the hypocrite: how, indeed, could my salvation be promoted by deceiving men and offending God with a lie? I am passing on to a futurity which cannot be worse than my Father and Creator has appointed it. A place in the outer court of your temple is all I aspire to, and if you refuse me this, the wilderness also belongs to my Lord; but I think that so quiet a neighbour might be tolerated at the threshold of your temple."

"You say," replied Perthes, "that with the mysteries of Christianity your religion ceases. To this I reply, that the God of Rationalism baffles conception far more than does any mystery of Christianity. You say that you cannot abide the teaching of that school in which the world is the Godhead, proceeding from, and flowing back to it,—in fact, nowise distinguishable from it. This is all very well: but when you assert that, by dint of thought, you can pass from the God of Pantheism to that of Rationalism, the voice of all experience is against you.

All acute and profound thinkers, past and present, who either did not know of Christ, or who rejected Him, have landed in Pantheism, not in a personal God ; and this I need not tell you. But for Christianity there could have been no Rationalism ; and apathy alone enables it to remain where it is. By the idea of an Eternal Being, exalted above time and space, the Rationalist seeks to satisfy himself and others,—but what he means by these words, he neither says nor knows. Man cannot conceive of a personal God without investing him with a human form ; every religion is an incarnation of Deity, and so far an obscure anticipation of God's manifestation in the flesh. It is true, indeed, that men have never attained to an incarnation of God, but only to caricatures of it ; and they are right in saying that by no effort of human thought *can* they attain to a proper incarnation,—to atonement and redemption. But how does that affect the truth involved in the historical fact ? In no way. The most acute thinkers could not by thinking discover the Roman Empire ; but had it, therefore, no existence ? You, my dear friend, will be obliged to go either forwards or backwards, since you cannot, like others, shut the eyes of your understanding."

"You say that Christianity is forced upon man," wrote Perthes to another friend, "and are displeased that it should be so. I, at all events, cannot complain of any such violence. Neither upon me nor upon any of my contemporaries did any teacher or pastor force eternal truth, nor so much as bring it near to us, by an injunction to attend church or read the Bible. But as every year strengthened the conviction of my divine origin, I felt but the more deeply the degradation of my shameful bondage through the flesh and the mind. My trouble on account of selfishness and impurity drove me to seek reconciliation with the God before whom I trembled, and thus led me to recognise and lay hold on revelation. Christianity was not forced upon me, but I upon Christianity ; I was thrown by an inward



necessity into the arms of the Saviour, and so, I believe, are many others."—"Our existence is that of fallen spirits," he says in another letter; "but we have retained a yearning after the purity of our divine origin, and this elevates everything. We are all conscious of an effort to soar, to climb, or to creep upwards; many get the length of struggling with evil, but none gain a victory over it; the most elevated, as well as the most grovelling natures, need a Helper and Mediator in order to rise; and he who is unconscious of this necessity, wearies himself out in ineffectual endeavours. For him who, in the anguish of his heart, cries out, 'I am a miserable sinner,' and stretches forth his arms to the Saviour,—for him, I say, Christ died. How closely, then, is faith in the Redeemer allied with the realization of one's own sinfulness! Many, who no more recognised Christ than did the disciples at Emmaus, may yet have prayed to Him, and in their perplexity made an idol their mediator. Such men Christ will, in His own time, bring to that truth, which is rest and light; and many will sit down on the right hand of God, who in this life never uttered the name of Christ."

"The Divine light," says Count F. L. Stolberg in one of his letters, "has so thoroughly penetrated the modern mind, that our civilisation could not be preserved if that light were extinguished. The heathen philosophy found an element of preservation in that yearning after light in which it originated; but the false philosophy of our times originates in insensibility, audacity, and vanity, without any yearning after light or truth. The Divine light, indeed, will never be extinguished, but the candlestick, on which it is placed, may be removed from a land that has rejected it to another; and of this, history furnishes alarming examples."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE MARRIAGE OF THE ELDEST DAUGHTER.—1818.

ALTHOUGH neither the political commotions, nor the manifold religious and ecclesiastical controversies of the time ever became uninteresting to Caroline, or failed to draw forth her sympathies, they never again engrossed her whole soul as in 1813. Her heart was in her home, and there she ever found fresh cause of joy and gratitude. Her eldest daughter, Agnes, had been betrothed, since the summer of 1813, to William Perthes, who had formerly taken part in the business at Hamburg, afterwards campaigned as a volunteer, and now managed the business which he had inherited from his father in Gotha, and which, under his auspices, had become very flourishing. "God has again showered down joy and gladness upon us," wrote Caroline about this time; "how can I thank Him enough for so manifestly protecting us and our children! It is certainly a great happiness to be able to commit so pure and innocent a child to the man whom we have so long esteemed, knowing that he will cleave to her with his whole heart, loving and cherishing her as long as he lives."

On the 12th of May 1818, the marriage took place, and on the 16th the young couple departed for their new home. The following is the first letter of a correspondence which supplied the lack of personal intercourse:—"My beloved Agnes, you have hardly been gone from me three hours, and I am already

writing to you, because I cannot help it. When you left, I watched you till you had passed the bridge, and then gave you up in the sure confidence that you are, and ever will remain, in God's hands. You—dear Agnes, know that I love you, and can imagine the rest. How well I remember the moment when you were first laid beside me on the bed, when I looked at you for the first time, and gave you the first kiss. Since then, I have rejoiced in you every day, I might say every hour, through twenty years. Should I not thank God, and, if He has willed it, consent to part with you? He will forgive me if I cannot do it without tears. And you too, my dear Agnes, must and ought to weep; and your beloved William will understand you, and forgive you if you weep too long. Never conceal from him anything that relates to yourself, even if you think that it may displease him; you will soon find that, even with the fondest love, there is room for mutual forbearance. I rejoice beforehand in your future, for we too shall be sharers in it: remember that you are never to be weary of communicating your joys and sorrows, that so we may still live a common life." Joy and gratitude for the happiness of her daughter, and for her own, characterized all Caroline's letters. "Perthes has just brought me your letter," she writes in answer to the first news from Gotha: "I have read it again and again, and rejoice and thank God, and also your dear William, for making you so happy. You know how confident I was of this beforehand, and it will be permanent where God has given His blessing. Conjugal happiness lives in the depths of the heart even amid the sorrows and trials of life; indeed it is by these only the more deeply rooted, as I know from my own experience, thank God. I rejoice with you, and on your account, dear children, and school myself to bear your absence cheerfully: so does your father; it is a real pleasure to look at his face when he comes to the door with one of your letters."—"We cannot

think of anything but William's birthday," she writes a short time after this ; " we would gladly have lived in the same place with you if God had so ordered it. Ah ! what a pity that the world is so wide ! how delightful it would be if we, and all whom we love, could live together, and we could have kept this birthday as one family ! But I will not complain, I will rather rejoice and be glad even in your removal. May God preserve your happiness to you and us, and with it a thankful and watchful heart. I cannot tell you often enough that you are always with me and at my side ; and none knows so well as myself how gladly I would hear you answer when in thought I speak with you. At the same time, I do not grudge you to your dear William, and it is my constant desire that you may become dearer and dearer to each other. That you are in the right path I am fully persuaded ; yours is indeed a happy lot, my beloved Agnes, and if every day finds you walking more humbly before God, and more lovingly, you will have a heaven within you. Your dear father is well and cheerful. Would that he could only secure a quiet hour for me occasionally ! this is my only want, and it troubles me more and oftener than it ought."

In July 1818, Caroline went with Perthes for a few days to Lübeck to visit her family, returning by Rheinfeld, the birth-place of her father. " We have actually been to Lübeck, and have enjoyed it very much," she wrote to Agnes. " Your father was young again, and very merry, and so was I. We stayed two days with my brother, and were truly happy. I am remarkably well, and hardly know which is best, to awake or to go to sleep in health ; but I think the latter. Oh, Agnes, pray that I may remain so !—St. Mary's Church is large, and I believe that many earnest prayers and cries ascend to heaven from it. The long row of tombs, with their great stone coffins, and the obscurity of the place, impressed me deeply ; one can hardly realize the destruction of these heavy coffins, and this is to me an

unpleasant thought, seeing that the body, on account of which they are constructed, is soon dissolved. The Cathedral Church is very fine, and I would gladly pass an occasional hour there. On Tuesday evening we left for Rheinfeld ; the quietness of this place passes all description : it is situated on the shore of a large lake, richly wooded on one side. It was a still, peaceful evening ; we had escaped from the world, were alone, and inconceivably happy. Would to God we had more such hours ! When the thought of our busy life in Hamburgh occasionally obtruded itself, I felt rather discouraged, and yet I am convinced that my work there is, on the whole, better for me than this calm blessedness. God has led me by a very different way from that which I had laid out for myself, but it has been the right way—this I not only believe but know : He has given me in labour and tumult what I would gladly have sought and found in quiet and solitude. We also went to your dear grandfather's church, and visited his grave ; in the confessional there was an old arm-chair in which he had frequently sat, and a few books in which he had often read. The next morning we again went out for a walk, and rested ourselves in a beautiful spot. How did I rejoice in the happiness of Perthes ! he was so delighted with me and everything. But to return to you and your letter : what you write of N.'s children is true, and distresses me greatly, for I am convinced that heartfelt love, which lets itself be seen and in a manner felt in everything, is the dew and the rain indispensable to the growth and bloom of children. I believe that the more children are loved, and the more conscious they are of being loved, the better ; of course there is also a time for seriousness and discipline. But I know many people who think it right carefully to conceal their affection from their children. They should study 1 Cor. xiii., and they would see that there is nothing to fear in that direction. You know that neither with reference to children, nor to anything

else, am I fond of words ; but to give occasional expression to the feelings of the heart, I consider not only not wrong, but right ; the mouth naturally overflows with whatever fills the heart—and how can it overflow but in words ?”

Caroline was anxious to instruct her daughter in housekeeping, and often desired her to write all sorts of details. In return she sent many an approved receipt and many a useful hint, and also gave news of her daughter's friends. Thus :—“ You ask after Z. ; she was here lately, and was so ingenuous and confiding, that, to my horror, she did not shrink from saying that she believed all unmarried women had missed their vocation, and had but a melancholy prospect. I pray God to defend every girl from so miserable a notion. No ; God has provided love and happiness for all who will accept them, whatever their sex or condition. No one need want objects of affection, dear Agnes. You cannot for a moment doubt that I, like you, regard a good husband as a great and precious gift from God ; but God can send His blessing directly into the heart, without attaching it to any intermediate object, and make us happy without husbands. For, dear Agnes, your mutual love can be a means of happiness and blessing only as it increases your love to God ; and can you not imagine, that to turn directly to God, and love Him without the intervention of any human medium, may be far, far better ? I can imagine unmarried to be quite as happy as married life, else poor maidens must indeed despair, and we with them, and for them. If we but propose to ourselves some serious object, pursuing it with our whole heart, and labouring for it in dependence on God, His blessing and happiness can never fail us. This is my honest opinion, and I believe that every young woman acts wisely when she turns her affections to God, instead of looking about her with yearning and anxiety for an earthly object. This latter is a melancholy state of mind which withers and dries up

the heart, and annihilates all happiness. I know nothing so sad as a poor girl in this condition, especially if she be pure and good. If, however, a woman finds such a dear Perthes as you and I have found, or rather as God has given us, let her close with him at once, and be thankful."

But Caroline's anxiety about the spiritual influences that her daughter might find in her new home, took precedence of every other. "I thank you for your letter," she wrote, "but not at all that you have not yet looked out for a real friend of your own sex. I earnestly wish one for you, so that you may have something to fall back upon, when William cannot be by your side. If you are sketching a model of perfection in your friend, I can quite understand how it is that you have not found one; but you must make allowances, and go forth with a generous confidence, not suffering yourself to be ruffled, as you too often do. It is often easier to tolerate weaknesses and failings than manners and modes of speech to which we are unaccustomed. Only bear perpetually in mind that there is no difference at heart between the people of Gotha and Hamburg; there, as here, there is much shortcoming and much good, and many little things that you would rather do without, which you must yet take along with every acquisition. It is very natural that the good qualities of your friends here should appear to you in the liveliest colours; their weaknesses and failings, on the other hand, in the faintest; and yet, there were not many of them with whom you could speak of the deepest and holiest things, and to whom you could pour out your whole heart. Nevertheless you loved them, and took pleasure in their society. Only make the attempt in Gotha; let your heart speak in truth and confidence, and you will find that what comes from the heart, goes to the heart; you will be met more than half way, for the necessity and the pleasure of loving and being loved is common to us all, and the young ladies there have no William as you have."

Perthes also wrote to warn his daughter against seclusion from others:—"Make the most of your own happiness, but remember that you are not alone in the world; and do not shut up your house from your friends! it is perilous, leads to family egotism, and brings its own punishment. I am glad that you have young men living with your dear William; continue this custom even to old age: it will preserve you alike from the gossip and the tedium of company. Communicate freely with others, and show that domestic happiness does not estrange you from them. The earth is God's house, and we may not live only to ourselves. I know, dear Agnes, that you will not let any needy person whom you can help go empty away; but neighbours and acquaintances wish to talk of their affairs, their joys and sorrows, and those of their friends, and nothing is so offensive as cold reserve, as though we were beings of a superior nature, able to live, and suffer, and rejoice alone."

"That you do not find in the pulpit what you seek," wrote Caroline, "distresses me greatly, but does not surprise me, since the clergy for the most part preach only morality, which is but meagre fare. But do not be cast down on this account, my dear Agnes; take refuge in your own inner church: God can serve a better table than any preacher, and will assuredly feed you, if only you are hungry. The old hymns and chorals have ever been my best stimulants, and are so still, whenever the inner life grows languid; in particular those beautiful hymns of longing after God, in Freylinghausen's book, have often revived me, and will, I trust, support me even in death. But if the preaching be not satisfactory, do not on this account absent yourself from church; there are seasons in which you are more likely to be aroused and quickened in the church than in the house, where I at least seldom have a quiet hour."

In the following, and in many other letters, we see the struggle in Caroline's heart, between her joy at the happiness



of her child, and the sorrow of separation. "I know that you are happy, and that is the chief thing ; but, my dear Agnes, a mother's heart is not at all times to be quieted by reason, and has its own rights too. Only it must not be intractable ; that it should not be so is, in quiet hours, my daily study. As long as you were with me, I was wholly yours—heart and soul, mind and body, hands and feet ; if you have no longer need of my hands and feet, you may yet find my affection useful, for in this consists the glory and excellency of love, that if only it be pure, it can never hurt us ; of its giving and receiving there is no end here, and it endures throughout eternity."—"That you still think of us with warm affection and attachment, and would gladly be with us, I find quite natural," she writes in another letter ; "you could not love your William so well if you could forget us. I am fully persuaded that I love you as truly and fondly as William does, and have done so for twenty years ; and thus it is but just that you should continue to love me for at least twenty years, and what will be yet better, my dear, long-loved Agnes,—for ever. Preserve then your affection for us in all its fervour, it is quite consistent with that to your dear William. The soul is so constituted, that, while we are here below, wishing and yearning are not only compatible with our happiness, but our best and proper happiness is only realized when this wishing and yearning are directed towards the best things."—"To-morrow is our wedding-day," writes Caroline in a letter on the 1st of August ; "it is the first on which I have had to look back on gifts resigned. Do you enjoy the onward road, it also has its cares and troubles ; but, as I find by experience, the retrospect is harder and more painful. Youth has its dangers, but those of age are, I fear, greater and more trying, though, thank Heaven, I observe this rather in others than in myself, and in God's name I also am going forward. Dear Agnes, love me still, and keep as close to

me as you can. My dear bridegroom is quite well and cheerful, and as dear to me now as he was twenty years ago. I never believed it possible that affection could continue so uninterruptedly for twenty-one years—and how much longer it will continue is not for me to say." Again, on the following day,—  
"The children had adorned our breakfast-table with flowers and wedding garlands; we sat in a bower of leafy green, and examined the little presents that your sisters had prepared for us. It appears very strange to me that you should be wandering about the world without me on this day, and that I should not know whether you are at Schwarzburg or Rudolstadt, or where you are."

But it was not only the joyful anniversaries that Caroline loved to devote to correspondence with her absent daughter; those consecrated by sad remembrance were also spent in the same way. "It is six years to-day since my angel Bernard was born," she writes on the 27th September, "and his earthly body is already so decayed, that I can now see only his dear, bright eye, which, when I was in trouble, used to revive and strengthen me, and renew my confidence and joy in the Lord. You also recollect how he rejoiced and comforted us all at Aschau, and how kindly and pleasantly and lovingly he looked on us all. Would that, though unseen by me, he still looked upon me, and raised my soul to God! The angel-child must be able, and he is certainly willing, to do even more for us now. How gladly I would know more about the nature of the happiness of my beloved, departed children! God does indeed allow us to apprehend it in the depths of our hearts, as something transcending thought; but whenever I would realize this presentiment of the heart in my understanding, it dissolves and vanishes altogether: and yet, I cannot help thinking about it, though I know that it is in vain, and that on this, as on all other great questions, we can do nothing more in this world than

keep alive in ourselves the yearning and longing after truth, not allowing it to be disturbed and destroyed by external influences of any kind."

A new source of happiness was opened to Caroline in the prospect of becoming a grandmother. "I have just received your letter, dear children, and am beyond measure delighted, affected, and thankful. You can have no idea of the happiness that, if it please God, is awaiting you, neither can I explain it to you, although for twenty years my heart has been filled with it. Rejoice, and again I say rejoice, and pray to God for His blessing. If I could only tell you something of your coming joys,—but they are inconceivable and unspeakable, and come directly from God himself; may He impart them in richest measure!"

The succeeding letters express the tenderest maternal sympathy with the hopes and fears of her daughter; but in all, the call to gratitude and joy is paramount. Thus towards the end of 1818 she wrote—"Every one has, doubtless, reason both for hope and fear, in regard to the New-Year, but God helps us all through. Farewell, dear Agnes, and don't forget your grandfather's prescription for the eve of New-Year's Day, viz., to sit down upon a stone and pray:—you have much to remember and to hope for; but you must spare us, too, a thought from the depths of your heart." "A happy, happy Christmas may God give you, dear children," so wrote Caroline, on despatching a small Christmas box. "If you have but a tenth part of the delight in unpacking which the children have had in packing it, you will be content. The three little ones have been especially busy, and the pleasure of giving and sending has often ended in tears because there was nothing more to give. Remember that your gratification is to equal theirs, or we shall not be satisfied. The box will reach you at six o'clock, and then, assuredly, you will think of us; and I, too, shall

think of you, dear Agnes : you seem still a part of myself ; and though I weep, I cannot tell whether they are tears of joy or of sorrow. The Christmas prayer which I put up from my inmost heart for you, last year, is more than fulfilled ; let us then, now again, thank God, and place ourselves, and those who are near and dear to us, with confidence and faith in His arms, and rejoice. You must also help us to thank Him ; let us with united voice sing, ' Oh for a thousand tongues,' &c. That sweet hymn always recurs to me when I know not what to say in reviewing the past one-and-twenty years."—"Perthes is a true child at Christmas time," says Caroline, a few days later, in her account of Christmas eve ; "my heart is stirred afresh by him every year at that season. It is three-and-twenty years since I first felt this, and my conviction, that one who could take such child-like delight in the Christmas tree must have a pure and simple heart, has not been falsified. This was the impression that my heart received on that evening, when I, properly speaking, first saw him ; that, indeed, was the day of my real betrothal. I can never thank God enough for his affection. When, yesterday evening, at six o'clock, we sat down to table, Perthes was so wearied and depressed, that it made us sad to see him, but when the tree was lighted, he became as lively and as frolicsome as the youngest child." At Easter, Caroline writes, "God give you a joyous festival—and why should He not ? since He has made every day a festival by the deep and abiding love that He has put into your heart. That He can give us nothing better even in eternity is certain ; only we cannot yet understand the greatness of our blessedness, because we know so little at present of pure love to God, although we have some foretaste of it in the delight we feel in the outgoings of our feeble love towards our fellow-creatures. The children are all gone out, and I meant to read a sermon of Tauler's, but you and William, your happiness and your hopes,

have stirred my heart so deeply, that I have been unable. Dear William, I feel real joy and happiness in having so nursed, and cherished, and brought up Agnes for you ; may God grant you the same pleasure in your children that He has hitherto given us in ours. More I cannot wish you, for I know no more. I have, to my great delight, just opened the balcony door for the first time this year, and am quite transported with all that the sweet spring breathes, and with all that it reveals to eye and ear. The little birds know not how to leave off singing and rejoicing, and I would fain sing and rejoice with them."

Ever since the autumn of 1818, Caroline had cherished the hope of visiting her daughter in Gotha in the course of the following spring. Accordingly, on the 23d of April, Perthes and Caroline, with four children, set out for Hamburgh, committing their second son to the charge of his grandmother in Wandsbeck, and leaving the eldest in charge of the house. "We arrived safe, and well, and happy," wrote Caroline from Gotha; "the journey was bitterly cold, but our inward joy kept us so warm, that the external cold could not touch us. The postilions were all good and steady except one, who had a drop in his head; but just as we were beginning to be uneasy, we met another posting carriage, and by changing horses got quit of him. Both the little ones behaved very well, and by their merriment and their lively observation of all that they saw and heard, and their surprise at the sight of mountains, trees, and rocks, greatly increased our pleasure, although the charge of such young travellers was not without inconvenience: I was obliged to hold one in each arm during the whole night, to keep them from the cold, and soften the jolting of the carriage. When we came near Gotha, I could scarcely restrain my feelings, and on Tuesday the 27th of April, we arrived."

After Caroline's return to Hamburgh with her husband and children, in the beginning of June, the weeks she had spent

with her daughter were a source of grateful remembrance. "Since I have seen you in your own house," she writes, "I have lost the feeling of entire separation, and really live with you again; and if your heart yearn after me, you will often find me. The happy remembrance of the days that I have spent with you so lately prevails even over the pain of separation."

A year of trouble and disquietude of all sorts awaited Caroline on her return from Gotha; she had found her second son Clement seriously ill in Hamburg, and it was many months before her anxiety on his account was in any degree abated. To her eldest son Matthias, who was passing the holidays at Gotha, she wrote at this time—"Salute the rocks at Schwarzburg, and go before noon to the Trippstein, when the sun shines aslant through the firs, and reflect that your father and I have also been there, have thanked God and rejoiced. In all my present sorrow, the remembrance of that sweet spot can cheer and solace me; in such a place one can rise higher, at least more easily, than in one's own room. As for the hours of sore and burning trial, who knows and who can reckon the benefit we derive from them! They are not appointed in vain."

On the 14th of August, in the midst of her anxiety for her sick son, the news of the birth of her first grandchild reached her, and Caroline wrote—"Oh that I had a thousand tongues, and a thousand voices that might strive together in praising God for what He has done for you! May God himself help me to thank Him that He has heard my prayer. I have always the feeling that we can pray fervently much longer than we can praise; so that our thanksgivings are all too short compared with our supplications. If I could escape from the anxiety and sorrow which surround me, I should be still nearer to you; but my heart is divided between joy and sadness, and a

divided heart brings labour and unrest. You will be astonished to find in how many new and pleasurable aspects the child will appear to you, if God grant His blessing—and this He certainly never denies to those who honestly seek it. Pray, then, that God may send His angel to guide your little one through the joys and sorrows of life, and to be very near him in the time of trial and the hour of death."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE MARRIAGE OF THE SECOND DAUGHTER.—1820.

SCARCELY was Caroline's anxiety for her invalid son removed, when her repose was again interrupted by a proposal for the hand of her second daughter, Louisa, who had remained at Gotha to nurse her sister. The young suitor, Agricola, was scarcely known to her, and the decision was difficult. "How can we commit so great a charge," wrote Caroline, "to one whom we know not?—it is always a trial to give up a beloved child to any one, and we are now called on to do it to a stranger. I know not where to find counsel or help." The confidence manifested by the daughter induced the parents to leave the decision to her alone: and when Agricola became known to them through his letters, all anxiety vanished. In the middle of November 1819, Louisa returned to Hamburg for the winter. "We are anticipating," wrote Caroline, "a right pleasant winter with our dear happy bride." The anticipation was realized. The invalid son meanwhile had made such progress, that he was able to be removed to Wandsbeck for some months for change of air. Caroline's letters at this time are filled again with joy and thankfulness; but the present was sometimes overcast by the prospect of parting, not only with the daughter, but also with the eldest son, who was to enter the University at Easter. "It often distresses me greatly," wrote Caroline, "that my young Louisa is so early called upon to play an independent part, and to do without me; still I have a



firm assurance of her happiness. Young people who are so sincerely attached, and who express their affection so simply and naturally as they do, cannot but be sound at heart."—"The welcome New Year," she wrote in the end of December 1819, "lies heavy on my heart, since it is to separate me from two of my beloved children. I know that I ought not to be so, yet I am quite troubled and oppressed. Rejoice in your sweet infant; the joy will indeed be of a nobler kind when the fondling is over, but never wish a day away: enjoy that blessed season of maternity during which you have your child in your arms and it cannot do without you, but stretches out its little arms for loving embraces." "To-day," she writes again soon afterwards, "Louisa's trousseau is packed up. God loveth a cheerful giver: He certainly loves Perthes, then; for he gives almost too freely and too cheerfully, what it has cost him so much to gather. Life is very serious to me now; the past and the future stir my soul, but my constant comfort is in the lively and steadfast feeling that God guides and leads us for our good; only we should not invade His office and cater for ourselves: but this I have never consciously done, at least never desired to do."

At the beginning of April 1820, both children left the paternal roof, the son for the university, and a week later, the young couple, who had been married on the 12th of April, for Gotha, accompanied by Perthes, and his son Clement. "I could not write yesterday," says Caroline; "the tumult in my soul was so great that I could not command my feelings sufficiently. Dear Agnes, what a powerful thing is a mother's heart; yes, I believe that the love of parents is stronger than the love of children; what wishes, hopes, fears, and anxieties, stir within me! A steadfast feeling of the presence of God supported me at the parting, and lightened that sad hour; and while my heart is sorrowful, I know and feel that all is right, and that we have

much cause for thankfulness ; what good would the outward presence of my children do me if their hearts were not with me ? If here below we must part and give up, it is only that we may learn to submit our wills, and set forward on the road to our proper home."

Shortly after this, Perthes had passed some weeks in Leipsic, and on his return to Hamburg, had quite unexpectedly brought his eldest daughter and his little grandchild from Gotha with him. "As soon as I heard the post-horn," wrote Caroline, "I flew to the door ; and when it was opened, Perthes put the little prattling healthy child into my arms ; my Agnes was also there, and it was a joyful hour indeed. For a long while I could not compose myself, and forgot that Perthes was there too, which afterwards vexed me much."—"You may imagine," she writes a few days later, "how happy I am with my child and grandchild ! I have not yet settled down into quiet enjoyment, my delight is so tumultuous. God be praised for awarding me so much !" After a stay of five weeks, Agnes returned home with her husband.

Caroline had now three absent children, each of whom expected letters from her regularly, and they were seldom disappointed. She kept up a constant correspondence with her second daughter during the honey-moon, and the transition period between it and the settled repose of matrimonial life. "That you are so happy and contented with your *Agricola* is only what I expected, and I hope better and greater things still for you, for these are only gilded weeks—which, however, I do not grudge you ; but it requires many a serious hour, and many an earnest wish with and for each other, before real happiness and confidence are established. Genuine affection is the way to this end ; perfect openness towards each other, at all times, and in all things, is also a great help. Strive to have common objects of pursuit, and to support each other, when either seems

ready to faint ; and let your first aim be, to draw nearer to God, and to assist each other in becoming more like Him. Do not be disturbed by occasional differences of opinion with regard to the highest things, only be true to each other, and seek only the truth ; you will thus, though by devious paths, be sure to meet again." " You can well believe," wrote Caroline soon afterwards, "that I enjoy nothing more truly than what you tell me of your happy affection. But the human heart is a strange thing ; when you wrote lately that you could not understand how you could have hitherto been happy without your Agricola, I felt as if you had done me an injury. I am, at every moment, conscious of loving you with my whole soul, of hoping and wishing for you, and of doing you all the good I can ; more than this I cannot do, neither can your husband ; why, then, should you not have been happy with me ? Can you tell me ? Agricola has loved you for only one year, while I have loved you for eighteen, and with all my heart. Is not this, then, very wrong of you, and can you say that it is not wrong ? I know not what to reply except that it was just so with me when I was married to Perthes, and that I thank God that you now cause me the same grief which I then caused my parents."

Hours of home-sickness were not wanting to the absent daughter. " You cannot wish yourself by my side," wrote Caroline, "so much as I wish myself by yours. But remember one thing, would I not often be in the way when Agricola comes home ? Can you deny this ? I see you blushing ; but do not blush, and do not vex yourself about it, my dear Louisa : I am contented, and can thank God that I am now only secondary with you, while I love you as well as if I had the first place in your heart."—"That you find it hard to bear the loneliness, and the distance from us, especially when Agricola is not with you, I can very well understand," she wrote ; "I myself, when the

children are gone out for a half holiday, am as stupid and dull as an owl by daylight ; but one must not yield to this, which happens, more or less, to all young wives. The best relief is work, engaged in with interest and diligence : work, then, constantly and diligently, at something or other, for idleness is the devil's snare for small and great, says your grandfather, and he says truly. I do not mean that there is anything wrong in your longing after us when Agricola is absent, my own dear child, only you must strive to retain your composure ; and yet, if you should be overcome by filial yearning, Agricola will not be angry with you. You are quite right to tell him everything that you think and feel at all times ; where truth and affection abide, joy and happiness are not long absent."— And again : " Is it not true that the life of a housekeeper is more stirring than that of a young girl at home ? It is quite right that you should take pleasure in your little household affairs, and enjoy your clean pretty house ; and I can see you in the afternoons, looking and listening for your husband, when you expect him from the courts. How gladly would I sometimes be behind the door when he comes in ! Fancy me on Saturdays looking through your rooms, your presses, and your shelves, and praising you when all is neat and in order." And in another letter : " I delight to find that you take pleasure in all the little matters of your housekeeping : great events do not often come under our management, but if we are observant and watchful, we find our appointed work, and we have more need to pray for a heart to appreciate our blessings, than for a larger share of them."—" You are quite right, my dear Louisa, to visit your neighbours occasionally, but it is still better that you prefer staying at home. God grant that you may ever find the same pleasure in your pretty room !" In order to sympathize fully with her daughter's interests, Caroline desired to receive more detailed accounts of her daily life than Louisa was

accustomed to give. "You have not yet got into the proper way of writing—you tell me only of things in general, and great events ; but, my dear child, I want to know the most minute particulars ; you always tell me how dearly you love Agricola, but I should also like to know why you love him. We understand a man's character best from his conduct in little circumstances, and in daily life. Don't always seek for something of importance to write ; you are writing for my motherly heart, to which everything is important that brings you more vividly before me. Write, then, without too much consideration, about trifles and anything whatever ; great events constitute the life, but trifles the interest of a correspondence. You know that Agnes fills her letters with cabbages and turnips, and so gives me unspeakable pleasure. Man, here below, consists of two parts, and thus, petty things, not paltry recollect, are part of our existence." Again : "I am sorry that you tore up your letter because it was not written in a happy mood ; next time send it to me just as it is. I know as well as you do, that the heart is not always in the same frame ; we should, indeed, endeavour to be at all times master of ourselves, but it takes a good many trials before we attain to this ; and I remember how many uneasy moods and moments I myself had to pass through."

When, in the course of time, the daughter made that discovery which every young wife has to make for herself, namely, that even in her new position, the earnestness of life is not wanting, Caroline wrote : "Yea, dear child, God's gift of true love grows and improves under all circumstances, and although we would gladly escape the sweat of the brow, we soon see that it is necessary, and a part of our earthly discipline : all men have felt, that as life brings us greater happiness, it also becomes more earnest. Thank your Agricola with all your heart for sharing his cares with you, rather than concealing them in order

to spare you. If a wife cannot actually remove, she can often lighten care,—and sweet and bitter should be shared by man and wife. I might indeed desire nothing but joy and happiness for you, but I do not at all despair about you. Men's characters differ greatly, and with them God's means of promoting their welfare. Your father and I had many struggles, which were often very painful; but when I look back, I see clearly that all served to unite us, and make us better acquainted with each other, and that is a result which can never be bought too dear."—"You are quite right, dear Louisa," she writes on another occasion, "to be on your guard against all sources of irritation. It is great and noble to attain to a state of mind which does not allow affection to be saddened or interrupted by the trifles of daily life. A strong determination against this must be rooted in the heart; but I have learnt from good old François de Sales, and from experience, that there are many things which, though they are not to be lightly regarded, must be lightly handled. We must not oppose an irritable tendency by force, otherwise the irritation may only change its form. To oppose one's own irritability with greater irritability, is disturbing to others, and may embitter our own hearts. But I am not at all anxious about you; you never had a fretful disposition, and a loving heart is proof against it; but you cannot have recourse to any one who will understand you so well as I do, for I have felt it all myself."

In November 1820, her daughter was severely tried by the illness of her husband, who had a severe attack of fever, and was in great danger for many weeks. "Your father and I think of you day and night," wrote Caroline when the crisis was over: "we feel but too deeply how painful it is to have a child whom we cannot soothe and make happy. These have been very sad days for us; it was quite a new thought to me that I might have my own dear child in my house and in my arms,

and yet that all my affection could neither satisfy nor comfort her." Soon afterwards she wrote—"Let us first thank God for having preserved your Agricola, and having given you trust and confidence in time of need, and then pray for his further recovery. We need neither be ashamed nor vexed that we are always ready to ask; God knows better than we do that we can do nothing without Him." When the invalid was beginning to recover his strength, she wrote—"We no longer feel the burden, we only remember it, and now rejoice with you in the coming spring, and the warm sunbeams. Although the spring-time of youth is past for us, not so, thank God, the eternal spring, which still grows fresher as we grow older. Let your heart beat in sympathy with the renewed spring-time of nature, which makes us young, and fresh, and gladsome, like the little variegated tom-tits in the oak-tree opposite my window. Ever rejoice in the spring and in life, dear Agricola, and be thankful that you are preserved to my Louisa and to us all."

## CHAPTER XXV.

## DEPARTURE OF THE ELDEST SON FOR THE UNIVERSITY.—1820.

WHILE the correspondence with the married daughter devolved mainly on the mother, Perthes adding now and then a kind word on special occasions, that with the eldest son, Matthias, who had been studying theology at the University of Tübingen since Easter 1820, was maintained alike by both parents. The doubts and difficulties suggested to the son by the study of theology, were submitted to the father, who always sympathized with his son's inexperience, and endeavoured to allay his misgivings. "I have been reading over many of your letters a second time," he once wrote, "and am more and more convinced that it would not be well to answer your earnest communications in detail by a discussion of your views. In the case of a striving, energetic youth like yourself, months are more fruitful than years are to an older man; the scales are moving up and down, and so it should be. One thing rectifies another in the course of the student's own hearty efforts, which God always blesses. This is better for you than listening to an old man's experience, which must always be somewhat foreign, even though it be your own father's."—"I cannot and dare not enter into the subjects which you mention. It would ill become the man whose mind is matured by age, and whose intellectual training has been so different from yours, to set bounds which might impede the young theologian in his career: when your



advancing age brings you nearer to my own, we shall readily understand one another. You say, 'The God of the many does not satisfy my yearnings, I want one to whom I can put up my petitions in the hope that He will be moved by my humility to grant me health and strength.' These are your own words ; keep to them, my dear son." In another letter, Perthes explained his views of the difference between youth and age more fully :—"Between youth and age there is a wall of partition, which a man does not observe till he has passed it. The transition is generally made in middle life, but passes unnoticed amid the necessary cares and labours of one's calling. All at once man finds himself upon an eminence, and sees much that is varied and cheerful behind and beneath him. This is a decisive moment for the soul, for now arises the question, whether he shall give himself entirely to God, and turn away from the world,—not with contempt, for it has been his training-school, —but with a glad contentedness ; or, whether he shall again mingle with the many things that should be left behind, and thus become not only a transgressor, but a laughing-stock in the eyes of superior intelligences. Generally, when a man has passed through the season of wayward minority, and stands erect in manhood, he asks himself, What means all this ? His reply must be, All below is vain and fleeting ; true joy and peace are only to be found in spiritual life. I have done many things and perhaps well, but where is the fruit of the blossoms which looked so promising ? Alas ! *'the ideals have disappeared,'* but not the faculty of labour ; and, therefore, clothed with humility, I say, 'Forward,' to suffer and to do. This is to become a master in the business of life ; but it is vain to expect that this can be attained without passing through an apprenticeship and the *Wanderjahre*. Here it is that so many well-disposed youths of the present day make shipwreck. They affect a simplicity, plainness, and stoutness of heart, which

almost look like the repose and dignity of age ; they harden their bodies, adopt severity of manners, and are modern Stoics. But this is an unnatural condition for youth, and it will not be generally found a safe one : this contempt of the world and of the true riches of human life soon passes into repulsive egotism or sonorous emptiness ; or if the character be of sterner mould, into inhuman tyranny and wickedness. But there are others among our would-be men who, from misconception of the religious sentiment, would fain jump to their majority, by avoiding all conflict with the world, both within and without ; they think that they can, even in youth, pluck the precocious buds and blossoms which themselves have nurtured : but this is vanity : let us give ourselves to the LORD in humility. God's special messengers generally pass through a discipline in youth : many persons, on the other hand, have to endure the conflict with their own hearts and with the world, in later years, and that with aggravated difficulty and peril ; others wither away in empty formalism ; and many end in the vilest hypocrisy. Both the forms of premature manhood to which I have referred, belong to modern times ; and both have often borrowed from Christianity forms of speech which they take for their own proper expression. I would not have you, dear Matthias, fasten these words of mine on any individuals ; what I have said applies only to classes. We should always take for granted that it is all right with the individual, and that he has merely received his colouring from the age. A wonderful admixture of youth and age now prevails, and to the detriment of both, each trespassing on the other ; for to keep clearly in sight the real line of demarcation between the two, is alike essential to both teacher and learner ; for the power of the Spirit and the love of Jesus Christ have a special applicability to the several circumstances of life. This is exactly what we find in the Acts of the Apostles, when Paul adapts himself specially to every variety of character and place.

What countless errors and deviations from the path of duty do we find to have arisen in the present day, from well-intentioned preachers having laid down *general* rules of conduct from instructions designed only for *limited* application !”

When, in the further pursuit of his studies, the son felt himself more and more attracted by philosophy, Perthes wrote to him :—“ Since, as I see, you have betaken yourself to philosophy, I should wish you to put yourself under the guidance of some able thinker, a good man, and a theologian, even though of a different religious persuasion from my own. Would not Professor Steudel give you an hour now and then ? It seems to me that you should at present pursue the study of theology dogmatically and historically only, disregarding for a while its philosophical basis. But at the same time I would recommend you to study thoroughly some one philosophical system without reference to Revelation, and run through the history of philosophical systems ; when you have done this, throw aside the one you have mastered, take up another, and so on, until you have found one that is tenable ; only beware of bringing to any system thoughts which it has not itself originated, and reject with contempt that legerdemain which represents, as proper to a system, thoughts which owe their origin to Revelation alone. Then I am convinced that you will soon enough discover that all mere philosophizing is vain, and will gladly avail yourself of Revelation, if, indeed, any true religious feeling be awakened within you. Take example from others. Hamann, on receiving the third part of Jacobi’s works, wrote to his old friend :—‘ I have read and re-read much of your new book with high satisfaction, whilst, at the same time, much that is in it has depressed me not a little. How poor and pitiable is our present condition even at its best ! since men of the purest, most truth-loving, and acute minds, after years of patient investigation, can elicit nothing in which they themselves can rest, or, even when they

succeed in silencing their own doubts, have so little power of imparting similar satisfaction to other inquirers. Hence a constant misunderstanding amongst thinking men. I confess that this thought has often occurred to me in the perusal of your work, and filled me with sorrow.' Jacobi replied,—'In your lamentation over the insufficiency of all our philosophizing, I, alas! sympathize from the depths of my heart; and yet I know of no middle course between Philosophy and Catholicism: there is none; just as there is no middle course between Christianity and Paganism,—that is to say, between the deification of nature, and a Socratic-Platonic anthropomorphism.' When Jacobi sent me these extracts, which I was afterwards to communicate to Reinhold, he added, addressing Reinhold,—'You see that I am still unchanged—a heathen in understanding, but a Christian in all my feelings: the two streams within me will not coalesce so as to bear up my spirit—whilst upborne by the one, I am in danger of sinking in the other.' Here, dear Matthias, you have a pledge of the truth of my statement respecting philosophy. Scepticism alone cannot suffice. The most thorough and highly educated sceptic that I have ever known was our old friend Schönborn—he was perfectly at one with himself, and knew nothing of the conflict of opposing streams within, neither would he recognise the possibility of truth in other men's opinions, otherwise he must have acknowledged the fact of truth itself, which he did not believe to exist. And yet how melancholy, how awful were the last days of the honest, upright, loving man! My dear son, read frequently your mother's letters,—be attracted within the atmosphere of her piety,—keep your heart pure, that it may never be a stranger to prayer: then may you investigate freely; for prayer and earnest study will help you to overcome in the conflict with doubt."

Caroline considered her son's determination to pursue the study of theology as a matter of primary importance. "Matthias,"

she wrote, "has handled a hot iron; but, if he grasp it rightly he has achieved a great matter, and God is with him." But when he left for the university, her sense of the earnestness of his vocation was for a while supplanted by her regret at separation from him. "How painful it was to me," she wrote immediately afterwards, "to part with Matthias, and to send him into the world, without being able to commit him to the guidance of any human heart or eye. I have had hard work with myself, but now I have laid down my arms, and am at peace." At the same time she wrote to her son—"My thoughts of you are disturbed by a painful feeling of your solitude and distance. I know and am persuaded that in great and important matters you cleave to God, and can do without us; still there are many seasons in which parental love and sympathy are a source of great happiness and comfort. This I myself feel."—"Your letter is just come," she writes a few days later; "I am filled with joy and thankfulness to God, who has so wondrously heard and blessed our wishes and desires in placing you amongst the truly good. But you know not, dear Matthias, how wholly I have committed you to God, praying that He may guide, and teach, and care for you in great and in little things. I am persuaded that you are in His hands, and am happier and more reconciled than I could have thought possible, although there are moments when the yearnings of the mother's heart prevail over these better feelings. We have also letters from Gotha with the best tidings. I do not know how to make enough of the happiness which God has given us on all sides, and must take refuge in the hymn-book." Again, she wrote, "When I am sitting alone on the sofa in the parlour, before the children come down in the morning, and your father has just gone to business, I thank God, and pray for you with all my heart, and look at your portrait which you gave me last Christmas. It brings you vividly before me, and often it seems as if

you saw my thoughts, and responded to them."—"Your grandmother, at Wandsbeck, will rejoice to see that people love your grandfather, and you for his sake," wrote Caroline shortly afterwards. "Indeed, dear Matthias, how many advantages you enjoy that others have not! God will expect more from you, and you must expect more from your own self, on this very account."

In several other letters Caroline urges her son to realize the responsibilities involved in his choice of a calling. "It is quite clear to my own mind," she writes, "that there are many more inquirers for counsel and encouragement than there were ten or fifteen years ago, and it is a great privilege to guide such; but it is no easy task. We get over many difficulties in our own minds, because the solution does not require to be put into words, which must, however, be used when we would help another." In another letter Caroline writes—"I was well aware, whilst you were still with us, that the time would come when you would see many things, both within and without, in a different light from us; but I did not say this because I hoped and believed that you were earnest and truth-loving, and because I trusted that God would give you right views and opinions at the right time. Moreover, I know that man can impart but little to his fellow-man; each must seek and find for himself. I can say with truth that I have been for many years in trouble and perplexity, from which I am not even now free. I have found that it is better not to think of one's-self so much, but rather to think more of God, and to long earnestly after Him; and if we have fallen, to rise at once and go on, trusting in God: thus we are continually advancing, by God's grace, towards a peaceful and blessed end. The Princess Gallitzin once said to me, from her inmost soul, and with a deep sense of her insufficiency, 'But I will still *will*.' This saying often occurs to me, and cheers me when I am cast down. We often be-

come more free and happy when we look at ourselves as a whole, rather than in detail. If we keep all the good thoughts that have occurred to our minds continually present, we shall easily be led to think more highly of ourselves than we ought, and so shall in reality retrograde."—"I am not distressed to hear," wrote Caroline at another time, "that you find yourself unable to pray with as much faith and confidence as you desire, for we are at best but as reeds moved to and fro by the wind: if we only yearn for living faith, God will not fail to help us on, and all doubts and discouragements will eventually cease; but it is almost too much to expect that you should be as yet near to this happy consummation. Socrates thought that inward peace was not to be attained until a man had reached his fortieth year, and Confucius has placed the goal still farther forward; but I do wrong in referring to Socrates and Confucius when we have Christ: consider it then as unsaid. I always take comfort from that man in the Gospel to whom our Lord Christ said that he must *believe* before he could be helped, and who replied to him, 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.' This is all that we can do, and where *we* can do nothing, God is ever ready to aid; besides, there may be much unrest and unbelief in the head whilst the heart holds firmly by its anchor—'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.' I know of nothing more certain, imperfect as our love must needs be here below." Great as was the importance which Caroline attached to this anchor of the heart, she was far from wishing to make it an excuse for indolent security. "Dear Matthias," she once wrote, "accustom yourself to laborious study. It is not mere ignorance, but the want of the power of application, which is found to have such evil and bitter consequences. Tell me, then, whether you are bravely diligent: I wish and hope it may be so; and I should like to know how you arrange your studies. I do not believe that it is possible for a young man, however earnest and

well-intentioned, always to see the why and wherefore of his studies. You would relieve me from a great anxiety if you would commit yours to the direction of some sensible, learned, and older man, who might take your father's place, and direct your scientific career. Without pretending to understand more, I know that experience makes the best guide. Perhaps, dear Matthias, you will laugh at this counsel; you are quite welcome; only consider it, and tell me what you think of it. I would so gladly know that you are on the straightest road even to human learning."

But while Caroline thus fully entered into the life of her eldest son, she kept up his interest in home by communicating all those trifling events which make up domestic life: all anniversaries were especially noticed; thus, on the 2d August 1820, the anniversary of her wedding-day, Caroline wrote—"We were sitting at the breakfast-table, almost buried in garlands, as you have seen us—joy and pleasure in all hearts and eyes—when your letter and congratulatory verses were brought to us; we read them, rejoiced, and thanked God. I was especially affected by your wedding garland, for if you had not been my own very child, you would not have sent it. I have wept my fill, but rather from joy than from sorrow. My whole heart thanks you for your affection, and I pray to God that He may strengthen and uphold your purpose, and enable you to act upon it. We have need to will, and will afresh every minute, for thus we generally bring something to good effect, often unconsciously indeed; but what is unconscious is often best. At least there is nothing that I fear so much as self-satisfaction; for the feeling of need and of insufficiency and the reaching after God's mercy are our best safeguards here below, because this is our real and natural condition. That God may help you, and all of us, my dear Matthias, is my constant prayer."—"The 18th October," she writes on another occasion, "the anniversary of



the battle of Leipsaie, was right festively commemorated. Early in the morning all the bells were ringing, all the churches were full, and crowds waited without; at noon the whole town-guard turned out; the streets were so full of holiday folks walking, driving, and riding, that I could not hear myself speak; in the evening there were fireworks in every direction. I sat at home and thought; the recollection of that great epoch is engraven in my heart; I have lived those iron months over again with all their joys, and sorrows, and anxieties: you will believe that my eyes overflowed, and I thanked God as well as I could, though not so fervently as I wished, for all His goodness. Could I but once keep this day in the Aschau cellar, gratitude would rise spontaneously, and overpower all other thoughts: that cellar I shall remember as long as I live; how perplexed I often was when I left you all for a quarter of an hour, to be alone, and to give free course to my tears. I am really angry with all who on such a day can allow themselves to be dissatisfied with things as they are; on other days people may be angry, and demand reforms, but on the 18th of October we ought only to rejoice and be glad in the deliverance which God wrought for us. And when I think of ourselves in particular, what overflowing pleasure do I see; only my darling, blessed Bernard's place is empty! we miss him, and shall miss him till we go to him." In another letter she says—"All my anniversaries, now that we are so dispersed, are spoilt, and no longer yield the same enjoyment, for it takes much thought to bring you all before me now; still, so long as nothing disturbing comes between you and my longing after you, I shall rejoice."—"The empty places at the Christmas table," she writes, "did indeed mar my joy, but not my gratitude to God for you, my dear absent children, and for the persuasion that you have set out on the good and right way. Though I cannot see you, my heart is glad in its affection, and especially on dear Christmas-eve:

still, it was a quiet festival, and less happy than usual on account of our anxiety for Agricola."—The 16th January was Matthias' birthday, and his mother wrote, "How I long to see you face to face, and to hold you in my arms, tall as you may be, for maternal love is not appalled by height, and the child is a child still, though he be a man. You, my dear old Matthias, I would so gladly have with us; keep well, and enter on your one-and-twentieth year with joy and energy: may God be with you, and preserve you, and grant all my wishes for you, and bless you for evermore, as I believe He will. I send you the birthday wish and prayer, with which I this morning awoke, that you may make it your own. 'O thou Eternal Light and strong Rock, let the light of thy life-giving word shine upon him, and teach him to know thee aright, and to call thee Father with his whole heart; teach him that Christ is our Lord and Master, and that there is none besides, that he may seek thee only, and trust in thee with all his strength.' My beloved child, may God grant it!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## THE LAST DAYS OF CAROLINE.—1821.

THE bodily sufferings to which Caroline had been subject ever since the trying scenes of 1813, had been greatly aggravated by the cares and anxieties of the last summer. The irritability of the nervous system, and the tendency to heart disease had now reached an alarming height; but her serenity of mind was undisturbed: her Christian faith and hope waxed even brighter and stronger as the body approached its last resting-place. "I have lately had feelings, thoughts, and views, formerly quite unknown to me with reference to our earthly life and our appointed work therein, and in connexion with these, a greater serenity:" this she wrote in the spring of 1820. And again, about the same time, "How differently I regard my position, now that I am consciously going down the hill, and find myself so much nearer the end than the beginning of life. If I am not self-deceived, when I examine myself as in the sight of God, I find an increase of peace and assurance, and there are seasons when I am even confident. God grant that this peace and confidence may be abiding; and not a mere play of fancy! God will surely help me. The desire of my heart is for peace and submission to His will, but I cannot always master the desire to live here on earth. I have still much enjoyment and happiness in life, and I have my Perthes."—"It refreshes my spirit, dear Agnes, to hear, that, like me, you are seeking and finding God in many things that appear insignifi-

cant, but that do really gently stir and gladden our hearts all the day long. I cannot say much about them, but I can thank God, and long for more. Let us only be faithful and earnest in little things, and perhaps, in heaven, great things may be committed to us."

Although well acquainted with the cares and sorrows of the inner life, a feeling of joy and thankfulness was nevertheless habitual to Caroline, even when her bodily sufferings were severe. The source of this joy she indicates in a letter to her eldest daughter:—"That you are a happy woman I know, and I desire with all my heart that you may continue so: nor do I doubt it. Perplexed you may be, but not unhappy; for one who strives from the heart to be resigned to the will of God, under all circumstances, can never be unhappy." Caroline possessed in a remarkable degree, the power of tracing the sources of happiness, and of not allowing them to pass by unnoticed and unenjoyed. On the day preceding the last anniversary of her betrothal which she survived, she wrote:—"To-morrow will be my day of days, the first of May, and gladly would I wander with my beloved bridegroom amid the hills and woods, where I might see and hear none but himself, and might thank God, that, after four-and-twenty years, I can keep the day with feelings of the most thorough joy and satisfaction. A few sighs may escape, for my breath is but short; but joy shall be continually renewed. Yes, certainly, the woods, the green woods, would be my chosen home; though, when I look through the fresh green leaves at the blue waters and the unclouded sky, all is so glorious, that it is only with shame and self-reproach that I can really wish for more. Such a fulness of spring splendour and beauty I think I have never before seen; the loveliness of the trees and foliage, grass and flowers, is inexpressible. And this great change from death to life has come to pass in a few days, I might say in a few hours. When

we stand in the sweet spring-tide, looking through the tall, bright green trees to the pure blue sky, one can scarcely realize all the trouble and sorrow that may be within us and around us. Yes, spring is the time of joy; and that joy carries my heart upwards to yonder bright and happy land, where there shall be no more pain or sorrow."

When nature was dark and wintry, Caroline had many other sources of enjoyment. Her affection for her husband and children was, above all other earthly things, an inexhaustible fountain of joy and gratitude: "I must tell you, my dear Matthias," she wrote in 1821, "that, notwithstanding my difficulty of breathing, I am not cast down: and, indeed, I have no reason for being so; for God overpowers us with blessings, by making our children happy and prosperous. We hear nothing but good from Gotha, and we hope that you also are in the good way, and that God is with you. Matilda is a sensible though merry child, and has made herself useful beyond what one could have expected from her age, in the season of severe sickness; she delights to go about with me and to take care of me as far as she is able. Perthes is especially fond of his little daughter. Eleanora is a nice girl, and her heart grows full of kindness and love: and my Andrew is my delight from morning till evening, when he does not happen to be passionate and naughty. My dearest Perthes grows daily in earnestness and grace, as regards his own soul; towards myself he could not be better. Can I then do otherwise than thank God and rejoice?" In the autumn she wrote, "What a constant and profound sense have I of God's mercy, in the bright hopes He has given me, and to so great an extent already realized, in and through you all! You cannot imagine what bright and blessed hours your father and I enjoy when we sit down together, to think over this. It is a gift of God's grace, unspeakably precious, to see our children walking in the way to heaven, however great may be our fears

and anxieties respecting them; for God who has begun the good work will perform it in us all, and will perfect that which concerneth us." In a letter written on the last day of December, Caroline says, "One could not have believed it possible to have sailed along the world's sea of sorrow and suffering through three hundred and sixty-five days, and to find my fragile bark so little injured. Again, I feel that I cannot be thankful enough; and yet how many wishes and petitions are ready for the opening year."

From the commencement of her married life, Caroline had longed for more outward calm and quiet, that her enjoyment of Perthes' society might be more undisturbed; but the course of time convinced her that the bustling life to which she had been called afforded a needful and salutary discipline. "I rejoice with you," she once wrote to her daughter, "that you have returned to your wonted quiet and peaceful life, and that I still long with all my heart for quietness and peace; for this longing proves to me that my unrest has not injured me. Who can say that it has not done me good? I should certainly never prefer to live in a whirl, but God makes all things work together for our good."

Her anxiety, however, lest the health of Perthes should suffer from the pressure of business, could not be allayed. "Perthes," she once wrote, "works more than is good for him. Ah! if I could but get him safe out of this tumult! I can live with him only in thought, for the worry of incessant toil does not leave me a single quiet moment with him. But I must not, and will not complain, for he is in good spirits, and would rejoice as much as I if we could be more together." Ever since Caroline's eldest daughter had been settled in Gotha, she had cherished the hope that, at no very distant period, Perthes would commit his large business and its unceasing cares to others, and at a distance from the tumult of the great city retire to Gotha, where he might live

more to himself and for his family. In many letters she joyfully alludes to this cheering prospect. "If God will, we shall come nearer to you and enjoy a common happiness. Yes, in the depths of my heart, I anticipate that you, dear children, will be the joy of my old age, as you were of my youth." And somewhat later she wrote: "I notice that Perthes is constantly endeavouring to bring matters to a point, in order that we may join you; but when I would express the delight that this gives me, he grows restive, and says, that I ought not even to rejoice in my heart while all is still so uncertain." Perthes, in the meanwhile, was no less earnestly occupied with the hope of deliverance from the wear and tear of such a business. Thus, in the spring of 1821, he writes to his eldest daughter and her husband: "You are indeed privileged in being able to enjoy your youthful years so free from care: mine has been a tumultuous life, and it is but seldom that a quiet hour, unburdened with anxiety, has fallen to my lot. I would thank God with all humility for His guidance hitherto, and commit my way to Him for the future. My desire now is for quiet and repose. I would not be unemployed; but I long to feel at liberty to follow my inclination, and gradually to obliterate from my heart and mind the world's unrest, that I may be ready for that time when all reckonings here below must be cancelled." Caroline's hope to spend the latter years of her life in quiet union with Perthes and her married daughter, was not to be fulfilled. The disease that had attacked her heart and nerves, increased to a painful degree in the spring of 1821. "I am restless, and my nerves are weak and weary," she wrote in April, "and my breathing has become very difficult. This is not a healthy condition, and Dr. Schroeder does his best, but he has not yet found the right medicine." Some weeks later she writes, "I am now drinking the Geilnauer waters, and am in the garden from six to eight o'clock; and happy to receive any visitors

there. I take all sorts of journeys in imagination, and hold long conversations with you, my beloved children, when I am wandering about alone." Early in June she was brought to the gates of death by fever which followed a severe attack of internal cramp ; and she now became fully aware of her danger. "I am weary and done," she wrote when the danger had passed for a season ; "and were you to see me, you would feel that my days are numbered. I give myself up to be nursed and cared for by Matilda, as the representative of you all. She ministers to me with childlike love, and with great judgment and caution. I have often had you by my side, dear Matthias, and have wished you good-morning and good-night. I thank God that I can think of you with joy. Once, in my delirium, I thought you were become a Catholic ; I took it sadly to heart, and now I rejoice the more that it is not so."

Serious thoughts of death had been familiar to Caroline throughout her whole life. She had always regarded it with solemn awe, but it had, perhaps, never excited in her mind that terror with which it is frequently associated even in the minds of pious men, and of which the majority of people are insensible, only because wholly given over to frivolity. The letters in which Caroline refers to the death of those near and dear to her, are the expressions of distress, but never of alarm—she is peaceful and resigned. Thus, in one of them she says : "This is another anniversary of death : ten years ago, my beloved John departed from us. In this long interval I have always, thank God, been able to love him, but not, alas ! to see and hear him, and who can tell whether he is still capable of loving me ? I believe that the relation of mother and child ceases in heaven ; but God will assuredly so order all things that we shall still love each other." Again she says : "It is hard for the survivor, with a heart full of love and yearning, no longer to hear and see the dear departed one. How deeply and vividly



I feel this when, with my motherly heart, I think of my beloved children in heaven! I cannot help asking, why our heavenly Father has appointed these painful partings; and though I receive no answer, I am reassured and comforted by the knowledge that it is His will, and that He wills nothing but good, even when it does not seem so to us." In another letter she writes: "Old Mrs. N. gently fell asleep yesterday. I rejoice to think that she was ready: she could no longer enjoy anything here below; and her weakness and confusion of mind were, as far as we can judge, a hindrance to the enjoyment of the presence and consolations of God himself. Now her dormant love is rekindled never to be dimmed by the thousand trifles that clouded and clogged it here." Again: "I have passed some very serious hours at S.'s deathbed. He died with wonderful peace and resignation, retaining his consciousness to the last. I rejoiced to look upon the corpse as it lay in the still repose of death, no longer constrained to cough, and tortured for want of air. It is remarkable, and I have often observed, how high and clear death makes the forehead: even S.'s was very fine after death, though certainly it was not so in life." On receiving the news of the decease of Count F. L. Stolberg, in December 1819, Caroline had written to her eldest daughter: "The dear, pure spirit will now see God face to face, of that I am persuaded; but we have one dear friend less on earth. The last month of his life was spent in writing a little book on Love: this was a good preparation for the enjoyment of the Eternal Love. I would so gladly have ministered to Stolberg in his illness and at his death; there is no greater comfort on earth than to see a man die in full consciousness, committing himself peacefully and joyfully to the mercy of God in faith. Dear Agnes, we have once seen this together in my dear father. Do you still remember the wonderful beauty of his eyes in those last hours, even to the last minute?"

But while Caroline did not shrink from the thought of death, she had a thorough enjoyment of life. "When at our outset in life we have surmounted one hill, we are apt to think that we have left all hills behind, and have nothing but smooth walking to the end of our days," she says to her daughter Louisa; "at least I have often felt this; and then I came to little hills and great mountains which I had still to cross; and so it will be till we have climbed the last, and laid down our burden. Still, notwithstanding the hills, life is pleasant and valuable to me, and were it God's will, I could gladly live among you yet awhile with my beloved Perthes, especially if he could find a place of rest where I might be more with him. In that case, I should indeed wish that my breathing were somewhat more free, so that I might go about and enjoy life with you." And soon after: "It ought not to be so, but the thought of keeping time in our grasp often occurs. Assuredly God cannot have less good in store for us in heaven than is our portion here, but that which we have here we see with our eyes, and thus it has a stronger hold on our hearts than the anticipation of even the better things awaiting us above."

In the middle of July, Caroline was taken to Wandsbeck, in order to be away from the bustle of home, and that she might be able to enjoy the fresh air without going up and down stairs. She now suffered much from difficulty of breathing and cramp in the chest. "When I sit still, I am pretty well, and enjoy the beautiful weather, quite forgetting my pain, but the slightest movement reminds me of it at once."—"It is now three months," she writes another time, "since I have been able to do anything in the house, the kitchen, or the cellar, and this distresses me greatly. I long indescribably to return to my duties, and to spare my dear Perthes any further anxiety about my health. I cannot do any kind of work, not even knit, neither can I read; but I feel no ennui, and am in very good

spirits. I must not write any more, my dear child. It is not my heart, but my head that is weary." These were almost the last lines that she was able to write to her distant children, but her affection continued undiminished, and she rejoiced with them, as warmly as ever, on the occasion of the birth of her second grandson in July. "God help these poor creatures," she wrote, "who have no love in their hearts; you dear, happy children, how glad I am to be your mother, and how I rejoice in all your happiness!" In the last letter to her son at Tübingen, written on the 2d August, she says,—“We passed our wedding-day very happily at Wandsbeck; I went round the beautiful large meadow many times with my dear bridegroom, sitting down occasionally, and cannot be thankful enough for this delightful walk. We were alone, and it was many years since I had such a walk with my dear Perthes. Our conversation was very comprehensive and hopeful; since it is not only the past but the present which is ours, we thought of you all.” But Caroline's health was not improved by her stay at Wandsbeck: “How gladly would I tell you that I am strong and hearty,” wrote Caroline to Perthes on the 8th August, “but I cannot: I do not feel strong. Pleased I am, but not cheerful, though I might be so, could I sit on my bench in the open air; the pleasure of being out carries me beyond myself, but within doors I do not so easily forget myself and my short breath: perhaps to-morrow God will send the doctor the right thought. My general health is still good, and the one weakness may yet be found out. My feelings tell me that I may be perfectly restored, though my understanding speaks rather differently.” A few days after this Caroline returned to Hamburg, in order to be near her physician, but the hope of recovery diminished day by day. Although not at this time living in the immediate expectation of death, she enjoyed a closer communion with God than at any former period. The old hymn, “Lord,

I would venture on thy word,"<sup>1</sup> was her delight. When, through the severity of her sufferings, and the restlessness caused by fever, she could with difficulty keep before her the contents of the hymn, she would take up her pen, and write a few verses, in order to impress these breathings of prayer on her mind. Perthes had long been aware of her danger. Thus in a letter written somewhat later than this, he says:—"I long suffered on her account, and for many months was weighed down with grief. My lonely walks were spent in endeavouring to realize the heavy trial that was before me, and, with God's help, to prepare for it. Ever and anon hope revived, but only to be dashed again. No one, who knew, as I did, the weight of the fetters that a weary body imposed upon so active and intense a spirit as hers, could have believed that she could long endure it. She suffered much for a long time, and it is a hard struggle for one so excitable and energetic to feel herself constantly bound. It was only her genuine Christianity, and the consideration of the sufferings of our Lord, that supported her and kept her patient, yea cheerful, and preserved her sympathies to the last. I alone knew how weak she was, and how much she suffered; her friends and acquaintances saw only her goodness and her mental energy."

On Friday, 24th August, frequent and violent attacks of inward cramp placed her life in imminent danger, and from this time she alternated between wild delirium and exhaustion, struggles for breath, and profound sleep; but there were occasional hours of freedom from pain, accompanied with perfect consciousness, and then the peace of faith, the assurance of hope, and the joy of love, were victorious over suffering and death. During these last days, Perthes enjoyed the most perfect resignation and peace. "Your mother is very ill," he says in a letter to his sons-in-law, written on the 28th August; "we are in God's

<sup>1</sup> "Herr auf dein Wort soll's sein gewagt."

hand, and may hope, although we have more cause for fear : I find my comfort and support in submission. Thy will be done, O Lord. If God has ordained the death of your pious mother, His will be done : I could not count much on my own strength—the rending of such ties is terrible ; it is terrible to be left without the only creature who entirely knows me—sad desolate loneliness, long or short, is all that remains ; no more comfort of mutual co-operation, no helper in all joys and sorrows. I cannot and dare not hope ; it is only when I realize the worst that I find comfort and support.” On the evening of the day on which this letter was written, the 28th August 1821, shortly after nine o'clock, a stroke of paralysis put an end to Caroline's life so suddenly, that no pressure of the hand, no word or look of love, gave token of farewell to those around her.

Without making any unnatural efforts, without constrained resignation, Perthes gave himself up to the sorrow so natural on such a loss, but which yet is found only in connexion with Christianity, because it presupposes the necessity of submission and of hope. “Here I am with my poor children,” wrote Perthes on the following morning to his son-in-law, “and life looks empty and desolate ; we seek for the overflowing affection that has been so richly granted to us ; and yet, since we could have it only by bringing back my Caroline and your mother, could we wish that her free and pious spirit should be again imprisoned in the body ? My poor little children ! You older ones have had the benefit of your mother's mind, but the younger ones must for ever miss her love and her watchful spirit : God help them and me. It breaks my heart to see the little ones seeking up and down for their mother everywhere, and to hear their sobs when they do not find her. The body is inexpressibly beautiful, from the height of the forehead and the sweet loving smile that plays about the mouth.” In a letter written on the same day to his son Matthias, Perthes says : “Her love can no longer

bless us here below ; she is at rest with God, while we mourn her loss : weep as much as you can, then compose and command yourself, and come to us."—"My sorrow does not make me idle," wrote Perthes, a few days afterwards, to his daughter ; "it rather rouses my affections, and excites me to be helpful to all around me, as far as I can. I have abundant cause of thankfulness, that for four-and-twenty years God permitted me to enjoy this treasure of affection, energy, and intelligence, and I would render thanks to Him for this. Now she knows how and wherein I sinned, as she could not know here below, but now she also realizes the full measure of my affection. How many are the hindrances, and limitations, and circumstances, great and small, that oppose our recognition of the love that is in other men's hearts ! That she now knows me thoroughly, and helps me to cleave to God and to walk before Him, I am fully persuaded, though I am aware that Revelation gives no express countenance to this belief." In a subsequent letter, Perthes says : "All that I have done and planned, that was not immediately connected with business, has for four-and-twenty years been solely in reference to your mother ; she never knew, at least in full, how dependent I was on her ; she only thought through the depth of her love for me what sacrifices I had made. But now all this is over, I am no longer bound, I can do what I will, and next to the yearning after her, I am most oppressed in my solitude by the consciousness of freedom. I know by long experience the instability of man when he is left alone, and if humility can bring down help from above, I may venture to hope that it will not be denied. If it were not for you, children, my wish would be to depart, but my course is not yet ended, and I must continue to struggle and to act." In a letter to his son at Tübingen, he says : "In my heart all is dark and desolate ; I long for communication with some loving soul, as if communion with the Invisible were not enough, and

to this disquiet is added the anxious fear, lest, when time shall have cooled down my burning sorrow, my affection for your mother should also suffer some diminution." Again, after a few weeks, he wrote : "I am now more reconciled to the transition from that yearning, which arises from bereavement, and neither can nor should be permanent, to a continued life with the beloved one in the immediate presence of God and our Saviour : I trust I have found that peace of God, which is the only rest of the soul."

In a letter to Helena, the sister of F. H. Jacobi, who had been a motherly friend to Caroline from her girlhood, Perthes gave a lively picture of the great blessing which he had possessed in Caroline. "You, indeed, early appreciated the worth of my Caroline, but removed as you were from her in these last years, you could not see the development of her mind ; her piety and loveliness, and the simplicity of her character, were untouched by years, and her affection, while it retained all its strength and depth, expanded in every direction, and showered blessings and benefits on all within her reach. She had counsel, comfort, and help for all who approached her, and won love, and an esteem bordering on reverence, from persons of the most opposite character and circumstances. Caroline's imagination was of unparalleled vivacity, and gave rise in her to the deepest sympathy with all that was passing in the world. She had much experience of human nature, but her judgment was always loving and pitiful, her faith was free from the narrowness of the letter, and great as was her affection for me, she was perfectly independent in mind. For four-and-twenty years we have lived together through care and anxieties, sometimes through sorrow and trouble, but in all she was happy, for every moment was filled with love and lively sympathy : always resigned to the inevitable, she preserved her heroic spirit in great events. That poverty of spirit, so extolled by Tauler and

Thomas-à-Kempis, was hers ; she had acquired it in struggling with a strong nature, to which passion, impetuosity, and ambition were not unknown. From her earliest youth she had lived in continual intercourse with God, and she was sincere as I have known few besides. And now this great and rare blessing is lost to me in the grave,—in vain I stretch out my arms."



## CHAPTER XXVII.

GOTHA—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS.—1822.

AFTER Caroline's death, Perthes felt the constant bustle of business more painfully than ever, while for the motherless children a quieter life and a simpler style of living seemed indispensable. He had long planned the transfer of the Hamburg business to Besser, and the removal of his own residence to Gotha. There, in the centre of Germany, he proposed to establish a publishing business, and henceforward exclusively to devote himself to this quieter and less wearing vocation. After Caroline's death, he resolved on carrying out his long-cherished purpose with as little delay as possible. "Next Easter we shall come to you," he wrote, "and, if it please God, become a part of your family ; this resolution is not forced on me by excited feelings, but has been carefully considered, and is wise and necessary."—"The housekeeping can be carried on as usual," he says in a subsequent letter ; "Matilda is active and sensible, and has conducted it with discretion and judgment beyond her years, during her mother's illness. She still continues to take care of the younger children ; but apart from all other considerations, I should be doing injustice to Matilda, if by remaining here I were to oppress her youthful spirit of seventeen, by leaving so much under her charge."

The winter of 1821-22 was occupied with preparations for the transfer of the business and the removal to a new home.

Mauke, who had long shared with Perthes the burden and care of the vast business, was now taken into partnership, and things were put into such a train, that, if the Gotha plan succeeded, the final arrangements would not be difficult. But the separation from the friends of his youth, and from all the associations of his past life, was far more painful to Perthes than the dissolution of his business relations ; with the former he had experienced the full joy and the full sorrow of life ; amid these he had learned and suffered, wrestled and enjoyed. Thus he wrote in January : "I will not tell you how I passed Christmas and the New Year ; they were heavy, heavy days, and heavy days are still before me. Every step, every stroke of the pen vibrates in my heart, and seems to say, 'At last !' Thirty years of my life have been passed in this neighbourhood ; here I have won all that was dear to me, a calling, influence, and consideration ; here I met with Caroline, and here I found God. It is no light matter to leave a house and city, men and associations, with which my whole life has grown up, and I feel it deeply ; but it is needful for me to keep up my spirits, since I have not only to preserve my own composure, but also to keep my heart for others—well-resolved, indeed, but not cold or insensible. I do my utmost to bridle the outer man, and may God help me to overcome the weakness that is within." At the close of February, Perthes wrote : "An hour ago, your Wandsbeck grandmother left our house for the last time. How many days of joy and trouble, of sorrow and anxiety, she has passed here ! Here two of her grandchildren died ; from this house she saw us driven out into the world as wanderers ; in this room she witnessed the departure of her husband and daughter—and now, in a few weeks, our place will no longer be found ! When such depths of feeling, usually fast sealed up, are opened, and a heart that retains in advanced age all the energy of youth, gives way to the profoundest grief, it is difficult to pre-

serve one's calmness. It was one of the hardest and most painful trials of my life. Just before he left Hamburg, Perthes wrote a few farewell lines to the Countess Louisa Stolberg :—  
“The time is come when I must take leave of the home and place where I have enjoyed so large a measure of happiness in affectionate and intelligent communion ; my heart is oppressed with sorrow, but I humbly trust that strength will be given me ; to you, my dear maternal friend, for the sake of our old associations and acquaintance, I send a parting greeting. How often has my beloved Caroline taken up the pen to bid you farewell—but she could not : deeply did she feel and return your love ; of this you are well aware : let us cleave to each other in faith, till we too are gathered to the abodes of peace and light.”

On Wednesday, the 22d of March 1822, Perthes with his four children, left Hamburg, and on the following Monday reached Gotha, where, as he had anticipated, a calm and peaceful but not inactive life awaited him. Perthes had lived exactly half a century, when called upon to begin, as it were, a new life under new circumstances. He had exchanged the bustle of a great seaport for a quiet retreat containing about 12,000 inhabitants—an independent commercial republic for a small German capital.

Gotha cannot fail favourably to impress all who visit it. It forms a crescent at the foot of the Schlossberg, from whose summit the palace of Friedenstein looks down on a green and fertile plain, and southwards to the glorious forest of Thuringia. Extensive grounds, rich in old trees, grassy slopes, and flourishing plantations, front the town on the opposite side, sheltering the remarkably fine orangery of the ducal palace together with many a pleasant pavilion, and giving to Gotha the appearance of standing in the middle of a spacious park. On the other hand, the narrow stream of the Leine, diverted with great skill

from the hills, rather displays than supplies the want of water in the district, and the wide extent of treeless, level ground, between the forest and the town, intersected, at the period of which we speak, by no good roads, removes the mountain range to a considerable distance.

Together with the rest of Germany, Gotha was dragged into the whirlpool consequent upon the first French Revolution; but however strongly the period, dating from Luneville to the second peace of Paris, had convulsed the whole country, it had not been able to overcome the tenacity inherent in German character and the power of outward circumstance. In many a small state the good old times had passed over unchanged into a new epoch, and in the Duchy of Gotha, when Perthes first settled there in 1822, both town and country afforded a picture of manners, customs, and institutions, which carried one back to the years immediately preceding the Revolution. Every evening the streets lined by rows of one-storied houses were filled with cattle returning from pasture, and by night the only sound heard in them was the loud horn of the watchman and his pious caution,—

“Put out fire, and put out light,  
That no evil chance to-night;  
And praise we God the Lord.”

The streets were lively only on the weekly market-days, when the robust form of Thuringian peasants, with their gaily-dressed, healthy-looking wives and daughters, selling corn and wood, butter, flax, fruit and other country and forest produce, filled the square in front of the old town-hall, on whose roof a greedy-looking wooden head opened its wide mouth at the striking of the hour, as if uncertain whether to speak or bite. There were a multitude of strange relics of a past time which met the stranger at every step, though the inhabitants of the place hardly remarked them. Day by day a little man, in a blue coat with shining buttons, mounted on a pony smaller still

might be seen wending his way amidst the confusion of heavily-laden wagons, which were wont to rest a night in Gotha on their way from Frankfort to Leipsic. This functionary was the Weimar escort, the terror of the wagoners, looking out for any defaulters among them who had not paid the tax formerly levied in return for an armed escort, which served as protection against the assaults of knightly highwaymen. Long as this custom had become obsolete, the fee was still rigidly exacted, as well as the town-toll from wagons which were not permitted to go through it, but had to make a circuit. Not less notable to the youth of the place were the giant forms of the guard, with their wide white cloaks down to their heels, their great swords at their sides, their heavy boots and clattering spurs, though horses they had none. Peaceful, friendly, obliging people they were, carpenters, locksmiths, joiners, who, while following their respective trades, were accustomed to figure as warriors, so many times a month, for a moderate compensation. There were only about six or eight uniforms for the whole body, which were passed on from one to the other. Any one crossing the town at mid-day, was sure to meet an elder scholar, followed by ten or twelve smaller boys, running in breathless haste through the streets, singing a chorus the while, in hopes of thus collecting a few pence. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the choristers of the Gymnasium stationed themselves, in their black cloaks and three-cornered hats, before the doors of the wealthy, thus, by means of their persevering quartetts, extracting enough to support them during their school career.

As for family life and social intercourse, nothing could be more simple. The men assembled in the evenings in groups composed of those of the same trade and condition, and enjoyed their long pipe over a glass of beer, and even the woman-kind of the more cultivated families made afternoon visits to each other's spinning rooms. The theatre consisted of a large room

in a mill, where all classes, indifferently, might, for a *zwanziger*, gain admission to benches from whence to contemplate the strolling players. Expensive outlay in eating and drinking was reserved for extraordinary occasions; the rooms were, according to the old fashion, small and low-roofed, the furniture, generally of deal, was at the very utmost of the cherry-wood of the district, and, in short, unostentatious comfort and scrupulous cleanliness everywhere prevailed. In trade and business too the old customs still endured. The different guilds were assiduous in preventing those who were not members of them from procuring employment; the saddler might not make a portmanteau, the locksmith was forbidden to interfere with his brother of the anvil, and the tailors were sure to institute a crusade against any needlewomen who might venture to overstep the limits of their peculiar calling; the right of brewing was confined to certain firms, which, according to rule and precedent, supplied the citizens with a beverage thin and sour enough. All intercourse with the small villages around was carried on by means of a walking post, who indulged in a perpetual warfare with the post-office authorities of Thurn and Taxis. The Thuringian forest was traversed only by the Tam-bach and Schmalkalde roads, and though the great highway through Gotha from Leipsic to Frankfort was kept alive all the year by countless wagons, it did not yet boast a mail; and when, in the September of 1825, the first diligence entered Gotha, the whole town assembled to gaze upon the phenomenon, and for months nothing was spoken of but the energy of the Postmaster-General, Nagler, who had actually brought seeming impossibilities to pass. In other directions the roads were impassable after rain, and journeys, whether of business or pleasure, had to be postponed till dry weather.

Although the political, ecclesiastical, and social forms of Gotha belonged to bygone days, yet there was—not indeed in

them but co-existent with them—an amount of life and intellectual movement not often to be met with in towns of the same size. The Gymnasium numbered amongst its teachers such men as Döring and Schulze, Ukert and Kries, Rost and Wüstemann; the library had attracted to Gotha Friedrich Jacobi, the Observatory Von Lindenau and Encke; Bretschneider was general superintendent; the natural sciences were worthily represented by Von Hoff and Von Schlotheim; Stieler had already begun his geographical labours, and Andreas Romberg had, until 1818, led the services of the ducal chapel. All these men were cordial friends, and every one was welcome to their periodical meetings who possessed any scientific tendencies whatsoever. Tradesmen and mechanics were, generally speaking, active and enterprising. They had planned and established, at their own expense, excellent schools for their own order, and many other useful institutions besides; the educational efforts of former centuries were continued and developed; free schools were carefully supported, and societies formed for the benefit of orphans and prisoners. The living influence of the town extended beyond its own confines. The Fire Insurance Office established in 1821, and the preparations for the Life Insurance Company which followed, in 1829, the getting up of the universally circulated genealogical pocket-books, as well as the great geographical undertakings of Justus Perthes, called out a spirit of enterprise on all sides. Intellectual influence of various kinds was diffused by the many born or educated in Gotha, and thence transplanted to German universities, while the parents of the numerous pupils who flocked to the Gymnasium from all parts of Germany, as well as from Denmark, Poland, and Russia, brought with them foreign interests into the town-circle.

With this fresh and vigorous intellectual life, the confusion and deadness prevailing both in politics and religion formed a singular contrast. Here, as in the rest of Germany, the creed

of political rationalism, handed down by the last century, was combined with the national efforts, as also with the fantastic characteristics resulting from the war of independence and its concomitants.

In almost every respect, Perthes's new home afforded a fair epitome of the state of Germany. Death and life, disease and health, reason and unreason, old and new, were in close juxtaposition, as indeed they are everywhere, but here, perhaps, still more grotesquely blended than in other places.

Perthes had keenly felt his departure from Hamburg, and the shadow of the last sad months there spent followed him into his new home. Writing to Count Adam Moltke, he says,—"It is a heavy year that lies behind me. My childhood was spent in poverty; as a youth I was thrown about from place to place, till, as a compensation, Wandsbeck was given me as a home. Home died with Caroline. The gradual removal from my desolate house of objects endeared by memory, the last look into the now empty rooms, which for eighteen years had been consecrated by the closest ties,—all this cut me to the heart. We must be unspeakably guilty in God's sight, otherwise, when through the darkness in which we walk, light shines through love, death would not be permitted to take it away. My nature could never endure to give itself up to a great and deep sorrow, and on this occasion it was only the labours and the efforts, essential, in order conscientiously to part from my home, my business, and my social and civic relations, that enabled me to bear the rending of so many ties by which my very life seemed bound. Our journey was a prosperous one, and a slight accident was the means of enriching us with a pleasant impression. At a village near Netra, our axle-tree broke. I shall never forget this little village of Rittmannshausen. It was Sunday—all the peasants were at hand—the four-and-twenty families living there made but one; they were



all related by love and friendship, and behaved to each other and to us with the most refined politeness. The women were handsome—the lads well grown, the men Hessians, who had seen service, with their medals on their breasts, and all alike intelligent and helpful. For twelve hours they helped Wagner and the smith, and I had difficulty in getting them to take anything in return. In short, I met with an idyl in real life, which rejoiced my heart. On the 20th of March, at mid-day, we reached Gotha. Our meeting was a mournful one without ‘the mother.’”

Towards the end of April, Perthes, having completed his necessary family arrangements, was obliged to go to Leipsic. But the impulse given to the book-trade by the confluence, from all parts of Germany, of men of every kind, no longer excited him as of yore. In a letter to Besser he says: “It is not the labour, nor the turmoil, but the emptiness of the pursuit which weighs upon me now. Everything seems to me null and void, and I can no longer get up an interest in things as I used to do. Many objects which a short time ago were bright and varied, have become grey and monotonous in their hue, and the life of life is over for me.” In the middle of May Perthes returned to Gotha in melancholy mood. He again wrote to Besser: “My spirit is deeply troubled. This returning home without Caroline, without finding the love, the fulness of soul from which I drew my life, is horrible. I can impart nothing, receive nothing, all is barren and dead. My arrival yesterday was most painful—no welcome, no life; the poor children cannot supply that want.” The Countess Augustus Bernstorff (*née* Stolberg) wrote to him: “The wilderness within, the blank, the loss,—ah! who knows these as I do,—the love, the longing, the home-sickness, and yet the consolation and the hope! Most heartily do I stretch out my hands towards you; we are one in faith, and strive towards the same goal—may eternal love and mercy help us to reach it!”

However sad Perthes may have been during the first few weeks of his residence in Gotha, this did not prevent his open nature from receiving new impressions. He wrote to Count Moltke : " Very notable to me is life and action in this little ducal town, and the contrast between it and the commercial republic in which I have grown grey. Here there are no State and social restrictions for me, scarcely, indeed, for those who hold office here. There is no place where one lives more unconcerned as to prince or governments, and that is not well ; for what importance can these small duchies retain unless they preserve more intimate relations between prince and subject than is possible in great towns ? " In a letter to Besser we find him saying : " As I write, the village bell is sounding in my ears. Last night, the 16th of May, Duke Augustus died. All medical skill was in vain, for this half crazy prince could not deny himself the stimulus of the hottest spices. " Later, Perthes writes to Rist : " The funeral was a melancholy spectacle, no sympathy shown by high or low, town or country. The domestic servants were the only mourners, and the Duke's favourite cock, which was almost always with him night and day, alone looked solemn and tragical. And yet this prince had injured and oppressed no one ; he was both clever and feeling, but he was early ruined by an education founded on the principles of the French Encyclopædists ; he took distorted views of everything, and his conduct bordered on insanity. On the morrow, when the country heard of the death of the old Duke, there was another ready ; and the Saxon Dukes, who would gladly have succeeded, had to exercise patience, and not only to condole upon the occasion of the death, but to congratulate on that of the accession. If, in the other smaller States, prince and people are not more closely united than they are here, we shall have some ugly experiences to go through. "

Perthes's preconceived ideas of small principalities had led

him to expect a patriarchal authority in the Prince, and a familiar attachment on the part of the people ; but this we see was not the case. On the other hand, he found in the town an unexpected extent of cultivation, and a variety of intellectual interests. "I am still," he says in one letter, "restrained by caution from entering into any business relations here, but what I have hitherto seen promises me more scope than I should have expected. It is really wonderful how many well-informed men of business, men of learning, and aspiring youths, this little town contains. Of the learned, the greater part have devoted themselves to natural science ; their proficiency in this one department is acknowledged, and they possess considerable libraries and collections. Many of them are experienced in greater matters, know the world and the world's history, and all are social and communicative, though they prefer speaking upon their own special subjects, of which I know nothing. The theologians and philologists are much the same as elsewhere. Poetry and Art have no representatives, but we have no lack of originals. A gentler, more cheerful, and child-loving head of a school than Döring, the director of the Gymnasium, you could nowhere find. Though not far from his seventieth year, he wears a grass-green coat and a sulphur-coloured waistcoat ; though decidedly hump-backed, he is a great rider, and a thorough Nimrod ; he keeps and feeds singing-birds, reads Horace, and is good-humoured and jovial in his manner to his pupils. In short, society, in despite of the narrow limits of the town, is so exciting and many-sided, that one need never be obliged, like Richard Parish, to take frequent journeys, in order to rub off the cryptogamic growths with which a long stay in one and the same place is apt to incrust the human soul."

Perthea, as we are already aware, had made over his prosperous Hamburg business to his brother-in-law, Besser, and

chosen Gotha for a residence, with the view of establishing a publishing business there. His letters written at this period fully express his views on the subject. In one of these he says, "Your question as to what I shall take to, now that I have done with my former busy life, did not surprise me. You think that the habit of thirty years must needs render even the overpressure of business necessary, and that the excitement of undertakings involving risk, and dependent upon chance, will be painfully missed by me; and in this you would be quite right, if I were contemplating a state of repose such as you imagine. But it is not so. The repose I ask is merely the means to such new activity as is permitted to our later years. You are aware that I rank the book-trade highly, as the indispensable condition of a German literature. Now the strength of the book-trade is the bookseller's shop. This possesses the art of diffusing books widely, and an appreciation of the best works, and a determination to sell them rather than any other gives it moral worth. I may be permitted to say, that I have carried on this branch of the trade as successfully as any one. No establishment in Germany stood higher, than mine. But I have, for some time past, clearly seen, that the energy of youth is best calculated successfully to pursue this calling. He who thinks he can work on in it till the approach of life's evening, and who puts off relinquishing it to younger hands, will have many a cause of regret. Publishing is the other branch of the trade, in all its relations perfectly distinct from the first; but only he who is experimentally acquainted with the shop, it seems to me, can become a publisher advantageously to himself or to literature. Now, I have carried on the former for six-and-thirty years; I have a clear, if not a large capital, and a number of good books of my own printing, which I brought from my old establishment. My credit stands high in the mercantile world; I am on terms of friendship with many of the most distinguished

men of the day ; I am still healthy and robust, I love my calling, and having paid many a premium to experience, I now know what I really can do, whereas formerly I only knew what I wished to do, and hence took many a false step. Now all this may be said to constitute a pretty good vocation to become a publisher. As to your further inquiries, whether I have already laid down my plans for the future, or mean to be guided by circumstances, here is my answer—The authors who frequent the literary market, and know by divers artifices how to give it its tone, are hardly adapted to advance, or even to support the cause of German art, science, and learning. Book-making prevails in almost every branch of literature ; criticism is in the last stage of decline ; but we may assume with certainty, that the nation is better than its authors, and has literary wants that they do not satisfy. This is especially true in regard to history. The trying ten years that Germany has had to go through, and the spirit-stirring influence of 1813, have given reality to what was formerly received as mere legendary lore. That which other times have known only through their historians, our own time has actually suffered and done ; and having itself had a history, it has acquired a taste for history in general. The striking experiences common to all, have given to all a deeper insight, a higher point of view whence to contemplate the destiny of nations ; different and more important questions are asked of history than in days of yore, and they require a different answer. My vocation shall be to endeavour to give an impulse to, and help on men capable of giving such an answer—to forward what they are able to execute, and to be generally useful to them.”

As Perthes's purpose was to become an historical publisher, he could not fail to take interest in the preparatory labours of a circle of distinguished men, who for some years past had aimed at carrying out Baron Stein's gigantic idea. Stein had always

thought it a national disgrace that Germany, where so much was done for science and learning, should be without any adequate collection of the sources of its own history. The increase of national consciousness springing from the war of independence, and the repose promised by the recently concluded peace, seemed to hold out a chance of supplying this want; and Stein's plan was to assemble the learned men of Germany, and to engage them all in collecting materials for a history worthy of the nation. In order to defray the expenses incurred at the outset, he and others of his rank established a committee in Frankfort, and, in 1819, founded the society for the investigation of ancient German history, to which the Confederation and several of the German sovereigns promised their countenance and support. The appearance of the first volume of the *Monumenta Germaniae Historica* was put off till 1826, but ever after the summer of 1819, a periodical had appeared, giving an account of the progress of the undertaking.<sup>1</sup>

But however fascinated Perthes might be by the magnitude of Stein's undertaking, he yet saw that something more than historical inquiry and the collection of old records was needed. He wrote to Rist as follows: "Amongst men of business there are but few who have sufficient time and information to prosecute historical inquiries, and yet it is they and not the learned who influence facts, and, so to speak, shape history; and therefore they, most of all, want individual insight and judgment in matters of history. But to such Stein's undertaking offers little or nothing. For them and for the nation at large, written history affords the only means of attaining historical information, and although historians might complain of a superfluity of historians, the German man of business of every class vainly seeks for channels of instruction. The older histories do not supply this want. their style is antiquated, their size incon-

<sup>1</sup> Edited by Dr. Perthes, at present Curator of the Royal Library in Berlin.

venient, and, above all, our own extraordinary times have led to new demands on our part. There is no want of valuable materials, and men of different ages may be found fit for the task, and able and willing to undertake it."

Rist's answer was as follows: "If you desire to produce a genuine political history of the European States, I have this objection to make: our times are unsuited for great historical undertakings in the higher sense. The writing of history requires a contented mind, a peaceful environment, and susceptible contemporaries. But we are entirely without any fixed point of view whence to consider and decide upon external phenomena. Soon we shall, for our sins, have been wandering for forty years in the wilderness, and we do not yet stand on the mountain from whence the promised land can be seen. We men and fathers shall never enter Canaan. Happy, my dear friend, if we may climb the height from whence to look down on those who, after our departure, shall go in and take possession. They too, no doubt, will have many a hard battle with Philistines and Canaanites, but still they will reach what we may only see. For what has yet been gained as to our condition, our public life, —what but the most utter confusion? What problem have we solved? what constitution have we established? We have shaken off a thousand illusions only to fall into more than a thousand doubts and uncertainties. No; times of great fermentation, times of transition, are adapted only for the collection of materials and the prosecution of inquiries, not for the writing of history. But granted that men equal to the task were at hand, they would not dare to write history. Would not the dread of placing weapons in the hand of those bold Jacobins, who, since Napoleon's time, everywhere abound—would not the disgust at the State's political censorship deprive the writer of his unfettered energy, and lame the wings that should enable him to soar? How long would he be permitted to speak historically

first years of his residence in Gotha; but in connexion with his publishing plans, many other works also claimed his attention.

Perthes was well aware that publishers not only need authors to write works, but booksellers to circulate them, and far from neglecting the latter class, he sought to establish confidential relations with them by means of correspondence, as well as through the annual meeting of the book-trade at Leipsic.

While Perthes was thus collecting all his energies to lay the foundation of his new business, he had at the same time to dissolve his Hamburg connexions, and to settle matters with his old partner Besser. Accordingly he wrote to him: "We must settle our affairs as soon as possible, for if one of us were to die before this were done, inevitable confusion and mischief would ensue, for then law would settle what we arrange as brothers: therefore I urge you to make all possible speed. After all, when this is over, I shall not be estranged even from your affairs; (from yourself I never could be so:) but I shall watch them with delight and sympathy, and in many things we shall be able to help each other as long as we live." The only difficulty attending the dissolution of partnership between these two brothers in mind and heart, arose from each thinking himself too much benefited by the propositions made by the other. However, matters were soon arranged, and upon the occasion of his retirement from the Hamburg establishment, Perthes wrote to Besser: "We have now, dear brother, worked together for a quarter of a century, carrying on one and the same concern in troublous times. Not once have we taken different views as to 'meum and tuum;' not for one moment during all those years have we ever felt it possible to waver in our mutual confidence. Let us thank God that at the hour of parting that confidence is as firm and pure as it has been during our long-associated life. Such happiness and in such degree is vouchsafed to few."



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

EXCURSION DURING THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN OF 1822—  
LITERARY NOTABILITIES.

DESPITE the great amount of labour which his calling and his temperament alike imposed upon him, Perthes, during the first year of his life in Gotha, found time to make more or less distant excursions into the surrounding country. In the beginning of August he visited the Rudolstädt and Altenburg district; and later in August he went for a few weeks to Franconia and Bavaria. In a letter to a friend he says: "When, on the 13th of September last, I left Gotha at mid-day, a magnificent thunderstorm accompanied me over the heights of the Thuringian Forest. I travelled in the Diligence, a nine-seated monster, on the top of which a seat is built for two people. If, from this perch, where one knows nothing of the heavy vehicle behind, one watches the six horses toiling up the hill, the mind naturally reverts to our humanity, which often forgets the heavy body there is no shaking off, and then childishly wonders at the trouble it gives us to rise. A diligence like this (I mean the actual Thurn and Taxis conveyance) is convenient and rapid in comparison with those of earlier days; but yet it requires that the passengers should be good-humoured, not over-sensitive, and not in a hurry. As for conductors, they are always wet or dusty. Mine made pious reflections during the thunderstorm, and did not lose a moment in taking up five blind passengers,

whom I could not see, as they got in during the night, and out before daybreak. But I, the only seeing passenger, had to take the conductor's place, not only at the customary halting-places, but at every intervening public-house, where he was minded to play a game at cards with the postilion. In Schwallungen I heard an enlightened watchman cry, 'The hammer has struck one,' instead of the bell has struck one. In Hildburghausen I ate at the same table with two of the prince's retainers, the one a valet, just out of bed, the other a sweep, just out of the chimney. The barefooted blackamoor was a fine-looking fellow, and discussed great European events better than many a professor. However, at Coburg, which I reached on the evening of the 14th, I grew tired of the whole concern, took a carriage, and drove to Baireuth on Sunday morning before sunrise. The mist still filled the valleys. I passed the Bavarian frontier to Lichtenfels without trouble. The sun broke out, and the valley of the Maine lay before me bathed in light. Towards Bamberg and Würzburg, hill rose behind hill—the river a thread of silver—the high towers of the monastery of Banz and Vierzehnheiligen sparkled like gold; bells were sounding on all sides to celebrate the Sunday morning." He then passed through the valley of the Maine to Baireuth, where he remained some days.

In a letter to a friend, Perthes writes:—"As you were once rather an idolater of Jean Paul, you shall hear something about the impression his personality made upon me. It is better, however, I am well aware, to speak than to write about things and persons that in the course of one's travels one may have become more or less acquainted with. How many opinions and judgments are rightly understood only by means of the commentary of voice and manner! A good-natured smile softens the spoken word, and if the listener should take a matter too seriously, an additional word removes the misapprehension. But

what is written remains hard, cold, rigid, and unalterable, and often the reader views as black what the writer at most meant to paint only as grey. In letters written on a journey, and conveying the impressions of the moment, one cannot be conscientious enough in one's opinions about people. Meanwhile, since I cannot speak, I needs must write. I went at eight in the morning to Jean Paul. A tall, strong, bony figure, like that of a farmer or a forester, entered the room, dressed in a hunting coat, with a badger's skin over his shoulder, and leading a white poodle by a string. As we had long been correspondents, we were soon in full talk. I spent two evenings with him, the first in his own house, the second at that of Madame von Kettenburg's. Not only was a court lady of the name of Stein present on both occasions, but the newly-married Count and Countess Henckel-Donnersmarck. The wish to appear in the best light excited Jean Paul, and, accustomed as he is to be listened to, my sudden interpolations interrupted him, and the consequence was, that while he proved himself a worthy, truth-loving man, and although the conversation turned on the leading men and leading events in Church and State, life and literature, I did not hear him utter one significant word, one deep view, one result of great inner experience: his conversation was throughout wearisome and obscure. He gave us the narrative of his daily life, as follows: 'In the summer at six, in the winter at eight, I walk about half a mile to Frau Schabenzel's, (an old countrywoman;) the poodle goes with me; I carry my papers and a bottle in my badger's skin; there I work and drink my wine till one o'clock; then I do not drink again; but from five to seven I drink my beer as long as there is any in the jug.' For half an hour Jean Paul put us to sleep with receipts for sleeping. None of the lightning flashes and scintillations of fancy, the striking similes, or the glowing pictures with which his works abound, appeared in his conversation!

I left him convinced that the man who, as an author, belongs to the tenderest and the richest minds of Germany, is not, therefore, necessarily tender and soft-hearted. After Jean Paul, I felt most interest about a certain councillor Kraus. In order to get at him, I applied to Jean Paul, having heard that they had been friends for years. 'We are old friends, it is true,' said he, 'but now we no longer meet. But go to him, and say, that though I never will have anything to do with him myself, I have sent you to him.' Accordingly, I went. I had to go up a steep stair, at the top of which was a closed lattice, and outside hung a long wooden hammer, with an inscription above to this effect: 'He who will enter must knock hard; if the hammer is inside I am not to be seen.' So I knocked hard, and the door was opened. As I entered a large library which swarmed with cats of every age and colour, a friendly old man, a bachelor with silver hair and in a long dressing-gown, advanced to meet me. After I had playfully delivered Jean Paul's message, we fell into conversation. 'Jean Paul,' said he, 'is a thoroughly upright, feeling, good man, rich in heart and mind, but the blossoms of his nature will never ripen into fruit, because he has not strength thoroughly and scientifically to mature any subject; he knows much, but all he knows is in disorder and confusion, and now that his own mind can create nothing further, he has fallen into all sorts of follies.' Kraus and I parted excellent friends. 'Farewell, my dear good foe,' said he as I rattled down the steps. I have found out since then, that Kraus, together with Lang, wrote the well-known journey to Hammelburg." From Baireuth, Perthes went for a few days with the son of the bookseller, Grau, to the Fichtelgebirge, and wandered on foot to Kemnath. "This is the true home of the German kobolds, dwarfs, and little mountain spirits, this barren, gloomy mountain range, whose far-stretching dark ridges, mighty detached granite blocks, and long winding valleys, make

a deep, if not a pleasing impression on the traveller. Everything here is grey and mysterious. The rock is hardly covered with earth; stunted fir-trees, with ragged foliage, heath, and blackberry bushes, give the district all it has of colour, and dark moss shrouds trees and stones, hills and valleys, alike. Colossal rock-masses are heaped together in hundreds on the east side of the Luchsberg; some of them rounded, some table-shaped, but all perfectly detached, and most of them in the boldest positions,—a world in fragments, a true picture of the ruins of the German empire. Here we were overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm. ‘That’s a loud noise,’ said our guide, ‘but there was a louder one when these stones were rolled together here.’ Another time he pointed out a rock to us, called the Prince’s Head, but ‘if closely looked at,’ he said, ‘you will see that it is an inverted heart.’ He was a rough man, this guide of ours, but full of sense and wit, and his talk was one series of bold, lively pictures. What he had heard from others he told in good German, but he gave his own thoughts in the rude yet melodious *patois* of the mountains. From the top of the ridge the Nahe flows to the south, the Maine to the west, the Saal to the north, and the Eger to the east. How different the outward position of the countries traversed by the streams which we see here at one glance, and yet the same joys and the same sorrows are to be found in them all.”

Perthes continued his rambles through the upper Palatinate, and next spent a few days in Amberg.

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In the spring of 1824, Perthes again left his business, and paid a visit to Bonn. His letters to his children and to Ham-burgh friends give an account of his way of life there. Here is one of them :—“When I left you on Monday evening, I had to scramble over legs, carpet-bags, and cloaks, and, with much difficulty, to take my place as number six, in the middle of the

back seat—five people being in already—but it was too dark to see their faces. A light that we passed threw a momentary ray over an odd-looking figure who went on with a discussion, which my entrance had interrupted, about Walter Scott's account of the battle of Waterloo. The speaker was a Scotchman, and after a week spent on the field, having been a good deal disgusted with pretended mementoes of the battle, he had himself begun to dig, and had had the good luck at length to find a hero's skull, which he carried away, confident that he should easily find out to what nation it belonged, as a friend of his had once upon a time attended Blumenbach's lectures. 'Devil take the fellow! leave skulls alone, and the dead to rest in their graves,' muttered a deep voice in the corner next to me. 'What do you mean, sir?' answered the Scotchman, hastily. In short, the quarrel had begun, hot words passed—the Scotchman got the worst of it; we had universal commotion in a dark box, and no one knew what would come of it. 'Messieurs,' said a young good-humoured voice, 'shall I show the Scotch gentleman, for his collection, the letter of the Chinese that I met in Halle?' The Scot pricked his ears, forgot the rebuke he had received, and thought only of the genuine Chinese document. Peace was restored, and at Eisenach, on went the whole party, skul and all, to Frankfort, I diverging to Cassel, which I reached after a journey of seventy-seven hours. I spent the evening with the brothers Grimm; they are the same as they were ten years ago, and yet different too. Then they were almost feminine in their bloom, filled with the tender dreams and hopes of youth, now they are almost exclusively devoted to severe study."

From Cassel Perthes went to Marburg, where he spent an evening with Suabedissen, Rehm, and Gerling, and then, in the company of two Heidelberg students, whom he met accidentally, proceeded on foot to the Rhine.

At Bonn he spent a few weeks in the house of his brother-

in-law, Max Jacobi. He writes, "The being with my dear old brother, Max, and with my Caroline's sister, who, in sprightliness and mental gifts, is all she was five-and-twenty years ago, reminded me vividly of a time now long past, when I too was rich. No one knows what a poor human heart feels, when such echoes of a vanished world pierce his soul. The joy of meeting was mingled with grief; the joy I shared with others, and kept the grief to myself." With the theologians, Sack, Nitsch, and Lücke, with Welcker, Brandis, Arndt, and many others, Perthes was very intimate, and much enjoyed their companionship. But he was, above all, impressed by his first meeting again with Niebuhr. A warm political quarrel had, in 1814, separated the two old friends, and though it had been long ago made up by letter, yet they had not since met.<sup>1</sup> From Bonn Perthes wrote to Besser: "I was prepared for a painful meeting, and should not have wondered at a distant manner, or formal bearing on Niebuhr's part, but the very moment I saw him, I found the old heart and the old friend, and there was not a shadow of reserve between us. His wife had just given birth to her second son, and the three elder children were running about their father's room, with all their playthings; and during our conversation, I was engaged first with one and then with the other of them. For five days I daily spent several hours with him. Our conversation was

<sup>1</sup> We have already seen the alienation that had arisen between Niebuhr and Perthes, when in 1814 the latter had regarded Niebuhr as exclusively Prussian rather than German in his political sympathies. In 1815 Perthes had bitterly attacked a pamphlet of Niebuhr's, as written from a merely Prussian point of view. These violent political contests between the former friends seemed, at the time, to offer little probability of a renewal of friendship; and on this account it was with no small emotion and pleasure, that Perthes received the following lines from that great and noble man, written shortly before his departure for Rome in the spring of 1816:—"Dearest Perthes, I would not willingly impoverish myself, or part poorer than inexorable destiny may have decreed. That destiny has beggared me in those nearest friendships in which but one year since I felt so inconceivably rich. Three days ago was the anniversary of my father's death, with which sad day the destruction of my possessions began. My friendships I know have suffered from passion and irritability; let all be forgotten between us, and let every misunderstanding be removed before I leave my native land. Will you accept this?"

almost entirely political. Niebuhr's disposition is very melancholy; the purity of his heart and the depth of his sensibilities make him feel the more the want of some firm support for his soul; he fights with uncertainty, and quarrels with life. He said to me, 'I am weary of life, it is only the children that bind me to it.' He repeatedly expressed the bitterest contempt for mankind. The spiritual condition, indeed, of this remarkable man cuts me to the heart, and his outpourings alternately elevated and horrified me. To see such a heart and mind in the midst of the convulsions of our time gives a deep insight into the machinery of our poor human life. Niebuhr needs a friend who would be a match for him; he has not one such in the world. The wealth of his intellect and the extent of his knowledge are absolutely appalling, but his knowledge of the present is only the result of historical inquiry and political calculations—he does not understand individual or national life. 'I do know and understand the people,' replied he, when I made the above remark to him; 'I read, and inquire, and hear; and my residence abroad has given me an impartial point of view.' And yet I maintain, he has no knowledge of human nature. One thing I am more and more sure of: men of giant intellect and high imagination are little fitted to govern; the practical man, if he will avail himself of the intellects of others, makes the best Minister." A few days after, Perthes left Bonn and Niebuhr wrote to him as follows: "The unlooked-for pleasure of seeing you again still remains in the form of memory; your visit has awakened the illusion that old times have not quite vanished. And yet they have; and could I become a sceptic, I should begin by denying a man's identity at different epochs of life." Perthes wrote in reply: "You yourself would afford me a proof of identity if I needed one. Only look within you, how love has endured, how much you are still the same! Thirty years ago I have seen that very same love shine forth



from your whole being, which still has power to melt all the frost, and rub away all the rust of the world."

Pertthes spent several mornings with A. W. Schlegel, and writes about him thus: "We had not seen each other for many years. At first Schlegel gave me a stately reception; but old recollections of former meetings soon made him open, tender, and natural in his cordiality. It was in 1793, just after his marriage, that I first saw Schlegel; then we met in 1803 and 1805 in Leipsic and Dresden; in the summer of 1813 I spent some weeks with him; and again, in December of the same year we had a very pleasant day in Saalsund in Hanover, with Rehberg, Smidt, Sieveking, and Benjamin Constant. These old pictures having first flitted past us, the political and religious opinions of past days gave way to the present. Schlegel expressed himself very strikingly about the men and the occurrences of our own time. I called his attention to the importance, historically speaking, of a new collection and edition of his works. He owes it to the history of our literature, to show the origin and the aim of his detached essays, so as to prevent further misunderstanding and confusion; for however different the decision of different parties respecting him may be, still his views, his criticism, his praise and blame, will have considerable influence over our literature for all time. Schlegel agreed with me, and remarked that he must needs be much misunderstood, for that his labours in the early part of his life had almost entirely consisted in reactionary efforts against particular errors and perversions, and that his views had met with such a one-sided apprehension, and been carried to such extremes by his adherents, that he had subsequently been obliged, for truth's sake, to appear as their opponent. But he added, that his position, in regard to his brother Frederick, prevented an edition of his collected works. They had formerly accomplished the greater part of these together, but their opinions were now diametrically

opposed on the most important subjects. He could not give up his own convictions, and his feelings forbade him publicly to oppose his brother. I then requested him to prepare a posthumous collection of his works, saying, that when our race is run, natural ties cease to fetter, and that the open confession of what each held to be truth would do honour to both. Schlegel spoke very openly of his relations with Niebuhr. The latter is so offended with Schlegel's criticism on his Roman History, that he will not see him. 'Niebuhr,' said Schlegel, 'has no ground for this; no one made such efforts as I to follow him in his investigations in all directions, and this is the highest proof of appreciation and respect. Niebuhr might have forgiven me a few witticisms and jests, which he knew to be part of my nature; but so it is, no one in Germany understands criticism, and so it is that I keep to myself my opinion of Voss' performances, though I could express it in three words.' I begged him to tell them me, and he replied, 'Voss has enriched our literature with a stony Homer, a wooden Shakspeare, and a leathern Aristophanes.' He took me to see his Indian printing-office, and I could not but admire the simplicity and practical wisdom of his arrangements; indeed, on this occasion I saw nothing but the good side of his character. His faults are better known than those of most of us, and every one speaks of his incredible vanity, but it lies so on the surface, that one can hardly suppose it sinks deep. He has always been distinguished for strict conscientiousness in all affairs of business, and now he is firmly attached to Bonn, and a regular and active life may still further improve him. Good-natured he certainly is, if not exasperated, or tempted by a sally of wit."

On the 9th of April, Perthes reached Frankfort, and on the 14th found himself again in Gotha.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

PERTHES'S INNER LIFE DURING THE FIRST YEARS OF HIS  
RESIDENCE IN GOTHÄ.—1822-1825.

THE new circumstances arising out of a change of residence, and the varied exertions consequent upon his new calling, as well as his numerous journeys and the changes they involved, had an exciting influence upon Perthes's susceptible nature, deprived as it now was of the gentle restraint exercised by Caroline's affection for nearly twenty-five years. For hours and days he would feel restless and excited, and for this very reason dissatisfied with himself. "It is no easy matter for me," he writes, "to conquer myself; the effects of fifty years of unrest have to be subdued by a naturally restless man. My life hitherto has passed away in care and toil; now I have the opportunity of quiet and undisturbed occupation, and perhaps external repose might bring me the peace of God if I were only at rest within." In a letter written at this time to Frederick Jacobi, he says: "The battle of youth is over and gone, and evening is at hand. Much during all these years might have been done otherwise and better, and discipline is still necessary. The passage from man's prime of life and strength to age is a difficult one, and the gate is wide that leads to the company of old sinners. Passion blazes up anew, love of pleasure still lurks near, and I sometimes suspect that youth is not the only season of temptation." In another letter we find him saying: "Sometimes

my heart can rise above the region of disquiet, and my mind grow calm when I walk alone in a neighbouring wood, and look at all the life and love around. But still, after much profound experience, the heart is not to be roused by nature alone ; it needs a previous education to fit it for her influence, and, perhaps, in our later years, she works upon us less through what she is herself, than through what we ourselves are. But God can help, and I pray and implore Him to help me in overcoming the unrest from which I suffer."

The consciousness of the influence of the outer world upon his inner life was specially roused in Perthes by the thought of the difference made in his whole being by the mature age he had now reached. In one of his letters he says :—"Half a century now lies behind me, and old age is not far distant. So much in me is changed that when I consider myself with the eyes of the natural man, I could almost doubt my identity with the self of five-and-twenty years ago. This subjection to the outer world were horrible, if liveliness of feeling, play of thought, and energy of action constituted the essence of our being : but, thank God, these are in relation to our real personality but as the waves to the sea, which have their origin in the wind and not in the sea itself. The sea is the sea still when unstirred by the wind, and I am still myself, when the special stimulus—be it of youth, passion, or society—is over. It is not I that am grown old, but the means of stimulating me. Time may blunt the nerves and stiffen the limbs, but it has no power over love, which is the life of men, the core of their personality. Despite my half century I feel no diminution of love, nay, I am certain that, viewed as a faculty of my nature and apart from its particular objects, it grows both in scope and depth. Love is the sum-total of life, and it is only according to our measure of it that we are accessible to truth. But I feel more and more how mysteriously love, although belonging to

eternity, is bound like ourselves to nature and the world. I find it manifested in my own heart under a threefold character—divine, human, and animal, or, in other words, the love of the soul, the heart, and the senses. On the confines of these separate regions lies the wide domain of fancy which blends the human with the divine, the animal with the human, and often enough leads us to mistake the one for the other. We aspire after the divine and are captured by the earthly. The love of the senses soon passes away, and because that of the heart—human love—is also of the earth earthy, time can soften even the most agonizing loss of the object of that love. Man has part in the eternal only in so far as he cherishes in himself the divine spirit-love. The history of a human being resolves itself into the history of his affections, and at the close of his life his only question should be, How sincerely and strongly have I loved God, my neighbour, and myself, with that spirit-love which is divine ?”

In order to revive within his own heart the history of the past, Perthes had begged his friends, far and near, to send him back all the letters his wife had ever written to them. To these he added those addressed to himself and to the elder children, and thus repeated as it were in uninterrupted succession the years spent with Caroline. “A past life of five-and-twenty years lies before me,” he wrote to his sister-in-law Anna Jacobi ; “this little bundle of paper contains an infinity of love and thought, truth and conflict, and evokes from their graves many a forgotten fact and feeling. Yes, life is a dream, but a very serious one, and our dreams are solemn truths veiled in airy fictions.”

In the midst of all his excitements and disturbances Perthes deeply yearned for repose, but this yearning made him feel himself very lonely in Gotha. “I find no one here,” he writes, “with whom to share my inner life : in this respect it is even more dead than Hamburg. People are taken up with the

visible, and have only a few trite commonplaces to bestow upon the invisible. If I were to speak of what most deeply moves me, no one would understand me. The more at rest and at home I become in my new position, the more painfully, in spite of all the amusing and attractive conversation, do I feel this want of sympathy." Another time he writes : "I would not willingly be unjust, but I cannot be blind. I know in how many respects I ought myself to be different, and may say before God and my friends, that my heart is humbled ; but here I find that I must either be silent, or else let myself down (I cannot express my meaning otherwise), although I would so gladly be improved and instructed by men who stand above me. The elder among them have lived in an exclusively literary or scientific circle belonging to the past. The experience of the younger is too limited, not reaching to the War of Independence which gave a new direction to the whole of our social life. They are ignorant, and choose to remain so, of a number of important facts, believing in their youthful self-confidence that they stand apart from the intellectual life of our past days, and independent of it. As the elders live but in the past, so do these but in the present, and the majority of the educated give themselves up to indolence and commonplace enjoyment. This dead state of things is in great part accounted for by the insignificance of their political condition." In another letter we find Perthes saying : "Here no one knows the circumstances of my former life, and hence no one can understand the point of view to which experience has brought me : and I need an apprenticeship to learn to bear this."

Perthes's firm Christian convictions had become universally known through his public controversy with Voss,<sup>1</sup> and he was not the man to seek to conceal what he believed true. His

<sup>1</sup> Perthes had, some time before leaving Hamburg, sued Voss for libelling the memory of his father-in-law, Claudius, by his criticisms on the opinions of the latter.

religious opinions and himself were accordingly looked upon as a phenomenon, and many were at a loss to reconcile his strong impetuous character, his constant activity, and wide circle of interests, with the quiet *pietism* expected from every Christian. The curiosity excited by this seeming contradiction led to much conversation and much controversy. Perthes's life had been less pervaded by doctrinal speculation than by practical certainty, and this certainty he had acquired from his own wants; his own experience, from the testimony of good and great men, and above all, from the Bible. In his youth he had never had any systematic religious instruction, and the business of after years had prevented his supplying the want. But in Gotha he was confronted by men of all kinds, who often pressed him hard by their historical knowledge, their philosophical aphorisms, their scientifically and logically trained intellects. He could not appeal to a sense of need or to the inward experience, for these men had never known them, and if he quoted Claudius and Hamann, Spener, Franke, Tauler, Thomas-à-Kempis, &c., he found that no one knew anything about them, or else he was called an enthusiast, and met with sayings of Kant and Fichte, Krug and Fries. Scripture proofs availed him nothing, for either they were not recognised, or they were explained in the sense of Paulus or Bretschneider. Perthes, sure of the truth of his cause, but not always able to refute the attacks made upon it, was often irritated and impatient, and his impetuous character led him to make use of many bitter and unguarded expressions against his opponents, whence arose many an unpleasant consequence. Perthes himself felt that this was doing good neither to others nor to himself. "I am not so skilful a controversialist as others," he once wrote; "I cannot always find the happy medium between the too little and the too much, and my opponents are very skilful in avoiding the main points of the argument, and directing their attacks

against the weak sides of non-essentials. On both parts springs up a hard feeling, which should least of all find place in holy things. Theological strife brings, if not gall, at least worm-wood, into religious life." One of his friends writes to him in reply :—"My case is the same as yours ; the older and the more experienced I grow, and the deeper through God's grace my insight into Christianity becomes, the more convinced I am that demonstration and disputation do no good. So long as a man does not feel that he is a poor sinner, and deficient in all that God requires of him, he will not be reconciled to Him ; and in order that we may convince him, it is in our own selves—in our personal character and conduct, that we have to build up a temple of the Lord, so that the enemy may see what he will not else believe in." Perthes often resolved to avoid religious discussion altogether. "My knowledge," writes he, "is more imperfect than should be possessed by one who speaks on such subjects, my speech is but stammering, and that every one is welcome to see and know, but I will not be the means of injuring the cause. There are good estimable men to whom, owing to the circumstances of their lives, their parents, their education, their age, the study of Christian evidence has been a sealed book. Now, if such hear me, they only perceive my weakness in argument and my impetuosity, and the holy cause bears the blame that should attach to the unholy man. I will not be guilty of this any longer, I will hold my peace." This was a wise resolve, but to carry it out was to Perthes very difficult. It was only in his last years that he had attained such self-control as to be silent when speaking was useless, or to speak with mildness and moderation.

But these theological conflicts awoke in him a desire for a knowledge of systematic Christianity, and led to his diligent study of the dogmatical and historical works of Protestant and Catholic theologians. He wrote essays by way of defining his



own views, and sought through a correspondence with his friends in North Germany, with Poel, Neander, Nicolovius, and even with the Catholics, Frederick Schlegel and the Countess Sophie Stolberg, to attain to a deeper understanding of special questions. For many years he had been well acquainted with the Scriptures, but principally with particular passages and chapters. While in Hamburg he had never had time for the systematic study of them, to which he now applied himself, and which he continued up to the day of his death. He also had his difficulties and hindrances of various kinds, as all have had before and will have after him, though to each probably these will be of a different nature. In one of his letters he says, "I find that the benefit I receive from Scripture, in great measure depends upon myself. How often on turning to it to clear up some historical sequence, or some obscure doctrine, to find material for imagination or ground for hypothesis, I only get at the shell instead of the kernel: or, again, if in high-wrought times a clearer insight be afforded, how prone we are to seek to improve and define it by our own strength, and so to bring human fictions instead of Divine truth to light. The mysteries of Holy Scripture are revealed to us only when we are seeking for nothing else but for the way of reconciliation with God, and for help in our battle with selfishness and sin."

Pertthes having written very fully to a friend about St. Paul's Epistles, received the following reply: "You know that to me Judaism and Christianity, Old and New Testament, do not appear as they do to you, to constitute one great whole. What I most admire in Paul's Epistles is, the triumph of Christianity over Judaism, and therein I acknowledge rather the expression of Divine inspiration than the result of human perception. And yet there remains in them a Hebrew element, which I cannot master, and which must make all in a measure dark and confused to one who does not feel as a Jew. The Apostle had,

as he tells us, to wrestle all his life long, and we receive God's revelation only out of these wrestling human vessels."—"Your opinions approach very nearly," replied Perthes, "to the now almost universally prevalent notions respecting Scripture. The earlier theologians have perhaps too little remembered that God has not spoken in the Bible immediately, but *through* John, Peter and Paul. At the present time, however, we are certainly in danger of overlooking the unity of the Scripture, while dwelling on the individual writings of Paul, John, or Peter."

It was not only with inward but with outward difficulties that Perthes had to struggle. His ignorance of the original text was a hindrance to him, and the whole generation to which he belonged had been deficient in religious instruction and early familiarity with the Scriptures. Perthes writes to a friend:—"The Bible is certainly one and the same for all; but the best method of studying it varies with the individual, and without a guide few are able to discover it. The peasant, the mechanic, feels no want, because unable to understand many a historical and circumstantial detail: without stumbling at this, he quietly passes them over; but behind his plough, or at his daily toil, he has much unbroken time for meditation and introspection, and it is with reference to this point of view that he must be directed to the Bible. The man of business has different requirements; his hours are broken up into fragments, and he must devote his few free moments to the great essentials the Scripture reveals, without having them perplexed by what is comparatively immaterial. As for many of the educated in Germany, who have plenty of leisure, and who, without being learned theologians, yet feel a spirit of inquiry within them, they ought not to be perplexed by external difficulties, which only learned theologians can remove, but should have the result of profound science and learning afforded them in a concise form, so that, supported and enlightened by it, they might progress in spiritual

understanding. If the numerous ministers who spend, and often spend in vain, their energies in producing well-conceived and well-expressed sermons, would strive to give to seekers after truth the special guidance their different positions and wants require, there would be a great improvement amongst us."

Even the language of Luther's translation of the Bible often presented difficulties to Perthes. "Believe me," he once wrote to Ullmann, "the Bible, as translated by Luther, is a sealed book for the majority of those whose education has been derived from modern writings." To Olshausen, he says: "You cannot know it, but of this be sure, the Bible is a hard book for the layman. The Gospels are plain enough, thank God; but the Epistles, which complete them, are very little read now-a-days, because even those who are able to follow a translation of Homer or Shakspeare, find great difficulty in following Luther's language. The fault, however, does not lie with Luther's translation, whose force and excellence cannot be surpassed, but in the want of early religious education. It is because we are not taught the Bible in our childhood that Luther's style is so strange to us; many of its words are unintelligible, many of its parentheses appear to us unconnected and perplexing, many difficulties and misconceptions hem us in, because they were not explained to us then. Now, it is not easy for a man in advanced life to get over all this. I appeal to all who are of my own age, and who, without being theologians, apply their mind to the Bible. To bring a new version of the Scriptures into general circulation, would, for many reasons, be impossible, but we older men do need such a thing to supply our want of early teaching and to serve as an introduction to Luther's style. I myself have gained much from Kistemaker's New Testament, though it is certainly coloured by Roman Catholic views, and far inferior in force and beauty to Luther's."

It was during this season of conflict and inquiry that Perthes

applied himself to Tauler's works.<sup>1</sup> He once wrote to Niccolovius: "That which Luther aimed at making openly known, had been already announced centuries before by Tauler. In this exalted man we find humility, fervour, and sincerity united with vigorous inquiry, and a free use of human reason. He was raised far above the traditions of men, and yet we find him obedient to ecclesiastical rules and precepts. Luther called him a man of God, a teacher such as there had not been since the days of the Apostles. At the present time all, whether Catholic or Protestant, may find in him what they need, i.e., Christ. Do take the book in hand, it is full of the spirit of God."

About this time Perthes wrote to Rist to the following effect: "Intimate as we have been for many years, there yet are subjects on which we have never spoken. I once gave you Tauler, and believed that his writings would bring us nearer to each other, but you did not notice them, and I was reluctant to speak first. Now, however, in this time of sorrow for your brother's death, give me some indications which may lead us on to further confidence."

Rist replied:—"I thank you much, my dear Perthes, for having gently and delicately touched on the great centre of union for all spirits, the relations of the creature to the eternal and infinite source of all Being. I feel as you do, but I am satisfied to know of any friend that his external life is pervaded, moulded, and guided by the invisible, and that he recognises it to be the one reality, the beginning and the ending, the measure of all truth, and the goal of all effort. It is not difficult to recognise in the character and conduct of another whether this be the case with him or not. It is as difficult to simulate an internal equanimity, an invariable rule of action, as it is to conceal an unstable and unconcentrated existence. Now, this inward and upward direction I have always recognised in you, and as

<sup>1</sup> Miss Winkworth has recently translated a selection from Dr. Tauler's Works.

the same has been implanted in me also, I have, in consequence, felt myself drawn towards you, regardless of the fact that, reduced to words, our creeds would not sound alike. You consider that grace is a fact occurring in the course of time; I, who can boast of no especial illumination, view it as coterminous with the beginning of existence, and only developed in life. Now we are neither of us perfect—we wrestle with the world and with ourselves. It is thought that moulds language, and thought is infinite; but language is a prison against whose barriers the prisoner knocks his head. Imagination and surmise can, indeed, overpass these barriers, but these are so little certain, in the boundless regions of space, of coinciding with the imagination and the surmise of a friend, be it even the dearest we have, that little else but misunderstanding can ensue from striving to express the inexpressible. For this cause I have been silent. The intercourse of the so-called pious often begets an effeminate, uncertain, nay, untrue mood, bordering on affectation and hypocrisy. Such intercourse carried on between men is to me peculiarly revolting. Neither have I ever seen you seek or carry on such intercourse, but rather carefully avoid the pious by profession, who are always wishing to edify and be edified, while both you and I have gladly associated with men whose life, character, and conduct, were pervaded by a higher and more universal element. You gave me Tauler's admirable book, and I have hardly ever received a better gift, a gift that I shall leave with a few marginal notes in it to my children. It has always been near me, and I have been often deeply impressed by it, and filled with admiration for the free noble spirit it breathes forth, so different from the poverty and narrowness of the religious zeal of our day. But I never told you, for I could not have done so truthfully, that I was able to appropriate to myself what it contains respecting the annihilation of the body or rather of the senses, the spiritual resurrection, and the new birth. This self-annihilation

of the sensuous nature—this entrance of the divine into a mortal vessel—this complete change and purification of the natural man is a sublime thought, but, according to my firm conviction, it is a delusion; it is an abstract idea derived from a momentary exaltation, and then applied to a whole life, which God has bound not only by strong but by golden ties to this common earth of ours. Desires such as those which Tauler affirms to be consequent upon the new birth, may, indeed, arise in the spiritualized nature of a few religious men; and standing far off, we may admire those who are able thus to offer themselves up as a sacrifice to the Highest. But this very sacrifice excludes all reference to human fellowship, and is not fitted for us who are called by a more imperative decree to a field of battle where all the strength of our sensuous nature is so often required to fulfil the duty close at hand, and which is commanded by law and feeling alike. I would not fling away the thousand faculties and enjoyments afforded me by my senses, as though they were a despicable gift; rather would I connect them with those higher gifts, which, although citizens of a nobler home, still dwell as strangers upon our earth. But why should I more fully state my views to you, dear Perthes, when you yourself are the most energetically and actively sensuous man (according to my interpretation of the phrase) that I ever saw? Without world-wisdom, passion, and self-confidence, you would never have occupied your present advantageous position, but would have been an unhappy self-engrossed framework-knitter. Your nature is scarcely more akin to Tauler's than is mine, which is, indeed, widely different, and ever will be, so long as I live. Can you seriously suppose that Tauler would ever look upon a man, who, with the whole strength of his animal nature, strives after external objects, manages and improves his worldly affairs, and defies his foes, as one like-minded with himself? No, no; the man who prosecutes Voss, requires apologies, and finds compensation in public

opinion for the legal sentence against him, does not practise the self-abnegation which Tauler demands: and, indeed, amongst all the men we know, love, and honour, show me one who, like this mortified monk, has annihilated his body and rendered his soul inaccessible to earthly joys and sorrows. You will not find one such, because, however lofty Tauler's views may be, they are not practical; his system does not seek to build up, but to destroy, and must therefore be faulty."

Pertthes replied as follows: "We are not so much opposed as your letter would imply. The truth of the saying, 'All is vanity,' does indeed come home to the man of ripe years, when he reflects upon all that in life's vicissitudes has charmed and enchained his heart and mind; but he who, because all things are vain, should cease to take a part in them, would merely vegetate, and no longer live. An entirely contemplative life is an impossibility, the instinct of activity is innate; at all events, hard work is to me a habit with which I cannot dispense. He who should attempt nothing on earth but to meditate on God, and feel His presence, would soon cease to do either. The Christian is set in the midst of the world, and, let him stand where he may, will always be called on to fulfil various external duties: in these he is to act as skilfully, expeditiously, and energetically as his faculties will allow; and he may not extinguish his earthly nature or his senses, for he needs them all in order to be God's faithful servant and steward. If therefore I have gladly and actively used my physical energies, that is no contradiction to my Christianity; but if I have failed to sanctify and employ them as in God's sight, then I have been untrue to my convictions. No one knows better than I how little progress one makes. When I remember that, six-and-twenty years ago, I expressed to Caroline my earnest desire to approach God, and purify my life, and then consider what I am at this day, alas, how little improvement I find! The conflict is different,

now less violent indeed, but not easier ; and I often feel as though my whole past, from earliest childhood, came crowding into the present. Brought up by worthy, well-intentioned relatives, I yet heard scarcely anything about Christianity. I did, indeed, learn Luther's Catechism by heart, but its meaning was never explained to me ; and as to my confirmation, it might well be called blasphemous. I owe some facts and good impressions to Hübner's Biblical History ; Lavater's Diary, too, fell into my hands, and left some religious impressions behind. When I was fifteen years old, I went to Leipsic and was there taught a rough lesson. While licentious books inflamed my imagination, I started in the track of Garne, Reinhard, and Kiesewetter, and was only saved from ruin by my deep and sincere love for a modest girl. When I was twenty years old, and full of internal struggles, I went to Hamburgh, where I was surrounded by a new world, filled with all kinds of interests. The writings of Schiller and Jacobi attracted me ; I became acquainted with Besser, Runge, Hülsenbeck, and Speckter, and my education, properly speaking, then began. I became acquainted, too, with Caroline, and in her, with the blessing of my life. The first six years of our married life were full of internal and external difficulties, and then the great public events of the time intruded into our domestic circle. The spiritual struggle went on. Pride and arrogance never belonged to my character, and good sense saved me from petty vanity ; but I was always ambitious. As for the impetuosity of my nature, it has often helped me forward, and the excess of it is punished and restrained by the conditions of life. My besetting sin has always been sensuality. I have fought a hard battle with it, and only triumphed, or rather found the way to triumph, by becoming a Christian : and it was not Caroline, nor Claudius, nor any one else that made me a Christian, but the deep yearning for help which I felt to be necessary in battling with my



sensual nature. Until manhood, the moral law performed for me the functions of the Old Testament, by convincing me of sin, and of my powerlessness to conquer it, and so breaking my presumptuous spirit. As soon as I had relinquished my self-reliance, the gospel renewed the humbled man, comforted him for the sins of the past, and promised and afforded him help in his future struggle. I am not conscious of ever having experienced any special act of grace, though I have yearned after such for years, and I know very well where and what the hindrance in myself is, which stands between this desire and its accomplishment. That many others possess what I still only long for, I firmly believe, though they may perhaps have begun to work in the vineyard some hours after me; but that God has worked in me, and is still working in many ways, I feel. I have found the sure, the only way to spiritual peace, but the end of that way cannot be reached on earth; I am neither dead to the world, nor made sinless; and, indeed, I believe that the effect of regeneration is not to transfigure a man while here below, but to make him childlike and humble. As regards Tauler, it is true that he aims at a wholly inward life, a withdrawal from the world, which is possible only for those who have no earthly calling or earthly ties; but you must not forget, that Tauler is here addressing himself especially to unmarried ecclesiastics; for who else could have understood or even read his works at that time? His sermons to the people, on the contrary, are full of practical wisdom, and contain many cautions against the danger of undervaluing one's lawful calling in favour of the inner Christian life; but even in these respects, the infinite difference comes out clearly between human writings, be they even as profound and lofty as Tauler's *Medulla Animæ*, and the divine sublimity, simplicity, and moderation of Holy Scripture."

But however clearly and fully convinced Perthes might be that a state wholly undisturbed by earthly things was not made

for man here below—however active and ardent in his pursuit of external objects—however susceptible of the impressions each day brought with it—yet deep in his soul lay the yearning after a state of entire union with God, unmixed with worldly influences, uninterrupted by self-will and self-love. He thought that many expressions of Hamann, with whose writings he was much occupied, evinced a longing after the same end. In the mood of mind in which he now was, he was particularly struck with an expression of Hamann's, in a letter to Jacobi: "To be is certainly the all of everything: underived Being is truth: derived Being is grace! Not-Being is a defect, and yet a semblance of both." To Jacobi's answer Hamann replies: "You make no account of Being without Consciousness, and more account of the tree of knowledge than of the tree of life! yet Consciousness, and not Being, is the source of all misery."

Perthes was himself well aware, and his friends reminded him of the same, that these words refer to the position which Hamann maintained against Jacobi's philosophical system, but yet he was convinced that Hamann meant, at the same time, to express thereby an internal state of his own, after which Perthes had himself aspired, but which he had not been able to clothe in words. We find him writing: "Hamann's maxim expresses in its somewhat obscure conciseness my own meaning. My thoughts are clear and positive enough, but I am not sufficiently master of language to express them. Being—the only real Being—must consist in giving one's-self up to God, and is to be found only in the life in God; and the more true and deep this Being is, the less is man conscious of it. He who has ever been absorbed in love and longing after God, must have had moments of Being without Consciousness, and such Being is of infinitely more account than Consciousness." In another letter Perthes says: "You say that to live with God can only mean to have intercourse with Him, and that he

who has such intercourse must needs be conscious of it. Now, the latter proposition is true, but not the former, for intercourse supposes strangers who seek to become better acquainted: intercourse is, indeed, but a repetition of attempts to abolish an existing separation, but it does not abolish the communion of those whose hearts are already one. Friends and acquaintance have intercourse with one another, but who would use that word to express the relation between mother and child? He who has not only intercourse with God, but who, according to Tauler, allows the *ego* within him to be dumb, or according to Thomas-à-Kempis, 'abandons himself, and is filled with the presence of God,' or again with Tauler, exclaims—'God within, God without, God round about me;'—he, I say, will neither be troubled by the past with all its sins, nor by the future with all its punishments. For him, indeed, there is no past or future—all is present: or rather he lives beyond the conditions of time altogether, for he already has eternal life; and Consciousness in eternity means something very different from what we call consciousness here on earth."

"As for your Being without consciousness," replies a friend to Perthes, "I would, first of all, inquire the exact sense of the phrase, for I can attach no meaning to the words." Perthes says in answer: "I cannot, indeed, fully and clearly express my meaning, but I can refute the charge of having none. I can recollect, more than thirty years ago, lamenting to Runge, with tears in my eyes, that I could not guard against the consciousness of my best feelings; does not the experience of others in this matter respond to mine? When an able man accomplishes a noble enterprise with self-sacrifice, that is his Being: but when he is conscious of the goodness and nobility of what he has done, and self-complacent because of it, this Consciousness destroys the excellence of his Being. The Being was noble, the Consciousness ignoble. The Bible says, 'When thou

givest alms, let not thy right hand know what thy left doeth.' Does it not in these words imply Being without Consciousness?"

In a letter to Rist he says: "Do not laugh if I tell you that my dog has given me many a hint upon human nature. I never before had a dog constantly with me, and I now ask myself daily whether the poodle be not a man, and men poodles. I am not led to this thought by the animal propensities which we have in common, such as eating, drinking, &c., but by those of a more refined character. He too is cheerful and dejected, excited and supine, playful and morose, gentle and bold, caressing and snappish, patient and refractory; just like us men in all things, even in his dreams! This likeness is not to me at all discouraging: on the contrary, it suggests a pleasing hope, that this flesh and blood which plagues and fetters us, is not the real man, but merely the earthly clothing which will be cast off when he no longer belongs to earth, provided he has not sinfully chosen to identify himself with the merely material. The devil's chief seat is not in matter, but in the mind, where he fosters pride, selfishness, and hatred, and by their means destroys not what is transitory, but what is eternal in man."

In another letter he writes:—"Again and again the all-important question recurs: 'Can and will God forgive sin?' He who does not understand the full force of this question does not know himself, and happy is he whose own individual experience affords him the answer to it. Human philosophy can prompt the question, but never solve it. Philosophers misapprehend reason as the Jews did the law: so I read lately in Hamann's letters; for they know not that reason is given us only to make us acquainted with our ignorance, just as the law was given to make us acquainted with our sins. Truth and grace alike cannot be excogitated or inherited, they must be historically revealed."

## CHAPTER XXX

## THE SECOND MARRIAGE—1825.

ALTHOUGH Perthes had rejoiced with all the energy of paternal affection at the happy betrothal of his third daughter, yet her departure from his home cost him a severe struggle. "From this day forth," he writes, "my child is mine no more. I shall have to see her removed further away day by day, and her love, not indeed estranged from me, but yet devoted to another. So it must ever be; the child is to leave father and mother, but the pain of it is great, the heart bleeds at the necessity, and we gain deeper insight into its depths, and into the pure intensity of a father's love."

On the day after the wedding, which took place on the 1st of June 1824, Perthes had all his children assembled round him; but, as one by one departed, leaving him alone with the three youngest, he was almost overwhelmed with sadness. We find him writing: "Those were indeed heavy hours when all forsook me. First Matthias went away to begin a new and independent life, then both my married daughters returned to their long-established homes, and at last Matilda left with her husband. The farewell of this dear daughter, who clung to me with boundless tenderness, pierced my heart, and I found myself alone—alone as for thirty years I had never been. Henceforth I have no family circle; the house that Caroline and I founded is fast going to pieces, and the picture of myself as the

last remaining one haunts me like a spectre. One after another the children depart, in three or four years even the three little ones will have left me, then I shall be as free as the bird of the air, and a long avenue of solitary years may yet lie before me. The horrors of a forsaken solitude come upon me and force many tears from my eyes."

Perthes was particularly desirous that his three younger children should not, after their sister's marriage, be deprived of the advantages of family life. "It grieves me," said he, "to inflict myself and the three children upon the young pair, but it cannot be helped. My elder daughters remind me, it is true, that the limited accommodation, and the necessity of conforming to the habits of others, will be new and disagreeable to me. But, since so much inward sorrow has been overcome, external changes can surely be so too." Accordingly, a few days after the wedding, Perthes removed to the house of his son-in-law, Becker. "I am now sitting," he writes to a friend, "in my daughter's home; the small house suits me, and I enjoy the extensive view on every side. Nothing can be happier than my relations with my son-in-law, and my daughter's attention is boundless. The three younger children feel at home, and for myself I have but few requirements, having never been an uneasy seeker after comforts, and able to conform to the ways of others without difficulty; yet I will confess that it is not altogether pleasant to be no longer lord and master in one's own household. I have had from my very childhood an almost morbid fear of becoming a burden to others, and disturbing their way of life. And now here I am with three children in this young couple's house! No one, indeed, will allow us to be called an encumbrance, but are we the less so for that? This thought vexes and grieves me already, do what I may to battle with it. What, then, will it be in future? I shudder at the prospect of old age, with mind and body getting more and more enfeebled,

and requiring help and care day and night. I have never seen an old and feeble man who did not, if alone in the world, feel his position awkward and painful. Many of them I have seen fall into acts of great folly ; who then may feel secure? I declare that the best provision for such a time of life is a French valet of the old stamp, such as we used to see in the days of emigration ; a man who could alike cook for his old master, and feed, wash, dress, and comb him."

The truth of the matter, however, was, that though Perthes was right in saying that he had few requirements, he yet had requirements which the best of French valets could never have met. He had been for many years accustomed not only to Caroline's society, but to her perfect comprehension, at a glance or a word, of all that concerned him, whether outward or inward : in joy and sorrow, in small and great things alike, he had always found in her the most perfect sympathy. This mutual life was lost to him now, and after Caroline's death, in his more serious hours, he was never for a moment without a sense of loneliness. "I am alone," he wrote to his friend Nicolovius, "and full of yearning and longing ; I deeply crave for sympathy to cheer the desert within me ; but no one understands me now, as I was once understood. If I speak from the fulness of my heart, the answer I receive teaches me that my meaning is not apprehended." In another letter he says : "There is no comfort for the sadness I feel—night is in my soul. The outward man, indeed, makes a show of enjoyment, laughs, and seems cheerful, but there is a waste and bitter void within. Yet whither am I drifting? When one sees in a new wedlock a new human love arising which ignores time and decay, and then feels the phantom-world in one's own heart, truly the bones rattle, and the blood runs cold."

It was with this feeling of loneliness, that Perthes, at the age of fifty-one, became a member of his third daughter's house.

hold. In the very next house to him lived his son-in-law's sister, Charlotte Becker. She had been married to Heinrich Hornbostel, a distinguished merchant in Vienna, and had, after his death, returned with four children to her mother's house. Of these children, the two eldest were hopeless invalids ; but, though they had been often at the point of death, it was impossible to foresee whether their sufferings would extend over a few weeks or a few years. Perthes had, soon after his arrival in Gotha, become acquainted with this much-tried mother, who was an intimate friend of his married daughters ; he had heard of her sorrows with sympathy, and admired the energy and cheerfulness with which she bore them. Perthes wrote some time after this : " I was only slightly acquainted with Charlotte, it is true, but I was always struck with her clear intellect, quick wit, and the animation of her whole nature ; the precision and skill, shown in all she did, attracted me, and her discrimination of character and sensible estimate of things in general, perfectly astonished me. However, we had not drawn nearer, and life's deeper chords had not been touched."

Charlotte was thirty years old when Perthes joined his daughter, and thus came into daily contact with Charlotte and her children. In a later letter he says, " Her real worth could not be concealed from me,—I saw the steadfast fidelity and enduring love she displayed in nursing her sick children, and her good sense in educating the healthy ones. I saw how, notwithstanding her loneliness and social gifts, she gave up any pleasure as soon as the children wanted her. Sorrow, anxiety, and loss of rest by their bedsides had left traces on her features, but her clear, intellectual glance was undisturbed by them all. I could, indeed, gather from a few strong expressions how heavy her trials were, but generally speaking, I found her composed, resigned, and cheerful. I resolved to be as useful a friend as I could, both to the mother and children : she kindly responded



to my cordiality, and I soon possessed her confidence, though the thought of standing in a nearer relation to her never occurred to me."

Towards the end of July 1824, Rebecca Clandius, Perthes's mother-in-law, came with her daughter Augusta, to pay a month's visit to Gotha. She was much concerned about Perthes's situation, and one day, while they were walking in the orangery, expressed herself openly to him. She told him that he was no more a master in his own house, that soon his younger children would be leaving him, and that his strong health gave promise of a long life yet to come—that for him solitude was not good, that he could not bear it, and consequently, that he ought not to put off choosing a companion for the remainder of his life. At these words the thought of Charlotte shot like lightning through his soul: he made no reply, but he had a hard battle to fight with himself from that time forth. In September he communicated to his mother-in-law the *pros* and *cons* which agitated him so much, but without giving her to understand that it was no longer the subject of marriage in general, but of one marriage in particular, which now disquieted him. After stating the outward and inward circumstances which made a second marriage advisable in his case, he goes on to say, "I am quite certain that Caroline foresaw, from her knowledge of my character and temperament, a second marriage for me, and I am equally certain that no new union could ever disturb my spirit's abiding union with her. My inner life is filled with her memory, and will be so till my latest day, but I must own that this is possible only while I incorporate in thought her happy soul, and think of her as a human being, still sharing my earthly existence, still taking interest in all I do; and I cannot disguise from myself, while viewing her under this aspect, that my dear Caroline would prefer my living on alone, satisfied with her memory. Again, there can be no doubt, that Holy

Scripture, although permitting a second marriage, does so on account of the hardness of our hearts. The civil law contains no prohibition either, and yet there has always existed a social prejudice against such a marriage, and youth, whose ideal is always fresh and fair, and women who are always young in soul, look with secret disgust upon it. I know, too, that my remaining alone would be, not only with reference to others but in itself, the worthier course; but, on the other hand, I know it would be so in reality only if this worthiness were not assumed for the purpose of appearing in a false light to myself, to other men, and perhaps even before God, or for the purpose of cloaking selfishness under the guise of fidelity to the departed. To us, in our life here below, the love of the creature is given to educate us for the love of God. Can I dispense with this earthly help, and yet maintain love alive in my heart?"

It was not, however, by answering this question, nor by reflecting upon the lawfulness of second marriages in general, that Perthes's irresolution was subdued, but by an increasing attachment to the lady whose character had attracted him.

"My own experiences amaze me," he writes a few weeks later to Rist; "the varying moods familiar to the innocent heart of the boy in his first love, the enthusiastic tenderness that found vent in pleasing melancholy and universal good-will to all creation, these lay far, far behind me like a lovely dream, and no wish had power to call them back. But now I feel again as I did then. How is this possible in a man of my age? how can I, whose heart has been so tempest-tossed by time and by the world; how can I, who have known so much, sinned so often, return thus to the innocent fondness which nestles in the newly-awakened heart of a boy—for I can call it nothing else? I feel like a child, I cry to myself, 'Awake, and pray;' but there is no discord, no warning voice within; I can pray and hold the most fervent communion with my dear Caroline still."

The decision was taken in the middle of September. The answer he received was favourable, but not decisive, and time was asked for calm consideration. Perthes had believed that such a delay would have suited him exactly, but he was mistaken. In these days of suspense he wrote confidentially to Rist, saying, "I need just now the heart of a friend, and desire that you should know all." Perthes's correspondence at this period mirrors with wonderful accuracy the state of his inner man. One letter runs thus : "I am horrified at myself ;—am I a fool and self-deceived, or am I really to bear the joys and sorrows of youth, and to battle with this unspeakably excitable heart to the end of my days ? I wrote to her that she was to say No, if she was unable to say Yes with all her heart, and that her refusal would find and leave me tranquil. I wrote that with perfect sincerity, and now her refusal would shatter me, and her consent give me new life." And yet these letters of his, overflowing as they do with intense feeling, are written under the fullest consciousness of his own inward condition, and show that he was able to analyze and estimate it coolly and impartially. In one letter he says, "I feel as if every one who saw me must think to himself, 'Ought passion to hold such sway over a man of his age ?'" In Perthes at this time we find united the passionate youth and the middle-aged man, and the latter watches and even laughs at the former.

However, such a state of excitement could not long continue without obtaining a decision one way or another. The 25th October was the day of betrothal. Perthes wrote to Rist : "Charlotte had always felt towards me esteem and confidence ; now the fervour of my love has conquered her, and she is mine." Somewhat later he writes : "We have had some weeks of quiet intercourse, and easily understand each other's inner life, though this understanding is of quite another kind from that which existed between my Caroline and myself. Indeed, the charac-

ters of the two are so dissimilar, that it is impossible to bring them into one and the same picture. I cannot compare them—each of them stands apart in my thoughts. Our relation to the outer world is rendered singular by the circumstance of Charlotte's having first known me in Gotha, where, a stranger amongst strangers, I am cut off from all connexion with the friends and transactions of my earlier life. Thus all the letters that I receive must needs appear to her fragments of an unfamiliar and antiquated world. It is impossible for me to give a connected account of myself, that is, of the external facts of my early life ; I must trust to Charlotte's gradually finding them out."

On the 15th of May, immediately after returning from a short visit to Leipsic, Perthes was married. On the day following he wrote to Besser : "I parted from you a few days ago in Leipsic with deep emotion. Standing at the gate of a new life, it seemed as though I was bidding an eternal farewell to you, the companion of my earlier days. The coach that carried me off seemed transformed into a ship, that bore away the sailor from his familiar scenes into an unknown waste. My past lay behind me like the receding shore, becoming more and more indistinct each moment, and my future stretched out before me like the wide untried ocean, in which no anchor that I cast would hold. The evening before last, I returned with bleeding heart and mind to Gotha, and Charlotte alone restored me to peace and security. Yesterday morning, at seven o'clock, we were married, and we spent the day in such quiet as we could. I feel marvellously composed and peaceful." A week later, Perthes writes : "I have never in all my life felt such thorough satisfaction respecting any step I have taken. I feel as though the peace of God had settled upon me, and accordingly I say, 'God be praised.'"

Although the rest after which Perthes yearned throughout

life was certainly not conferred upon him by his new connexion, yet this second marriage proved a source of blessing and happiness greater even than he had anticipated ; though, on the other hand, it caused him not a few anxieties. He had not only to provide for the education of his three youngest children, but he was now responsible for four step-children besides. At the age of fifty-three he had to begin a new and complicated domestic career, and to fulfil many duties commonly reserved for the high spirits of earlier life. In addition to all this, four children were born to him : Rudolph in 1827, Caroline in 1828, Augustus in 1830, and Eliza in 1832. The illnesses of the children, the care of their education, and the noise of a large household, certainly affected his excitable nature more than they do that of most men ; but not for a single moment did he feel them a burden : on the contrary, the feeling of gratitude for the happiness conferred upon him, remained with him till death. He wrote as follows to Niebuhr : "I have won a great treasure : I am loved with woman's utmost tenderness, and my Charlotte's noble mind discovers nothing in me which lessens her esteem."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## FIRST YEARS OF THE SECOND MARRIAGE—DEATH OF BESSER.

1825-1830.

A FEW weeks after the wedding, the baths at Ems were recommended for the two sick children. Perthes resolved to travel with them, and he spent July there. Soon after his arrival we find him writing : " Here I have once more narrow valleys and ravines, thick woods, green meadows, springs, and brooks, and I am quite contented with them, and laugh at those who can complain of the *ennui* and monotony of Ems, with such glorious nature all around them.

" People of rank frequent the springs only from six to eight in the morning, and at seven in the evening. The rest of the day they spend in their own apartments. This exclusiveness offends the inferior nobility, the men of learning, the Frankfort bankers, and the Hamburgh and Bremen merchants, who, however, revenge themselves by an exclusiveness of their own, for they on their part carefully shun all intercourse with agriculturists, brewers, and tradespeople in general. Such are the different grades, and amongst them all, the Ems doctors go bustling about, parading their little knowledge in lofty phrases, and though merely obscure practitioners in a little Nassau village for nine months in the year, making the greatest efforts to play the first-rate physician for the season."

After Perthes's return to Gotna, his business required his

whole activity, and the following year was a most laborious one. While prosecuting his new calling with energy and success, he was threatened with the rending of the dear tie that bound him to his past life in Hamburg. Johann Heinrich Besser had been during that life his most intimate friend. After Caroline's death Perthes had written to him thus: "You are now the only man who knows all about me that one mortal can know about another, and, besides, you are the bridge connecting me with my earlier days, which else were entirely buried."

Besser had always been a remarkable character, and so it continued till the end. Frommann described him as one of the most benevolent and loveable men he had ever met with, as well as a remarkably well-informed one: and Perthes echoes this opinion in many of his letters. "What Besser was in mind," says he, "he was, not by elaboration, but by intuition, which placed him far above the mere logician. His views of the world, of men and things, were grounded upon revealed truth, and a fine moral sense: one might almost always trust the correctness of his impressions. Whatever his hands found to do he commenced with all his might, and if the matter were really of importance, or concerned the welfare of another, he was capable of the greatest energy and self-sacrifice; but little everyday affairs, he was too apt, after an enthusiastic beginning, to let drop. He would jot down a thousand schemes connected with business or with literary undertakings; his plans for Christmas Trees and other family festivals always exceeded the possible, and there were no limits to his delight in giving away. He had a true and loving feeling for nature—the beauty of a landscape would move him to tears. As for music he lived and moved in it, and a tune would haunt him for entire weeks. At such times he would try to be alone to sing it, and one might hear it proceeding from all sorts of hiding-places. In enjoyment he would go to the verge of exhaustion,

and good convivial company made him only too happy. He rose very early, often at three or four o'clock; but sleep had great power over him, and towards evening, with pen in hand, and a grey-worsted cap on his head, he would take a short nap, and then go on writing briskly. In great things he was simple and unrequiring, but he had a thousand small peculiarities; for instance, when travelling, he always wore a quantity of coats for the sake of the pockets he had got made in them. Caroline, laughing, once counted twenty-one, all filled with scissors, penknives, combs, matches, pocket-books, &c., and as for the smoking apparatus it was infinite. Yet his cheerfulness, as also the courage and decision he always displayed in mishaps, made him the best of travelling companions. A thorough humorist, he was also a dear child of God, and a singularly pure, strong-minded, able man."

In another letter Perthes says: "From his youth up Besser had been subject to fits of despondency, during which he doubted his own capacity for business, and saw everything through a dark medium. These, his 'grey seasons,' as he called them, never estranged him from me for an hour. I knew how to humour them. In great occurrences he was always energetic and courageous; he bore real trials well, was always ready for serious difficulties, and in the presence of danger more calm and cheerful than I. He never lost his balance in sorrow, but joy and sympathy easily carried him away. Men who could appreciate his heart and mind found him easy to live with; to me he was a support, a delight, the complement as it were of my own nature, and the dearest and sincerest of friends."

This friendship dated from their early years. So far back as 1794, Perthes wrote to Besser: "If you come you will find me, and do come soon; much weighs upon my heart, which I can share only with you." When the two friends had resolved to be partners in business, Perthes wrote again to Besser, who



was then in Göttingen : "Dear good Hans, once more in this old year I stretch out my hand to thee—thou good true-hearted man. God grant us many years of faithful friendship, and keep us together to the last!" A few months later he wrote : "Come soon, we have much to do together ; come soon, I need your counsel, I need a friend." Thirty years had elapsed since these words were penned, and during them he had always found in Besser the counsel and the friendship he sought. It is not often that two men so closely united spend a long life so free from variance. They had everything in common, all matters, great and small, connected with their business, their religious and political convictions, and their social condition. Perthes once wrote to Besser : "In great matters we have willed and endeavoured the same things, which is not rare in times like ours ; but we have also been at one in the small every-day affairs of human life, and that without any effort on either side, which is an example of unity rarely met with." In money matters, too, Perthes and Besser had always viewed their interests as identical, their relations to each other not being settled by written agreement, but each taking whatever share of the profits the expenses of his household required. But when, in 1821, Perthes thought of retiring from the business, an arrangement of affairs became necessary. Accordingly, in July 1821, he wrote to Besser : "We have, in all honour and fairness, borne the burden of life as brothers ; we have shared our joys and sorrows ; worked together as friends, and been of one mind in all our undertakings. *Meum* and *tuum* were words unknown to us. For this I thank you, you thank me, and we both thank God ; yet such a state of things cannot continue, because we are bound to take the death of one or the other into consideration."

The death of Caroline had accelerated Perthes's retirement from his Hamburg business, and, as soon as he was settled in

Gotha, a constant correspondence began between the friends. In little more than four years, Perthes wrote two hundred and fifty letters to Besser, and received nearly as many in return. The progress of the book trade was their chief purport ; but, besides this, they touched upon events of domestic life, great and small, upon their own experiences, external and internal, their joys and sorrows, their political and religious views. They were for the most part very concisely expressed, as, from having lived so long together, a word was enough to make their mutual meaning plain. Perthes's affection for Besser is frequently expressed. After a visit which the latter made to Gotha, Perthes says :—"A week ago, beloved brother, you were standing where I stand now, and your presence still lingers within and around me. However different we may be in externals, yet every occasion of our being together affords additional evidence of our real oneness, and this fills my heart with peace. This oneness is our great treasure. Your last words are very true, 'We are bound to thank God for it.'"

It was about this time that Besser's health began to fail ; and, in consequence of this, he had fits of deep melancholy, which often found vent in his letters to his old friend, who tried to comfort him, now in one way, now in another. We find Perthes writing during this period : "You say that life becomes a burden ; so it must to us all as we grow old ; but we should try to accustom ourselves to a new race of men, or rather to the same men differently dressed, on whom the divine Father still looks down with a smile, as in the Berlin painting. While we live we must put up with novelty, but I shall be glad to die ; one gets tired of evermore picking off one husk after another from the kernel of truth." The sufferer wrote in reply, during the summer of 1826 : "You have found out, though I was unwilling to trouble you about it, that for some months past, my spirits have been much depressed. I am always ex-

pecting better days ; and they will come, I know : but this physical and mental exhaustion gives me many dark hours. Dejection and faint-heartedness do not improve the health, and body and mind react unfavourably on each other. I deserve reproaches for not being happy in my happy circumstances, and I expect them from you, but sympathy as well. Ask for me strength and courage from Him who alone can give them." Perthes replied as follows : " Ignorant as I am of your present circumstances, it is difficult for me to write to you, my dearly loved brother. I see that your spirits are depressed, and knew it indeed before you stated it plainly, but I know not whence this depression comes. Deeply grieved indeed I am, but how reach out a helping, comforting hand ? You speak of your 'happy circumstances,' and you are right. The companion of your life, the mother of your children, stands at your side in the prime of life ; your children grow up satisfactorily ; you can look at them all with glad hope, and you have given your daughter to the worthy, true-hearted Mauke, who is at the same time a support to you. You have friends who cordially love you, you enjoy great social consideration, your means are liberal and independent, and, if it pleased God to take you away, not one in a thousand could feel equally at ease as to the temporal wellbeing of those left behind. God has greatly blessed you, and you yourself own it when you say,—'I deserve reproaches for not being happy.'"

Besser recovered somewhat, but the improvement was not lasting. On the 6th of December tidings reached Gotha of his having been attacked by fever. In a few hours Perthes was on his way, travelling day and night, and reached Harburg on the evening of the 8th, too late, however, to cross the Elbe. A newspaper lying in the inn apprised him of Besser's death five days before. He wrote home : "I arrived too late, they had already buried my beloved Besser. In him I have lost the friend

of my youth, the only one who knew what I am, and how I became what I am. Many have experienced his affection and benevolence, but I alone fully knew the capacities of his mind. We had been friends in joy and sorrow for more than thirty years."

Besser's death brought about another change in Perthes's outward circumstances. "You see, my dear friend," says he in a letter to Niebuhr, "that I am in my old place once more, and must go out again into the great market, where I did not wish to end my days. It is almost impossible that Mauke, able and worthy as he is, should carry on so large a business alone."

However, it did not prove necessary, as Perthes had feared, that he should return to Hamburg; but henceforth all manner of hard work was added to the joyful and sorrowful events with which his life was filled. Children and grandchildren were born to him, and manifold were the sicknesses and deaths, pleasures and anxieties, which agitated the large family circle. In 1827, Perthes lost his eldest step-son, and he writes thus concerning him: "We could not but wish to see him freed from his sufferings, but even I miss the boy's sweet, sad look, and his affectionate ways, more than I could have supposed. Our little Rudolph is a real godsend to his mother, and even in her grief she cannot resist his liveliness and loveliness." A great number of distinguished men, too, paid him longer or shorter visits during this period, amongst whom were Ranke, Oken, Bunsen, Tholuck, Haller, Parish, &c., &c. Perthes in his correspondence touches with pleasure upon these visits. In one of his letters to Rist he says: "Your old friend Herbart of Königsberg was here in May, and I spent a very interesting day with him. He had a sort of note-book in his head, devised to get information from me respecting several things that had struck him in Germany. He was amazed at having found so little interest taken in philosophy. Not only the men of average education, but even the learned, nay, philosophers themselves

had shown a reluctance to discuss philosophy, and he had often felt himself a bore, when wishing to enter more deeply into questions of this nature. He was equally surprised at the interest taken in religion and Church parties. When I on my side expressed my surprise at Königsberg being so far removed from the current of German life, that its learned men were ignorant of the now prevalent tendencies of Germany, he became very animated and bestrode his philosophical hobby. I immediately declared that as a bookseller I was in no way bound to understand his philosophical idioms, and begged him to translate them into good plain German. He then enunciated the strangest aphorisms, and it was a real distress to him to be obliged to speak as it were in a foreign language. However, Herbart inspired me with both esteem and confidence. He is evidently a tender-hearted man in spite of the iron mail he has donned, and by no means so stiff as he had been represented to me ; but he seems to belong to a bygone age, and to have narrow views on all subjects. He would find it difficult to harmonize with his contemporaries, and all the more so, because he would require them to harmonize with him. He is not deficient in penetration, but whether he is profound or not I cannot decide. I thought I remarked a want of imagination. We parted well pleased with each other."

Perthes found no time for connected studies, such as he had entered upon during the first years of his life in Gotha. "I had hoped," he once wrote, "yet to learn and to acquire information of different kinds, but now that I have once more embarked on the business of life, I must give it up ; and after all 'tis no great matter. I have found the way to the knowledge of eternal truth ; as for what concerns my calling, I know as much as is actually needed, and for the rest, however valuable in itself, I can dispense with it." However, Perthes no more discontinued the daily reading of historical, theological, and,

above all, biographical works, than he did his rambles on foot, over the hills that surrounded him. In the autumn of 1829 he was absent from Gotha longer than usual, on a visit to his second son Clement, then a student at Bonn. From Bonn he wrote as follows : "As far as Frankfurt I had as fellow-traveller, a young man, whose appearance, manner, and conversation attracted me much : in the evening I sat next him at table ; he was on his way to Paris. Taking him for an artist or a military man, I hinted that he was going there to perfect himself in science or art. He replied that he went to acquire culinary skill, having obtained an appointment in the royal kitchen ; and he did not blush, though I did. The steamboat left Mayence at six in the morning, and twelve of us walked down, in the bright moonlight, to the boat, all half asleep, save one who was wide awake and melancholy, a missionary on his way to Antwerp for India ;—a strange spectral procession we formed. It was one of the loveliest mornings of my life. The Rheingau lay all glowing in the sunrise. Suddenly, at Bingen, a black cloud came on, hiding even near objects from us, but the sun soon pierced it, and lighted up the narrow ravine. At Coblenz I went to my favourite spot, the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine ; I had visited it in 1816, 1823, and 1825, and each time I had been deeply impressed, and left it with sorrow. So it was on this occasion, but why I know not."

While in Bonn, Perthes again spent most of his time with Niebuhr. He writes of him thus : "On seeing Niebuhr, after a long interval, I always experience a painful degree of shyness ; because, in spite of his intellectual greatness, his universal knowledge, and his keen discrimination, I am conscious that I take a truer view of many subjects than he does, and, consequently, often feel myself obliged to oppose him in spite of his superiority. Added to this, the strange, almost unpleasant peculiarities of his manner ; for example, his restless walking up and down the

room all the time he is talking. But this shyness soon gives way, his natural candour and good-heartedness triumphing over all. I am more than ever struck with the singularities of his character, and yet I never found him so cordial or so gentle. His emotion at parting overcame me much. He came to me twice after I had taken leave, and said, with tears in his eyes, 'I have hardly one other old friend like you.' Niebuhr is happy in his present situation, and with his present employment, and yet were a political post offered him, he would hardly refuse it. His political opinions are not irrevocably fixed: once he remarked that time corrected many of his judgments; that he now justified much that he once condemned, and condemned much that he once justified; and that thus he had become more cautious in his decisions. On this occasion, too, he avoided, evidently on purpose, all conversation about religion. When he disputed Schiller's influence being beneficial to youth, I asked him whether he himself remembered any interval between the personal experiences of the boy and the learned man. He grew melancholy and was silent. But it is very certain that Niebuhr never had a sense of youth, though he now exercises an extraordinary influence over young people. One of Niebuhr's strange peculiarities is his stammering, not over words but sentences; he will repeat the same sentence six or seven times in the most different ways. The reason is, that owing to his wide range of imagination and immense amount of information, language cannot keep pace with his thoughts. Bonn has again made a very favourable impression upon me; it possesses a great number of learned men, and society combines refinement of manner and cordiality with a decidedly scientific tone. The town itself is cheerful, and the students have a fresh, free, youthful aspect, without any eccentricities of dress or manner." In the beginning of November, Perthes returned to Gotha, and spent the winter in strenuous exertion.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## CORRESPONDENCE ON THE RELATIONS OF LIFE.

OF the numberless letters written and received by Perthes, the majority related to business, many to politics, and many to ecclesiastical affairs: but he also received communications from men of the most varied character, who asked his advice, his aid, or his sympathy, in circumstances the most miscellaneous, sometimes the most singular.

One man, whom he had never seen, consulted him on the choice of a wife. For six years this person had daily resolved upon matrimony: but the fear of embittering his whole future life, by a mistaken choice, ever restrained him: he was now thirty years of age, and felt certain that, left to himself, he would remain undecided to the end of his days. "Choose for me a bride," he wrote to Perthes, "and at a word from you, I shall set out, marry her, and as long as I live, revere you as the author of my happiness." To this "strange but honest fellow," as Perthes called him in a letter to Besser, the following answer was made: "Marry you must; for yours is a case in which science and business would not be adequate safeguards against onesidedness. I am not one of those who liken the choice of a wife to a man fumbling in a basket of snakes for the single eel which is among them: I am rather inclined to think that marriages are made in heaven, not, however, without the co-operation of men. A frank boldness is required. Youthful



fancy is often most successful, catching at once the right object, or being caught; but whoever, like you, racks his brains, and scrutinizes every possibility, finds of course on all sides dangerous rocks. You should remember that the absence of positive badness is itself a great point in creatures such as we are, and that too much positive goodness is not to be expected. Look out, then, among the daughters of your own land; and, if that avail nothing, make a tour in the wide world. A man, thirty years of age, should do nothing by halves, and if he go to work with sound sense and an earnest purpose, God will be his helper."

To another young man: "Beware of disclosing too freely your religious convictions to the lady you name. Except in marriage, a thorough understanding cannot exist between a man and a woman: out of it they are enigmas to each other."

Again: "Instruction and training have comparatively little influence on the position of women. A naturally intelligent woman shines everywhere, even with little acquired knowledge and refinement: on the other hand, if she be nothing in herself, then, spite of all instruction and polish, she appears awkward and common. A man, however, counts for something, if he have but the superficial acquirements and polish obtained by intercourse with the world, or if, though stupid and awkward, he have learning.

To a young man whose age may be guessed at from twenty to thirty: "In early youth every girl is charming, and the object of desire; in the later years of manhood, again, one sees in both girl and woman, above all things, our common humanity; we rejoice over the good, and put up with the bad; but at your time of life, a man is neither quite blind nor yet perfectly open-eyed, and consequently his judgments are at fault."

After congratulating Henry Ritter on his marriage, Perthes

continues : "Marriage is God's chief gift. The bachelor may, indeed, accomplish great things in the outer world, but he cannot penetrate into the inner life of men and things. The community of earthly joys and sorrows in marriage discloses to us the heaven of our origin and destiny. In the course of a long married life, I have had much suffering and sorrow, much care and anxiety : but, unmarried, I had not been able to live."

On another occasion : "As, since the introduction of Christianity, woman, from being a mere instrument in the propagation of the species, and a beast of burden to man, has acquired an independent position, and a distinct recognised value of her own, so likewise man has made a step in advance. He has begun to form ideals. First of all he idealized woman, and his relation to her ; but this resulted in a disposition to idealize everything—a disposition of which the Greeks and Romans, and the whole ancient world knew nothing, but which has exercised an incalculable influence on modern history. Christianity makes large and heavy claims in regard to the relation between man and woman, such, indeed, as were never dreamt of before : every man has now a secret history of his own in regard to these claims ; and that history varies according as, in his struggle to satisfy them, he has simply persevered, actually conquered, or fairly succumbed. No third party can be a witness of this struggle ; yet, on its issue, the man's whole life, as noble or base, useful or baneful, essentially depends."

Having congratulated Rist, whose children were as yet all young and at home, on his domestic happiness, Perthes continues : "This, too, is but for a time, and it will be far otherwise when your children begin to entertain thoughts, wishes, hopes and views of their own—when, one after another, they leave the nursery and the house on their several ways. The tenderest strings of your parental heart will then be broken. I have experienced it myself, and I may freely say so, as my own

children have given me cause only for joy ; still they go their own way and must do so."

To a dear friend who sought consolation for himself and his wife from Perthes on occasion of a son's death : "To lose a child ! What that means no man can know but by experience. From earliest childhood we indeed see that the ties of affection are broken asunder : but what comfort does that bring to the sorrowing father and mother ! Cling to one another in your grief ; let neither conceal it from the other ; do not try to calm one another down, but rather let your sorrow flow out into a common stream ; it will then be changed into a quiet happiness, and will unite you more intimately than mere prosperity ever could have done. Cling to one another, I say ; community of love changes the profoundest grief into a blessing from God." On receiving a letter of thanks, in which the same person acknowledges Perthes to have proved the best comforter among all his friends, and adds, that henceforth the period of unbroken domestic happiness lies behind him, like an ancient world, Perthes writes again : "It is even so. From the moment of a child's death, the parent's eye is dulled, and the beauty of life gone. Every little accident, a cough, a change in the tone of voice, excites cruel anxiety. All know, that a family seldom remains unbroken, but no one applies the observation to himself, till a loved one is taken away, and then he believes it indeed ; for deep down in his breast sorrow gnaws on. The parent submits to the stroke, but cannot get above it. Gone ! gone ! yes, that is it ! To be no longer able humanly to love this particular child, no more to receive from it a caress ; that is the eternal pang ! Then, to be obliged to leave a child's corpse—which is always heavenly—for the world outside, is horrible ! Everything appears so little and trifling, compared with the great experience just made. You were right not to keep your other children away from the death-bed and the coffin.

To talk children into sadness is vain ; but we may not too anxiously keep them from the view of realities : they should early learn to look the lot of man in the face, and they can bear it. A mother, by the sickbed of her child, teaches us the full power which lies in human nature : the husband is appalled at his own comparative backwardness. Time, also, has less power over woman's grief than over man's. Faithfulness is the noblest thing in human nature ; and it is the peculiar property of woman."

To an aged man who had lost a son twenty-two years of age : "The younger the child, the closer the bond, as its very flesh and blood seem still to be ours : the older, the more does it differ from us ; it becomes even, in a sense, estranged by the possession of a will and of feelings independent of ours. The loss of a son in the bloom of youth brings with it both a peculiar sorrow and a peculiar consolation ; for the purity of youth is nearly allied to the ideal. The youth's expectation of accomplishing great things is sure to be disappointed in after years ; but your son has carried with him all his hopes with their bloom untouched. Twenty-two years, as you write, is a fine age to die at, better than forty-two or fifty-two ; yet for me at least the battle of life was necessary ; and I am still attached to life chiefly by the hope of gaining a complete victory within."

A friend, residing at a great distance, wrote to Perthes complaining that, in ripe age, he was humiliated by onsets of passion, such as he had never experienced before, and which he scarcely could resist. Perthes thus endeavoured to allay the storm : "He who is assailed by passion, as you are, is not old, no matter how many years he can count. It is exceedingly humiliating to find one's-self overcome by the animal powers ; but, when these fail, it is not the man who has left sin, but sin which has left the man ; and he will find it not easier, but more difficult, to rise

up to God. In this world war is life, peace death ; and we must battle on to the end to gain the crown."

Often as Perthes bestowed a glance on the inward and outward condition of others, his own development was still ever with him the chief subject of examination, nay, of wonder, and even anxiety ; and he frequently unbosomed himself to his friends. Thus to Rist : "Few men have enjoyed all along such opportunities of intercourse with children as myself ; and, through observation of them, many things in my own development are only now becoming clear to me. The child, as soon as it can use its senses, feels itself to be only a fragment of nature ; it sees and hears things which are new, but, because the child is itself, as yet, merely a bit of nature, it wonders at nothing. For a few years it lives only with what is close at hand. The clear-running stream is dearer to it than the heaving ocean ; the flower more charming than the forest ; the hillock on which it tumbles about is more to it than the mountain ; the child finds everything in harmony with itself. When, however, thought awakes, when the child comes into contradiction with its own will, and enters on a struggle, of which the object and the issue are alike unknown, then does the boy begin to feel himself severed from nature, and the youth to long for something which shall correspond to him, to his heart and mind. Alternately deceived and undeceived, the man must then work through the years of life-apprenticeship. Throughout the whole season of youth, man communicates, by fancy and love, through nature and the creature, with God. Youth is poesy, but advanced life has quite a different character. To love mankind in old age, and to remain steadfast in love even to death, is exceedingly difficult. Things are in the end reversed : youth rises through man to God—age descends through God to man. A youthful warmth of feeling can be preserved in old age only by faith and humility ; and, whereas there is hardly anything more repulsive

than old age without warmth,—love, on the other hand, or even kindness, gives peace and assurance to the conscience, notwithstanding the profoundest conviction of sin.”

Genial old age was illustrated by Perthes himself in an eminent degree. He greatly enjoyed the renewal of old acquaintanceships, even when these had been of the most casual description ; and his method of procedure appears in the following letter : “ One cannot be long with a stranger, in a Diligence for example, without noticing his peculiarities, his strong and weak points, his taste for this or that beauty in nature, his perception of this or the other relation among men. One makes advances accordingly ; and, if the stranger be equally complaisant, there arises an agreeable relation, capable of producing all manner of fruit. I have frequently contracted such travelling marriages, as I may call them, and, during the last few hours of our common journey, I have always been saddened by the thought that a kindly relation of man to man was about to be broken up. I have ever afterwards heartily welcomed a fellow-traveller of the sort, even when his face looked quite different in the house from what it did in the carriage. Men differ in understanding, but love brings them together.” In another letter : “ I have shown much kindness to some men, for which I have received no thanks, and that pains me ; but I have received much more kindness from others, and I often search in vain for lively gratitude in my heart, which pains me still more.”

Perthes's native kindness did not prevent the decided expression of his views. He was not easily, and never long, irritated by the opposition of others, provided he thought it sincere ; but against insolence, falsehood, indifference, and baseness, he blazed up instantly and violently, even in cases where he was under no obligation to speak. His views were these : “ I would have nothing to do with the man who cannot be moved

with indignation. There are more good people than bad in the world, and the bad get the upper hand merely because they are bolder. We cannot help being pleased with a man who uses his powers with decision ; and we often take his side for no other reason than because he does so use them. No doubt, I have often repented speaking ; but not less often have I repented keeping silence."

In administering reproof, Perthes generally hit the nail on the head. To an inflated personage he once wrote : " You may see by Jacobi that, if scholars have often an insufferable temper, a petty character, and selfish dispositions, scholarship, at least, is not to blame." Again : " You insist on respect for learned men : I say Amen. But at the same time, don't forget that largeness of mind, depth of thought, appreciation of the lofty, experience of the world, delicacy of manner, tact and energy in action, love of truth, honesty, and amiability—that all these may be wanting in a man who may yet be very learned." To a young man : " You know only too well what you *can* do ; but, till you have learned what you *cannot* do, you will neither accomplish anything of moment, nor know inward peace." To a man who, in order to escape the annoyances of public life, confined all his intercourse to his wife and children, and boasted of his seclusion, Perthes wrote : " Beware ! The fear of unpleasant collisions outside the house, and not the joys of the domestic circle itself, may account for your boasted seclusion. The domestic life does not mean seclusion from others, but discipline of one's-self ; it is not negative, but positive, and he only can enjoy domestic life who has borne, and still bears, the burden of public life."

Not only in letters of reproof, but in many others also, does that bold freshness come out which characterized Perthes's youth. A friend had written him that whoever lives to eighty years of age may be sure of outliving his reputation, alleging

that all the octogenarians, from Blücher to Wieland and Goethe, had done so. Perthes answered: "Certainly, the age beyond fifty brings with it peculiar dangers, among which, however, I do not reckon this, that of late years I have had a son and two daughters baptized. No doubt, I can look back on much sorrow, care, and trial; but I am still of opinion that a sterling man is not complete till old age. In my own case, I cannot complain of too much age, but rather of too much youth, which torments me with unrest, and with whatever else you please. In presence of so many old young people, I often fear lest there be in me something of the wandering Jew!"

Perthes's later years exhibited the same struggle between energetic activity and a longing for repose, which pervaded his earlier life. Once he wrote: "I still take an interest in a thousand things, yet only by fits and starts; for, after all, in order to be cheerful and content, I require, besides my family relationships, only a quiet room with a few books, a mountain and a wood, a couple of intelligent men, solitude when I want it, and freedom from bores. This is little, and yet much." Again: "I cannot learn to be at rest; and I often fear lest, by way of a refining fire, blindness or lameness be reserved for my latter days; which the good God in his mercy forbid!" Later still: "Besser's death has increased the number of those who attract me to the other world. Manifold indeed is the attraction: my Caroline and Besser stand beside each other; then the old Schwarzburg lieutenant-colonel, who was the father-like guide of my youth, and my first love, Frederika; then Claudius and Jacobi; then my children who died young; and, which is strange, there is the attraction to my father, whom I never saw. Whether the inborn impulse towards energetic activity, or the no less profound capacity for repose in love and contemplation, or whether both shall fill up our eternity, who can tell?" About the same time: "Life seems to me monstrously



long ; what a terrible sameness in the midst of variety ! To-day, just as fifty years ago, I see sparrows and dogs, sheep and goats ; they are always different, yet to me they seem always the same. Viewed from a distance, it does not seem difficult to die : yet they only who have experienced death can tell what it is ; and they who have experienced it are silent."

## CHAPTER XXXIII

## CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANT CHURCH PARTIES.—1822-40.

By the publication of Count F. L. Stolberg's "History of the Religion of Jesus," Perthes was brought anew into contact with many pious and earnest Catholics. In 1824, Windischmann declared to Perthes at Bonn, that there was much in the development of the Catholic Church which Stolberg could not understand, and that he had not been able to divest himself entirely of his hereditary Protestantism. Hermes, leader of the then dominant philosophico-catholic school, looking at things from a different point of view, wrote thus to Perthes: "From all I know of the condition, religious and scientific, of the clergy here, I am led to think that a work such as Stolberg's, deficient in science, though excellent in point of religion, is not the one best calculated to give that impulse to the clergy which is required. There is no lack among them of zeal, but great lack of science; and Stolberg's work does nothing but fan the former."

In writing to the Countess S. Stolberg, Perthes expressed his own views of the work in question, to the effect that it was well calculated, by its fervour and earnestness, to revive many Catholics who were quite estranged from Christianity, as also to mitigate and correct the judgments of Protestants on the externalities of Catholicism.

About this time Perthes received many suggestive communications from his old Catholic friends; from F. Schlegel, the

following: "Failing a personal interview, let us shake hands, as Christians and friends, over the small stream that separates us. Who knows how soon the flowers of the world's new spring-time, and the palm-trees of eternal peace in heaven, may grow over and hide that too; for in very deed I cannot feel myself really separated from a man like you—God forbid! I am now occupied with the collection of my works. It is an undertaking full of moment to Germany, if it be understood, and, whether understood or not, full of moment to me, because it is the outcome of my whole life and knowledge, and, for that very reason, the entrance also into a higher state of being, where eternal truth will be taught, or rather proclaimed anew. When these eighteen or twenty volumes are completed, I shall be at liberty to begin a new life; and I mean to devote all that remains of my earthly span to researches in Christianity or theology, if this be the better name—scientific, indeed, yet plain and luminous to all who bring with them a Christian spirit."

In these years Rationalism gave itself out for true Protestantism, and regarded all opposition as an attack on the principles of the Reformation. When, therefore, opposition came from Protestants, which it often did, because orthodox Protestants saw that infidelity, not Catholicism, was the danger most to be dreaded, the Rationalists declared that Catholicism was gaining ground even among Protestants, and assailed the Catholic doctrines with all the more bitterness on that account. On this subject Perthes wrote in 1822: "It is not honest to attack Catholicism, as is now done, when in fact Christianity is meant. Now, as formerly, under pretext of uncovering the nakedness of Popery, one book after another of Scripture is brought under suspicion, humility declared to be a base and cowardly disposition, sin and redemption to be mere scarecrows of clerical invention." Again: "There are two sorts of men on whom I would not waste a single word. First, those to

whom good and evil are all one, who take God for a mere good-natured being, and are themselves content with the visible, making no account of others who cannot be so easily contented; secondly, those who, in their own estimation, have no sins to be forgiven, and care not a straw for the poor devil who is tormented by anxiety for his salvation. If men of this stamp denounce me as a Catholic, I accept the name, since what they call Catholic is Christian."

Some of Perthes's Protestant correspondents administered strong antidotes to his sympathy with Catholicism.

In January 1826, Niebuhr wrote thus:—"You say you stand to Catholicism as east to north. This was only right during the low estate of Catholicism, when diversity of views was alone in question. Now, however, everything bad has been revived, the whole priestly system, with its gigantic schemes of conquest and subjugation; nor can it be doubted that religious wars themselves are contemplated and in preparation. We must therefore take good care not to become the tools of these people. I bless God that Stolberg was taken away in time, for he would have yielded to their craft. Whoever lives in a Catholic district of Germany, as I do, must observe that scholars and laymen generally are exactly like ourselves, but that a curse of stupidity or baseness, or of both, rests on the clergy, and that the converters and champions of the Church-militant are the devil's own."

To the distinctive doctrines of Catholicism, neither at this nor at any other period of his life, had Perthes any leaning whatever; but, at one period of his life, he certainly adhered to the opinion that the Church of Rome, rooted in the history of a thousand years, might yet by development and renovation become the universal Christian Church. To this he was led by the consideration of what he regarded as the abortive attempts of Protestants to establish a permanent Church. This opinion

was earnestly opposed from different points of view by many of his Protestant friends. Some of them regarded the Romish Church as utterly apostate, and combated the idea that it could contain the germ of a new church-life for Christendom. "You are deceived," writes one of his correspondents; "when you think you are commending the Romish Church, you are only commending some of your Catholic friends; and it is very possible that, without being aware of it, what you find attractive in these men is not the Catholic but the Protestant element: for the Protestant spirit extends far beyond the limits of the Protestant communion, and makes a still deeper impression on us when we meet it in a Catholic dress. The Reformation still delivers many an earnest Catholic from the yoke of the hierarchy and of superstition, and enables him to taste the blessings of that which he so violently opposes. The ground which earnest Catholics take in their controversies with us is not Roman-Catholic, but Christian-Catholic; this it is that our Reformers, in opposition to Popery, desired to restore and preserve; and they achieved it, not only for us, but for Catholics. Where would Roman-Catholicism have been now without the Reformation? and what would it become, if the influence of the Protestant spirit were withdrawn? Now, surely a Church which is indebted for the vitality she still possesses, to her most violent opponent, can never be the Church of which that opponent stands in need."—"You rave against the commonplace generalities that Protestants are accustomed to urge against Catholicism," writes another, "and you are right: but you appear to me to regard certain Roman Catholic arrangements as almost innocuous, simply because they have been unworthily attacked. If you had ever passed a year in a Catholic country, you would be shocked by the base lies with which the great mass of the clergy blacken Protestantism. You are also familiar with the every-day side of Protestantism,

while Catholicism is known to you only through the best and most pious Catholics; hence your judgment is unfair."—"What is your exact meaning when you speak of the Catholic Church?" wrote a French friend: "the Catholic Church, as you find it in the person of this or that friend, may indeed please you; but the Catholic Church, as it actually exists, *c'est vraiment la Bête de l'Apocalypse*. It is very desirable that every one who speaks of the Catholic Church should carefully ask himself, in order that he may neither be misled himself nor mislead others, whether he is speaking of an imaginary or of an actual Church."

Others, among Perthes's friends, combated the possibility of any future development of the Romish into the universal Church, because they regarded its fundamental principle as absolutely antagonistic to the belief of Protestants. "You cling," writes one of these, "to the doctrine of Augustine and the Reformation; that man in his natural state has no power to find out God, to love Him, or please Him, but must surrender himself to the Divine influence, and be saved through faith. You will not hear of the Pelagian doctrine, confirmed anew a century ago by the Church of Rome, that a man can be saved by works done in his own strength. You are an out-and-out Protestant in doctrine; but you think that the Protestant doctrine may be included in the forms of the Romish Church, and that thus the universal or Catholic Church of Christianity will sooner or later issue from it. Now this, I must absolutely refuse to concede. Every Church built upon the evangelical doctrine must, unless she would deny her own origin, proceed on the supposition that the infallible and immutable Church, out of which there is no salvation, is invisible, and not to be confounded with the visible Church, i.e., with any local and temporary association for the proclamation of the gospel and the administration of the sacraments. Many may be members of the invisible, who never belonged to the visible

Church, and *vice versa*. Hence no Protestant Church can deny salvation to those who are without, or assure it to those who are within her pale; neither can any Protestant Church consistently have recourse to the sword, or to violence under any form. On the contrary, the adherents of the Romish Church must of necessity identify the visible with the invisible Church, transferring the attributes of the latter to the former, particularly to its clergy, bishops, and pope. Her utterances, just because they are from her, are a law to every human being, and it is merely out of courtesy that she ever reasons out of Scripture. So great is the difference between Protestant and Catholic doctrine, that if at any future time, Protestants and Catholics should be included in one universal Church, one or other must give up the doctrine which made them Catholics and Protestants respectively. So, then, I must absolutely deny the possibility of a universal Christian Church as a development of the Romish."

In a letter written many years after this, Perthes thus expresses himself: "The numerous religious practices common to the Catholic Church everywhere give it a great appearance of unity; but wherever a real life, quite other than that of everyday custom, prevails among its members, there they differ from each other not less than Protestants. Hitherto the Catholic Church has been oppressed in the north of Europe; in the extreme south, on the other hand, though mistress, she has fallen behind intellectually; and, accordingly, the masses there are on the highway to apostasy not only from Catholicism but from Christianity. In Austria and Bavaria, again, the newly awakened spiritual life found vent in the extravagances of mysticism. In all Europe the controversy about the headship of the Church rages not less violently among Catholics, than that about the Church itself among Protestants: and throughout Germany the number of Catholics is increasing who

regard the Reformation as a necessary evil; and they allow among themselves that, but for the Reformation, all Europe would have been sunk in the darkness and apathy of Italy and Spain." Again: "If the Catholic Church continue to deny that Luther was justified in his opposition—yea, bound to it; to question whether Protestants have all that is essential to the inner Christian life, and to hold by statutes of popes, bishops, and councils, enacted first to secure the Church against her enemies, and then to extend her secular power, she will lose more and more the inner sense of Christianity, undermine her very foundations, and precipitate her own downfall. If she abandon these statutes, she will forthwith become something very different from the *Roman* Catholic Church, which she now is."

At a later period, Rist wrote to him as follows: "You are always regarding Christianity as a necessarily universal something; I, on the contrary, fix my eye on its wonderful adaptation to all degrees of intelligence, and to the wants of every individual. The universal visible Church was always to me an unexpected and unwelcome phenomenon, the apparent completeness of which was brought about merely by the aid of fictions and postulates. The Church, with all its apparatus, ceremonies, orders, and tithes, was never anything but, as the Emperor Alexander said of himself, *un heureux accident*; nor has it ever been really one and universal. What we give up, then, is not a reality but only a prospect, a very noble and almost indispensable one, no doubt, but still only a prospect: what we retain is the spirit of the Gospel, which walks the earth in all manner of forms. As for church power, the letter of the confession, and the security of rulers, to whom fealty is sworn on a particular confession, I know not what is to become of them."

Perthes did not consider that Protestantism had originated, or would ever originate, a universal Christian Church. He



writes : " To organize a Church is not the mission of Protestants, but to preserve and strengthen the inner Christian life. Luther certainly founded no Church, and whether he was also unwilling to do so, I dare not say. He stood forth in the full consciousness of a mission to rescue the inward life of faith from the dead forms, abuses, and abominations under which it was smothered. On being opposed, he proceeded to set aside the Pope as the fountainhead of these evils ; but he never particularized what forms and ceremonies of the old Church should be retained, nor did he endeavour to determine what church-forms were best adapted to express the inner life of faith. All our ecclesiastical organizations are but accidental, the work of the civil magistrate. If, then, Luther himself did not venture to found a Church, how can people say or believe that, by sticking to the Lutheran Church, the Protestants of to-day can solve a problem which the Reformation itself left untouched ? "

The want of ecclesiastical unity was painfully felt by the Protestants, and, from the year 1817, movements were made with the view of uniting the Lutheran and Reformed Churches into one, to be called the Evangelical. Many welcomed the prospect of union in the hope that the strict meaning of the symbolical books would thus be relaxed ; and one of these wrote to Perthes as follows : " What Scripture itself cannot do, man should not attempt by means of binding Confessions. I have, indeed, met with many who declared their belief in the Divine inspiration of Scripture, but never with one who did really believe in it ; for the most rigid believer in the letter does not hesitate to place some, at least, of his preconceived notions above Scripture, inasmuch as he tortures the text till he forces it to utter the church views in which he has been educated. <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> " *Hic liber est in quo cuncti sua dogmata quarunt,  
Atque in quo reperit dogmata quaque sua.* "

This is the book where each his dogma seeks,  
And each his dogma finds."

If even the believer in the letter proceed thus, it is evident that each man must just retain his traditional convictions, or rely on his own reason and understanding, or, failing these, on some teacher. Humanly devised confessions of faith can never bind those who do not feel themselves bound already by Scripture : they may, however, draw such men into contradiction with their own consciences." Another correspondent writes : " God has indeed vouchsafed to mortals a revelation, but it is expressed in human language. There is no prophet from God to expound it, and tradition has handed down no unanimous and reliable interpretation ; but assemblies of bishops and abbots have arbitrarily settled those things about which the most ancient churches were at variance. Such decisions we Protestants regard merely as commandments of men ; and we should be inconsistent, did we ascribe any higher authority to the Augsburg Confession. Luther felt this, and all true ministers of the word must feel the same. They must tell their hearers to search the Scriptures for themselves : that is the true ground of Protestantism, and on no other can preachers remain honest men." A third as follows : " I know no form of Christianity which might not become a beneficent institution to the world ; but the enclosure, within which our theologians would pen it up, is so narrow that hardly any one can gain admission to the table of the Great King : such at least is the impression made upon me by those haughty gentlemen, who, without pity, but with a fiery sword, stand before the sanctuary, and demand festal raiment such as none of those possess who fain would enter. But the Lord intended his feast for all without exception, even for those who reject and despise it ; and these do, after all, derive some benefit from it. Christ's spiritual kingdom surrounds us like an atmosphere : Christianity so permeates the spirit and culture of our age, that even the infidel and the Jew come under its influence." A fourth says : " By means of symbolical books,

a system is built up, not without a hole in the bottom certainly, but such that, by assiduous pumping, it can be kept above water as if there were no hole in it. This game, however, is now at an end. Neither Church nor State dares to maintain what cannot be maintained; peace is recommended to all parties; none of them is wrong; a plaster here and a plaster there; anything, in short, but the scandal of repeal. Theologians are admitted as clergymen, although they subscribe the symbolical books with a reservation, and thousands who have subscribed impugn their contents. As soon, however, as the majority declare that they no longer believe in these books, they cease practically to exist; for their importance is derived not from the sanction of those in authority, but from the faith of the multitude. New confessions of faith would be of no avail, for no one is competent to draw them up, and two persons could not be found to agree in the attempt. What we want is new oaths of office for clergymen and teachers, that their consciences may be no longer burdened by a professed adherence to formularies really defunct."

Just because the union movement seemed to imperil the authority of the symbolical books, many earnest men clung to these more passionately than ever. Thus a theologian writing to Perthes, says: "Could I believe that indifference to confessions of faith belongs to the essence of Protestantism, I would instantly go over to the Catholic Church, and put up with its untruth as best I might." Accordingly, whereas, for twenty or thirty years, the subscription of the symbolical books had been required and gone through as an empty form, it began now to receive a new significance, particularly in some districts; and many young men were tormented by scruples how far they could conscientiously do so. To one of these Perthes wrote: "Sad and cruel is the discord between the pulpit and the professorial chair. Hundreds of young men leave the university

as full of doubts as you are ; but most of them subscribe the symbolical books, enter unhesitatingly on the pastoral office, and then stand up perjured hypocrites before God and man. If science take upon herself to teach young men quite different doctrine from what the Church afterwards requires them to preach, the teachers of science are bound to heal the internal schism which rends their pupils' hearts, such of them at least as take orders, unless, indeed, they are content to have the blood of perjured souls lying at their door. Go then to these teachers, ask them, and understand their answer if you can." Again : "Christianity is not bound to any formula of words regarding the nature of Christ ; to this, as to other questions, men will stand differently affected ; but the Christian life is not possible without communion, nor communion without a confession of faith. That the Protestant one is not adequate I am well aware ; but, till another is prepared, we must hold by it, unless we would become Catholics or Deists."

Many eminent theologians questioned the possibility and desirableness of the proposed union with the exclusiveness and authority inseparable from it. Neander was not clear on this point, as appears from the following letter to Perthes : "The politico-ecclesiastical system of Popery, prelatical and Roman indeed, but not Catholic, is a mixture of Judaism and heathenism. Christ, however, left on the earth a divine seed for the benefit of all mankind : nor did God allow the opposition to corruption of doctrine and life ever to die out, but kept it alive, spite of the magical pomp of false priests, the sophistical arts of metaphysical theologians, and the terrors of the funeral pile, till Luther came to purify the Church from everything unchristian, and restore it to primitive simplicity and freedom. Between the Church of the Reformation and the Apostolic, I cannot acknowledge any essential difference, and therefore, I cannot

seek, outside of Protestantism, for the power that should organize the Church."

Another friend of very different views wrote to Perthes : "The Protestants have no Church, and cannot have one : nor is this a misfortune. Better no Church than lose the spirit of Christianity. A Church (how many have there been already!) is but an accident ; the essential is a Christian mind. No doubt, courage is required by those who would dispense with the outward support of a Church. Many, who insist on having a Church, turn, in the anxiety of their hearts, to a State-Church, whose function should be to imprison the human mind in a house of correction, as it were, and by police regulations compel men to be godly. I fear, indeed, that the clergy and the State, because they have need of each other, will always take care to maintain some such institution. I confess, moreover, that I can find no middle term that would satisfy at once men's longing after a common faith, and the no less deeply implanted necessity for freedom of conviction. Others are, no doubt, as much at a loss as myself ; were it not so, the world would have heard of their discovery. So then, nothing remains but that we content ourselves with what we have, or rather with what we have not."

Perthes had little expectation that the attempts of Protestants to form a united Church would succeed. He thus writes : "Everywhere there is an obscure longing after a Church, but what is exactly wanted is not clearly known. All desire freedom of belief, but most men shut their eyes to the fact that freedom of belief within a Church is conceivable only when that Church holds the saving truths of Christianity in so intangible a shape that they can be made the subject neither of investigation nor of dispute. Again, the civil magistrate neither can nor should regulate the outward communion of Christians ; who, then, is to do it ? If the Protestant Church were

organized by consistories with an independent president at their head, we should have as many colleges of cardinals, and as many popes, as there are States. And if it were organized by a subordination of presbyteries and synods, the power would be in the hands of the masses. Who can point out another way?"

In a letter to a friend, written at a later period of his life, Perthes thus states the result to which his correspondence with theologians had led him: "The system of the Catholic Church, universally and strictly carried out, leads to evil, because it makes human ordinances divine: Neander's invisible church, consistently maintained, exalts the few whose religious endowments are high, and, leaving those who are not so favoured without guidance and instruction, gives them up to infidelity. To intrust absolutely the religion of Christ to the civil power, is simply putting it into the hands of the *gendarmes*; and although Protestant theology can frame all sorts of churches, it cannot realize one; it speculates on the relation of man to God, and looks upon the Church rather as a religious school, than as a religious institution. A rushlight is no substitute for God's light, and the name 'Evangelical Church' has no real significance. What is to be done then? Above all, let us refrain from carrying out any human principle to all its logical consequences in things divine; let each do the best he can, piously and prayerfully improving and building up the individual, and let us wait patiently till God in his mercy come with his principle, and make us a present of what we never can work out for ourselves." Again: "When the plague of party has once infected an age, individuals must be otherwise judged than in a century when the doctrine and order of the Church stand firm and unquestioned. Whoever is convinced of sin and believes in redemption through Christ, is a Christian, no matter what be the colours of his party. Wherever Christians are

divided into parties, truth and untruth are mingled in them all; no outward struggle can solve the contradiction, for right and wrong are on both sides, and a victory on one side would be a defeat to what of truth and right there is on the other. The solution must come from within, from the power of truth and love reconciling all things. That all should repent and humble themselves sincerely before God is the thing needed, not the battle-cries of embittered parties."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

RATIONALISM AND ITS OPPONENTS—INDIVIDUAL EFFORTS—  
SCIENTIFIC THEOLOGY.—1822-40.

THE Rationalism of last century was still regarded in extensive circles as the only religion compatible with enlightenment. Writing, in 1822, to a friend who had ironically congratulated him on his establishment in Gotha, the metropolis of Rationalism, Perthes thus described the state of matters: "Saxony was the cradle of the Reformation, and is now the easy-chair of Rationalism; but the rest of Germany need not point the finger, for, excepting in a few districts where new life has awaked, Rationalism is universal. No one, of course, gives himself out as an atheist, or sinless, or as raised above the common herd by intellectual superiority, but all agree simply to make no account of God, and in worship to go through a round of external forms. Some, with disdainful pride, consent that Christianity should subsist for the discipline and restraint of the masses, whilst others endeavour to enlighten them into abandonment of their hereditary superstition. With both, the Christian is but a pietist, and the pietist is but a hypocrite." Neander wrote to Perthes as follows: "What the Rationalists call pietism is nothing but Christianity itself. The corruption of our nature would be inconceivable and inexplicable unless there were in us, naturally and apart from grace, something divine and indestructible, some points of contact with Him 'in whom we live and



move and have our being;' and, although ignorant zealots have given some occasion for the mistake, yet infidels misrepresent the Christian when they say that he denies man's consciousness of natural connexion with God."

Rationalism proceeded on the supposition that each man, and the race at large, was able, by virtue of inherent strength and tendency, to make progress towards perfection; and, as it got quit of redemption by the doctrine of human perfectibility, so it excluded revelation by maintaining the sufficiency of nature. Perthes thus discusses these matters in a letter: "When I contemplate nature in its beauty and immensity as a whole, I am filled with the sense of God; but when I consider its parts, the hosts of flies, the legions of worms, the infinitude of life in the earth, and the immensity of the stars in heaven, I doubt: the endless multiplicity of details confounds my consciousness of the personally Eternal, and I am shut up to materialism or pantheism. Lalande said: 'I looked into infinite space, but I saw no God;' and this was both a juster and a more profound saying than all your devout meditations on the wisdom and goodness of God in nature amount to. Nature could never have given us a personal God: only the Son has revealed the Father; and, had not the Son revealed God, we must have denied him." More at large in a letter to Steffens, dated 1828: "Throughout the animal world I see a constant process of mutual destruction; and the natural fate of man is misery and sorrow. Children are ever dying of the poison distilled from parental sins; youth is wasted in vain endeavours; the prime of life is tortured by monotony, which is not repose; and old age bewails a scheme of life, or perhaps many schemes of life unfulfilled. All cling to some favourite pursuit or project; and the few, who are not baffled, death tears away from the enjoyment or accomplishment of their desires. There is no doubt a well-spring of life in man, but nature will not allow it to become clear; he cannot but strive

after truth, yet, as he grows older, the darkness becomes denser in and around him. Now, no one has portrayed the terrors of nature, and the cruelty of its decrees in these times, so as to show that whoever would worship the God of nature must even fall down before the devil, unless, indeed, he can cheat himself with phrases. Preaching the truth scientifically to professors, authors, pastors, and teachers, is of no use ; we must address the people, and you, Steffens, are the very man to write a romance that shall dissipate this dream about the goodness of nature, and merit to be denounced by Deists and Rationalists as godless, being indeed a horror and abomination to both. Such a work might let many into the secret of Paul's language, when he represents nature itself, corrupted with and through man, as groaning and travailling together in pain, and waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God."

However much irritated Perthes sometimes was by vague generalities about the goodness of nature, and the progress of mankind to perfection, he was yet able to estimate justly even those Rationalists whose views were most opposed to his own. He thus wrote : "Were I to consider the champions of Rationalism apart from their antecedents, I should certainly view them with reprobation ; but how few men have made themselves what they are ! With few exceptions, the inward man, like the outward position, is determined by circumstances ; and I myself can remember the circumstances in which most of these men grew up. When I was a child, "enlightenment" occupied the place of religion, and freemasonry that of the Church. Men of culture knew the Bible only by hearsay, and looked with pity on the peasant and mechanic who still read it ; even clergymen uttered their tame jokes on Balaam's ass, and the walls of Jericho. During the first ten years of my establishment in Hamburg, I sold not a single Bible, except to a few bookbinders in neighbouring country towns ; and I remember very

well a good sort of man who came into my shop for a Bible, and took great pains to assure me that it was for a person about to be confirmed, fearing evidently lest I should suppose it was for himself." Again: "There is something deeply affecting to me in Schiller's 'Gods of Greece,' that mirror of the impression made on an earnest spirit by the rigid intellectuality and dismal unbelief of the age. You see there a man of lofty aspirations venting his fury against routine and hireling preachers, and painfully working his way to that living God who communicates with men by love. He only can be unjust to Schiller who knows not the wrathful melancholy of the breast which heaves with longings for help, yet contains no nursery-memories of the Christian faith: he only can condemn him who is unable to realize the feelings of a man who would fain hold intercourse with the living God, yet finds nothing in his age but the god of intellect, enthroned, indeed, in astronomical majesty, but insipid and impassible withal." In another letter Perthes exclaims: "How many noble men have I known, upright and true, full of humility and love, who were not only strangers, but even enemies to Christian doctrine! Who dare pronounce how they, as individuals and in their inmost life, were related to God? whether, and how they were, after all, attracted by the grace of God?"

Rist's view of the preceding century may be gathered from the following letter to Perthes: "The endeavour of the preceding century to escape from the conditions of the finite, by investigating and determining the infinite, is one to which all are tempted who think of things supernal. The present age has made us conscious of far deeper wants, undreamt of by the mightiest spirits of the preceding generation. Like Spinoza, Kant died quite happy with his categories. Old Gähler, one of the most gifted men I ever knew, built, certainly from the earth upwards, the tower by which he hoped to reach the sky,

and died with the utmost cheerfulness. Two of my dearest friends even now, indefatigable inquirers, pure, truth-loving, genial men, feel no need of the God revealed in Christ. What their spirits seek they find on earth ; and they impose silence on their hearts when guarantees are demanded additional to the purity of their own endeavours. I cannot esteem these men less highly than those who speak and write in our days. The spirit of their time was, no doubt, less profound and earnest than that of ours ; yet, in their shallow age, they thought profoundly, whereas our present youth, notwithstanding the deep importance of the time, sail about gaily on the surface. Were not those men great, who wearied themselves in searching after truth, the ideal of manhood, likeness to God ? whose chief and only good lay in fathoming the depths of the soul, in scrutinizing the mysterious foundations of the spirit-life ? They wanted to find out what man is apart from the body, and thus to approach God : but, as they went deeper, and ever deeper, so they went farther, and ever farther, from one another : and, as they went farther from one another, they understood one another less, till, at length, they ceased to hear one another's voices, and were only able to send each his own to the upper air. But the treasures accumulated by the profound thinking of that age, the mass of eternal negative truths ascertained, and the power of self-abnegation and abstraction displayed in research, are claims upon our reverence, and even just grounds of pride. These were men who dared to gaze into the depths, and report what they saw, fearless of consequences." Perthes considered that a great improvement had taken place during his own lifetime. In 1826 he wrote to the Countess S. Stolberg : "The contemporaries of your youth were also mine ; my recollections of the middle and lower classes run parallel with yours of the higher, and are equally sad. But, since the French Revolution, the rod of divine chastisement has not been wielded

in vain on our lacerated country. The sensual, godless frivolity of last century wanders about now only as a dusky obsolete ghost; good seed has been sown; and it will bring forth by and by the genuine fruits of Christianity."

The individual character and irregularity of the attempts made in Germany from the period of the Liberation Wars, to revive the religious life, led many to fear that they would degenerate into mere appearance and talk, or into fanaticism and sectarianism. To a friend who entertained such fears, Perthes wrote as follows: "I am truly sorry that your dread of a possible danger should have blunted your usual penetration, and deadened your appreciation of what is honest and upright. You say that the sickly odour of hypocrisy in pious forms and phrases meets you in many quarters. For my own part, not feeling myself strong in Christian faith and virtue, I have always avoided the formulas which, in word and act, are the outward stamp of the religious life: yea, I have gone too far in this direction, observing the Christian forms of devotion in my own house with my children less strictly than I ought to have done. Just, however, because I felt that he who follows a stereotyped mode of life is apt to become the victim of a sham, I have always kept a keen eye on those whose flaming profession excited my suspicions; and, no doubt, I have often found persons who, because they echoed other men's prayers, imagined themselves strong in faith, and made an ostentatious exhibition of what they mistook for piety. But you may not call that hypocrisy, which is only intellectual weakness and spiritual poverty. I have not found genuine hypocrites in religion anywhere in Germany; what indeed among us could tempt men to such hypocrisy?" Notwithstanding this repeatedly expressed conviction, Perthes was sometimes not without fear that a certain hollowess lurked in the religious movements of the period.

Not less than the prevalence of Christian forms without the substance, Perthes disliked that retirement and isolation, in which many pious Christians delighted, giving themselves up to undisturbed communion with God in select little coteries. Here is a letter from Rist to Perthes on that subject: "If the people are awaking to a sense of Christianity, this is due not to the many Bibles which have been distributed during the last ten years, but to the retiring piety and strict discipline of certain small societies; for that very reason any corruption or perversion arising in these is doubly dangerous. For my own part, I have always entertained a sort of horror for the mode in which the great 'mystery of godliness' is treated in these private circles: they insist on being so very comfortable, so much at home with their religion. This familiarity with a literally personal God, by which I mean not God who became man, but God reduced to a man, destroys the absolute infinity of God, which alone can inspire the human mind with true reverence; for, since we ourselves are capable of thinking and willing things so great, we cannot bow down before a God with whom we hold intercourse as with an individual." Perthes answered: "Religious talk, when it is polemical, and away from the common centre in Jesus Christ, or when, as Claudius used to say, it consists in devout utterances with a pipe of tobacco at the same time in the mouth, is not less abhorrent to me than to you; and a pious interview between two parties with the Holy Ghost for the third, to use Neander's expression, does not belong to a time like ours, in which ecclesiastical training is null. Pious associations lead almost always at present to exclusiveness and to sectarian pride, which is the very opposite of the Christian spirit. But, dear Rist, let us not judge individuals; others are not as we." Again: "The danger in every sect is the feeling in its members, that they stand nearer God than others. This is the snare which the devil has in reserve for catching

even the best ; he thus leads them to egotism by a seemingly divine path, and chills them towards all who would approach God in a different dress."

Shortly after he writes: "By wonderful ways, indeed, is our age endeavouring to get back to God. Think only what we ourselves have survived. Voltaire and Rousseau teaching the world, then Frederick the Great and Lessing, freemasonry and the illuminati; Reimarus, Nicolai, Engel, and Biester; the German Library, and the Berlin Monthly, Bahrdt and Herder, exegesis and the higher criticism, Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, *à priori* natural philosophers, and poets, from Klopstock, Goethe, and Schiller, down to the Romantic School. The French Revolution threw a pall over all this throng of thought and feeling, but it thronged on still beneath; and, when the liberation wars threw off the pall, the felt necessity of re-possessioning the Eternal appeared mightier and more urgent than before. But this spiritual tendency was led on by sympathy and impulse, rather than by thought and learning; and it is, consequently, no wonder that devout men should have built pleasure-houses, according to their several fancies, on the strong foundation of Scripture. These, however, cannot stand before the youthful vigour of our scientific theology."

Schleiermacher had given such an impulse to scientific theology that, in spite of Rationalism and Separatism, it promised to become the ruling power in Christianity. A theologian wrote to Perthes: "Sacred learning is indispensable to the piety of our age. Men are no longer content with a vague revelry in the elements of religion, such as attended the re-discovery of them after a long night, nor with unsteady feelings dependent on particular passages of Scripture; everywhere there is a healthy appetite for real food from above, for solid and fruitful knowledge. This is a demand worthy of the gospel; and whoever would accomplish anything may not overlook it."

Another wrote: "A theologian who would defend the faith of his fathers now-a-days, should have both a Herder's baptism in oriental biblical lore, and a Schleiermacher's in western dialectics. Science is religion's only defence against science."

A friend who entertained different views, writes in the following strain: "The many treatises now appearing on theology, seem to me but theological luxuries. They prove at large what every Christian, just because he is a Christian, believes already; but they can make no headway against unbelievers, because the root of unbelief lies in quite another direction. Many of the latest works, instead of edifying, confuse; and, instead of removing doubts, awaken them. Whoever thinks it necessary to drag the divine mystery from its sacred obscurity into the light of our wherefore and therefore, if he really prove what he aims at, can hardly avoid blasphemous, or at least unseemly, prying into the Infinite." Perthes answered: "To stop half-way in scientific investigation would be fatal to theology and the theologian. It will not do to recede, or, declining inquiry, to hush all up in pious phrases: theology and the theologian must onwards, at whatever cost. Only by dint of fearless courage will theology either attain its end, or, what is more likely, become aware that its end is unattainable in that direction; in which case, she will lay down her weapons, cease relying on her own strength, and throw herself into the arms of God's grace and revelation."

In these years Perthes formed or renewed connexions with many distinguished representatives of scientific theology. In 1824 he held intercourse in Bonn with Lücke, Sack, and Nitzsch, and in 1825, in Berlin, with Schleiermacher, Tholuck, Neander, Strauss,<sup>1</sup> Theremin, and Marheineke. "These," wrote Perthes from Berlin, "are six theologians who have nothing in common but their enmity to Rationalism." Though Perthes frequently

<sup>1</sup> Not the author of the *Leben Jesu*.



expressed a fear that theology was becoming too much a mere science in the Church, yet, on the other hand, the earnestness and spiritual depth of those who represented scientific theology, inspired him with confidence. "For forty years philology and history, criticism and exegesis, have been diligently cultivated among us Germans, only to be employed as weapons against Christianity: the theologians of the present day inherit these rich treasures of the past, and employ them in the service of our Lord. They cannot, indeed, create either Christian truth, or Christian life; but the enemies of Christianity must give way before the intellectual artillery of such men. Christianity can no longer be derided as a toy of the weak-minded: a stumbling-block it may remain, but foolishness it can no longer be to men; and that is no small gain which we owe to our theologians."

Whether scientific theology was likely to have an ally or an opponent in philosophy, seemed to many uncertain. Schelling remained silent, and fell under suspicion. In 1825 he wrote to Perthes: "The difference between me and these gentlemen is simply this, that they speak even where they confess themselves incompetent; and I have hitherto remained silent, even where I feel my competency to speak. It would be more modest were these young men to consider that the author of the work against Jacobi, and of the treatise on freedom, to whom also they are indebted for their own present stand-point, may very well see farther than he has yet thought proper to communicate." In Berlin, Hegel's appointment was the signal of a movement apparently hostile to Christian theology. In 1827, a series of scientific criticism appeared, which was understood to be the work of his disciples.

In 1829 Perthes wrote: "To estimate the philosophical value of Hegel's system is not my business, but I cannot shut my eyes to its practical working. Hegel's disciples and admirers have formed a literary and social circle, which promises

to lead the fashion till the fashion changes, but from which I can augur no good, as long as men like Savigny and the Humboldts, Niebuhr and Ritter, Schleiermacher, Nitzsch, and Neander discountenance it. The grandiloquence of this circle, the system of mutual laudation which it has organized, its sectarian exclusiveness and censoriousness, and its aiming after supreme authority both in society and in the government, are all so many perils for the intellectual life and the character of the rising generation ; and I am mistaken if the religion, too, of our people be not endangered by this philosophy which, slowly but surely, will descend from the professor and privy-councillor to the school-master and government-clerk."

A few years after this, the attention of theologians was directed to Strauss's *Life of Christ*, the first part of which appeared in 1835. In the end of that year Perthes wrote : "I have not yet seen Strauss's book, but I understand that he denies the actual occurrence of what is narrated in the New Testament. According to him, the thoughts of certain pious and profound theologians passed into the popular mind, and by the poetically creative power of the Jewish people, were ultimately transformed into quasi-actual persons and occurrences. The thoughts of redemption, excogitated by some profound thinker, became in the people a longing for redemption, and begat the expectation of a Messiah ; and thus the sacred histories of the Annunciation and of Christ's birth are poetical incorporations of the national feeling about the appearance of a sinless man." Again, in January 1836 : "Strauss's work will give a shock to all who have not been led by personal experience and inward struggle to Christ, to all who imagine that scientific theology is the basis of faith in the truth of the gospel narrative." About the same time : "The appearance of so mighty a foe to Christianity as Strauss, will have the happy effect of uniting Christian theologians. Three-fourths of the German Protestants still adhere to Ration-

alism, but it has been vanquished for all that, and is in fact dead ; the conquerors, however, who, till the hour of victory, were in firm alliance, have fallen out on the battle-field. Thus the bibliolaters exclaim that he is a lost man who considers only the meaning, and not also the letter, of Scripture to be of divine inspiration, and that the Church must have a system of doctrine, when, in fact, we have not yet a Church at all. The Old Lutherans sigh for the restoration of the two tables of the decalogue, and say that, even if every letter of Scripture were accepted, yet, if the symbolical books are rejected, nothing has been gained. No, that is not the way, the pietist maintains ; but the beginning and the end of faith is the consciousness that man is of himself incapable of attaining not only the spiritually good, but even what is naturally noble. The mystic again, not content with recognising divine mysteries where they are, seems to take more pleasure in finding them where they are not : the Christian philosopher would arrive at a definite thought about what cannot be excogitated at all ; and the men of erudition regard any sort of Christianity, which is not the fruit of learning, as too light a ware. These are all Christians, and, as such, should study humility and love towards one another. The merely human controversies they have waged, have driven them far apart ; but Strauss's book, like the appearance of a common foe, will unite them again."

Perthes was not mistaken, for, within a short time, theologians from the most varied stand-points stepped forth to do battle with Strauss. Neander wrote to Perthes on 20th May 1836 : "I have long thought of crowning my historical work with a Life of Jesus ; but the sublimity and greatness of the subject deterred me. Recent discussions naturally tempt me to undertake it by way of a declaration of my own faith, the critical element being subordinate to the positive. My Life of Christ would thus be the first volume, and my Apostolic Age

the second, of a history of primitive Christianity." Perthes answered, encouraging Neander to carry out his idea, and added : " It seems to me almost a duty on your part to give us a positive history of the apostolic age in addition to the critical one. Your explanation of the pentecostal miracle has, in fact, shaken many, though not me ; and an apostolic history, which should be the offspring not of your science, but of your faith, would produce a mighty impression just now, for your declared opinion of Strauss's book has opened the ears and hearts of many that were shut to your voice before." Neander wrote again on 3d June : " When I said in my previous letter that I would keep the critical element subordinate in my *Life of Jesus*, I merely meant that, instead of a detailed and express refutation of Strauss, the refutation would be found in the positive exhibition of the truth, critical justifications being introduced only on occasion. I mean, therefore, to follow the same plan of treatment for the *Life of Jesus* as for the *Apostolic Age*. The spirit of our age, and the fact that certain prejudices must be removed, in order to open the way for a more ample and many-sided contemplation of the subject, require the critical element in every treatment of the sacred history, demand, in fact, that the tenable be distinguished from the untenable ; but faith, and the views proceeding from it, must stand by the side of criticism, which should be the child of humility and veneration, and of a conviction how limited man is, and how great his need of divine illumination. I have, therefore, no intention of publishing a new history of the apostolic age, but only an improved edition of the old one. I could not occupy a stand-point different from my own ; and as in me the critical and intuitive elements coincide, they cannot but coincide also in my compositions. What I found it necessary to deny or to doubt, has no connexion with the essence of Christianity, and my treatment of it can perplex only those who are already a prey to the criticism of

the age, and who must, once for all, go through the process of scientific inquiry, in order to arrive at firm convictions ; such, for example, are young theologians." Perthes answered : " For a century the prevailing element in powerful minds has been the critical : it then passed into those of an inferior order, and now there is no man of intellectual culture but must go through the fiery ordeal. Indeed, I regard the audacious infidel criticism which we have survived, as God's way of leading us back to the truth revealed ; for criticism will not be long in showing that he who rejects revelation, and yet believes in God and immortality, wants spiritual depth, has stopt half way, has built upon sand. It will show that the only alternative is between Pantheism and the Christian faith, and this will be the turning point for many individuals, perhaps for the whole generation. Christian theologians are agreed that the present duty is to overthrow the audacious and infidel criticism which proceeds from and leads to pantheism. But I do not think that much would be gained by discovering scientifically the weak points of Strauss, Vatke, and the like ; for, as these are merely the successors of Paulus of Heidelberg, though more thorough-going and more talented than he, so others will follow them still more thorough-going and more talented, and when it is merely science against science I tremble for theology. The gospel history can never be fixed down like profane history, the life of Jesus like that of Alexander, or Cæsar, or Charlemagne. The events between Zacharias' vision and the baptism of Christ, as also those between his resurrection and ascension cannot be brought within the domain of historical inquiry. Who heard the prayer on the Mount of Olives ? Who then can tell us of it ? Whither would the historico-scientific study of the pentecostal miracle lead the inquirer ? As Christian philosophy can show only the untruth of objections, not the truth of Christianity itself, so historical science and criticism can show only the groundlessness

of objections against the sacred narrative, not the truth of the narrative in general, and much less the actuality of particular events. Nor should it be otherwise, since the matter on hand is, not the solution of a scientific problem, but the salvation of souls."

Perthes took a growing interest in the movements which originated in the publication of Strauss's work. In the autumn of 1837 he wrote: "I think our divines might have shown a greater respect for themselves than they have done in encountering Strauss. They have simply taken up their position in the arena of scientific theology, which is common to him and them, whereas they, whose vocation it is to defend the truths insulted, might well have manifested indignation against the man who *con amore* and audaciously routs about among the events and truths on which the whole Christian world believes its eternal salvation to depend. I can conceive no good or even noble object which Strauss could have had in view, and am persuaded that, notwithstanding his acuteness and learning, he will end lamentably as a writer: there are indications of this already in his controversial writings." Again, in January 1838: "Strauss is perhaps the most dangerous foe to Christianity now living, because he combines penetration with learning, possesses tact, yea cunning, is blameless as a member of society, and has most attractive manners." In 1840, Strauss's Dogmatics appeared, and in December of that year Perthes wrote to his son in Bonn: "The tendency of Strauss to sweep away all religions appears unmistakably in his Dogmatics. Many of our theologians could very well have put up with a first-rate man of science like Strauss, and would rather have been seen arm-in-arm with him than with a devout Catholic priest; but he has come out too strongly for them now. I do not pretend to criticize his learned works; but I know that, whatever harm he may do to Christian theology, or however far he may lead individual

Christians astray, he cannot touch Christian truth. Whoever, like me, has seen parties rise and fall during half a century, is not startled at the upblazing of a meteor. Straussism, however, may become a power for ten years : and just because in ten years the devil can destroy many souls, it is not to be disregarded."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

LITERATURE—1830-1840.

GOETHE died 22d March 1832. Perthes wrote of him : "He retained his consciousness to the last. All that this earth could offer was his, by possession, or knowledge, or feeling, or inquiry, or experience ; and perhaps no one has passed into the other world richer than he. He loved and struggled ; and clear vision will now be granted him. It appears to me that his death shuts up the grand period within which German culture has unfolded itself. We have now the most varied and abundant materials for understanding the whence and the how of development ; we have the correspondence of Bodmer, of Rabener, of Gellert, of Klopstock, and of Garve, down to that of Hamann, Jacobi, Voss, Forster, Baggesen, Solger, and Erhard ; we have complete works, autobiographies and memoirs, down to Rehberg ; and through them all, from Klopstock to the present day, Goethe's Confessions run like a scarlet thread. Who shall compose one piece out of the manifold, earnest, and profound strivings of a whole century, and set it in a frame ?" In 1833 he writes to Rist : "Like you, I have been charmed by Goethe's letters to Lavater. There are a dozen passages where the lowest depths are sounded. I do not, however, undervalue the letters to Schiller ; one cannot always remain young ; and what, in those of later date, repels you, is only the natural consequence of that scorn for the deepest truths, which appeared slightly even in



the letters to Lavater. Whatever of noble we may acquire, without God's word and grace, is insecure and temporary—remains, in fact, so intimately connected with baseness and selfishness that it often loses its nobleness altogether."

In Goethe's "Odds and Ends, Maxims, and Reflections," there is much admirable thought and experience excellently well expressed; but such aphorisms are usually but half truths, calculated to mislead both the propounder and the acceptor. In 1834, Perthes wrote: "I have been delighted with the correspondence between Goethe and Zelter, the importance of which for the mental history of this age will be recognised by and by. I have been profoundly affected by the gradual enfeeblement, which this correspondence shows to have taken place in the worldly tendency of these men, without their intending, or indeed even knowing, it. It shows, too, how much and how little can be accomplished, without aid from above, by the most powerful intellects. Both of them are amiable, but I shudder to see them ignoring all our relations to God. Zelter was always true, keen, pointed; one can never forget the hero-like form and lion-head of the man. The influence of the literary period on Goethe appears in this correspondence: who would now think of writing down for posterity whatever comes into his head?" A friend to Perthes: "Goethe seems quite exhausted in these letters, compared with the fresh vigour of Zelter, whose adoration of Goethe is to me highly remarkable. He drew so much from Goethe, that he seems to have sucked him dry; for, whilst his step grows ever firmer, Goethe is wearied out, and produces at length only feeble and halting rhymes. In estimating Goethe it must never be forgotten that he was a citizen of Frankfort; for it was his traditional civic dignity that made the society of the great so agreeable to him and kept him aloof from the agitated centres of human intercourse; and thus it was that a privy-councillor's cabinet in Weimar could

still appear to him the world." In 1835, Goethe's correspondence with a child appeared. After the first hasty perusal, Perthes wrote : "This is a noble production, full of profound and living truth ; incomparable for world-insight. The child and its language are hardly anywhere in German literature better exhibited. A monument truly is Goethe, but a sad one : how desolate appears here the soul of this great, all-comprehending genius ! Poor Goethe ! because he could not, as guiding-star, lead such love to the light of truth, he has made the *dénouement* such as it is. The sober-minded, who, after all, keep the world steady, will not fail to discern in Goethe's inspired child, a candidate for the mad-house. It may be so ; but it is the madness of every great poet." Somewhat later : "Meusebach's review of the Child's Letters is learned enough, but he has not been able to appreciate the grandeur of the fiction ; his article looks like an extract from Sir Walter Scott's *Antiquary*. The external material truth in the work is of no moment ; inner truth fills the soul of the poetess, and pervades the whole story. It is a thoroughly German book, which the English and French had better not attempt translating."

Perthes took a similar interest in the many other works which shed a literary lustre over the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century. In 1838 Niebuhr's Life appeared. Perthes wrote to Rist concerning it : "What an inexhaustible treasure for the history of German learning, what a storehouse of experience in circumstances both straitened and ample, and of hints regarding the events and personages of our time ! Never, I believe, has any one revealed his whole man so completely as Niebuhr does in his letters ; and what a loving, pure, genuine man does he appear ! He remained to the last what he always was, a good child with a number of naughty tricks, which he knew very well, but could never give up, perhaps because they sprang from his bodily organization. You say that Niebuhr

wanted but little of being a perfect man, but that this little was much, viz., humility, and susceptibility for the mysticism of faith. That is true, but not absolutely. In presence of God, and of what moral greatness he found in history, Niebuhr was humble, but he was unjust to his contemporaries. He recoiled and grew furious on discovering that even men of mark were but miserable sinners ; yet, when the ebullition of the moment was over, his innate sense of justice obtained a hearing, and with great humility he endeavoured to repair his error. Susceptibility for the mysticism of faith was not wholly wanting in Niebuhr ; but he had not a firm Christian basis. During my interview with him, however, two years before his death, I saw enough to persuade me that he would have attained it, had he lived longer." Again : "Niebuhr's over-estimate of his own acquaintance with the people and their circumstances, was a great obstacle to his exercising a beneficial and lasting influence on public affairs : he never could enter into the daily life of the common people, yet he plumed himself upon his knowledge of every detail. It was a still greater disadvantage to him as a politician that, from being a Dane, he became all at once a Prussian. His parents, though of German origin, had received a Danish stamp, and his higher education, during the decisive years of mental development, was carried on at Copenhagen. On coming to Prussia he was forthwith involved in its misfortunes, and his noble nature became, on that very account, entirely devoted to that State. He never became a German, but remained a passionate and one-sided Prussian, though often despising Prussian measures."

The publication of so many biographies, correspondences, and complete works belonging to the last century, may indicate that the mind of Germany was moving in ancestral leading-strings, and disposed rather to admire the past than to live in the present ; but still there prevailed in all branches of litera-

ture a restless hurry, which tended to break the connexion with the past, and bring into independent play the powers of individuals. Accordingly, when the July revolution gave a shock to all order, social, political, and ecclesiastical, a literature arose in Germany which delighted in the depreciation of spiritual greatness, made the enjoyment of the moment its aim, and, in the absolute justification of man's sensual nature, both sought and found a plea for irregular and sinful inclination of every kind. Heine had already struck this note; and in 1834, Börne made Lamennais' *Paroles d'un Croyant* universally known in Germany. Regarding this latter work, Perthes wrote in October 1834: "Lamennais is an abomination, a death-blow to the Church which can produce such priests. Only a Frenchman of 1830 could take up such a position, and his appearance is a sign that the last days of the French nation are at hand." From the number of young men, particularly in Northern Germany, who adhered to this school, it was called "Young Germany." Many publications advocating its doctrines appeared in 1834-5. Writing of Theodor Mundt's "Madonna," which was one of them, Perthes declares him to be a champion for the emancipation of the flesh, and, though more flowery, no better than the others. Ukert, after thanking Perthes for a copy of the "Madonna," writes:—"Young Germany makes such violent efforts in its first flight, that its powers are sure to flag soon. These fellows would like to see the *Sturm-und-drang Periode*<sup>1</sup> again; but Roland's sword needs Roland's arm to wield it." F. Jacobi wrote to Perthes: "The young gentlemen are drunk with insolence, conceit, and French profligacy; and because, in this condition, they spout whatever comes into their heads, they seem, like all drunk people, stronger than they really are. God will take care that the upas trees don't grow up to heaven."

<sup>1</sup> An expression for a period of violent commotion whether in the life of nations or of individuals.

In December 1835, Perthes wrote to Rist: "You know that, by my very nature, I am attracted to the positive, and fret myself but little on account of the foul nest which foul birds build in a fine edifice. In God's government, the negative is often a means towards the attainment of the positive. By driving untruth to its utmost extreme, our age is bringing clearly out its real character, and delivering truth from the mockery of a caricature."

Though the Diet, as appears by its ordinances, regarded the universities as the source of the evil, it also endeavoured to dam up the stream by laying an embargo on the writings of Young Germany. This was done in December 1835, and so a temporary stop was put to the growth of this branch of literature. But the tendency which it indicated could in this way neither be changed nor rendered innocuous; on the contrary, it grew apace, and, in the beginning of 1838, appeared once more publicly in the periodical edited by Ruge and Echtermajer, first as the *Halle*, and since 1841, as the *German Annual of Literature and Art*. This time, however, it assumed not so much a literary as a fine-spun philosophical garb, and, on that account, attracted general attention. It Hegelized and Straussized too much, but was allowed, on all hands, to display learning and acuteness, with an intimate knowledge of things and persons. To a friend, who was deeply involved in the discussion to which the German Annuals gave rise, Perthes wrote: "Hegel must have had a strong character as well as a great intellect, else he could not have trained such a band of combatants. A profound meaning must lie hid in the formulæ of his philosophy to account for its ever-growing influence; for it has penetrated into all sciences and all branches of literature, and even its most determined opponents are not proof against its influence. Now, too, a squad of youths have taken up the arms of Hegelian philosophy, and are using them to cover their

own proceedings, and carry out their own ends ; and they are gifted enough to befool even scientific men. They have opened the campaign with great tact, the chief battle-ground being the Halle Annuals, the Berlin Literary Journal and Mundt's Free-Port occupying the wings as skirmishers, and the somewhat antiquated Berlin Annuals bringing up the rear ; then spies and correspondents have been appointed for all the public prints, even for the Hamburgh Correspondent. The whole movement cannot be better characterized than in Niebuhr's words : ' It is a philosophy undertaken to justify the materialistic tendencies of the multitude.' I have seen the same game played with the Kantian philosophy. Youngsters became dealers in Kantian terminology, learned nothing, looked down with contempt on Christianity and the sciences, turned out insipid creatures, the most wretched clergymen and government officials. That brood has passed away, but the merits of Kant are still duly honoured. I prophesy a much shorter term for the young Hegelians, because the elements are worse : licentiousness and audacity are self-destructive."

## CHAPTER XXXVI

## ACTIVITY IN BUSINESS—DOMESTIC LIFE—1836-37.

THE publishing business which Perthes had set on foot in 1822 rapidly acquired importance both as to its extent and its character. It was carried on with a firm hand, and limited to theology and history. No other departments were congenial to Perthes, and it was only in very special cases that he could be led to make exceptions to this rule, as in that of the well-known fifty fables by Hey, illustrated by Speckter. Towards the end of his life, when offers of miscellaneous publications crowded upon him, he established a branch publishing office, and under the name of "the firm of Frederick and Andrew Perthes," made it over to his son Andrew; but only in the theological and historical departments did he himself ever feel thoroughly at home.

It is not often that a man who carries on his calling, be it what it may, with great energy and an unflinching sense of duty, has the good fortune to be popular. But Perthes had always inspired esteem, liking, and confidence in all with whom his profession brought him into contact. Authors, old and young, sought his acquaintance, and works of every sort were offered him in profusion. About two thousand such offers were found amongst his papers, and they afford many a significant insight into the all-pervading tendency of our nature to rush into print. We find the well-known author side by side with

the village schoolmaster, the gentleman of rank, the man of office, and the man of wealth, and endless is the variety of forms in which they all give out that they are occupied upon a work of rare importance, while, at the same time, all betray their uncertainty as to the reception the public will give it. Here an earnest man firmly believes that he is making over with his manuscript the best part of his life; there a bold, *brusque* fellow, plainly declares that gain is the only motive for his activity. In short, one can clearly distinguish in the tone of these offers, the presumptuous *parvenu*, the literary aristocrat, the literary second-class man, and literary mechanic and journeyman, amidst whom literary adventurers, *prolétaires*, and pick-pockets ply their trade. Not only authorship, but authors, differ completely in different years. For example, those who wrote in 1830 and in 1837, belonged to perfectly different spheres of cultivation and position, and the bookseller was obliged in self-defence to reject in the latter year what earlier he would have been glad to accept. Great publishers whose range was less limited than Perthes', are still more alive than he was to these facts, and it were well worth while to collect all the "rejected addresses," and catalogue not only the printed but the written works, as a contribution to the secret history of our own time to be handed down for the benefit of posterity.

Perthes was on confidential and friendly terms with almost all the authors with whom he had any permanent connexion. The countless letters which he wrote in his professional character are of a singularly mixed character, revealing the experienced man of business conscious of his own capacity—the layman who takes an intelligent and lively interest in the subject while deferring to the superior knowledge of the author—the man of cultivation and refinement, who, as an equal, deals with equals. His correspondence with so many theologians and historians of different grades throughout Ger-



many will afford to posterity a better insight into the nature of our present time than they could gain from any printed books or archives. To many of the younger members of the corps of learned men Perthes was a most liberal helper, and almost all reposed implicit trust in him as to financial arrangements. Indeed, when any exception arose to this rule, he would at once break off all further negotiations, without regard to the name of the author or to the loss he might himself incur.

Not less were the esteem and confidence felt for Perthes by his professional brethren. Frommann wrote at a later period: "No one ever occupied so prominent a position amongst us, or influenced the book-trade as a whole, and its individual members, so powerfully as he." He was always ready to assist the efforts of young men towards success and independence; and many of them will thankfully concur in the words publicly spoken by one of their number: "From the moment that I set my foot upon his threshold, Perthes did me great good and good only, and in the highest sense of the word proved himself a fatherly friend. May his spirit and his example continue to influence us, and the course of his life encourage the young men amongst us faithfully to devote their means and energies to the higher interests of our calling."

Throughout his life, as we have seen, Perthes looked upon the book-trade in Germany as a national concern, and considered all its members as component parts of one great whole. He had long held its earlier external connexion to be inadequate, and the impetus given to it since the war, seemed to him to demand new arrangements. When, therefore, in Easter 1823, the old system seemed on the point of falling through, Perthes stirred up his brothers of the guild, by word and letter, to retain Leipsic as the centre of the book-trade, and to choose a deputation authorized to see to the common welfare. In consequence of this, as it appears, nearly two hundred booksellers

assembled, and in 1825, formed themselves into a society, which, year by year, increased both as to the number and importance of its members. The formation of a national guild of this kind was, indeed, a remarkable phenomenon in the nineteenth century.

In the spring of 1833, at the annual meeting, the building in Leipais of a booksellers' "Exchange," as a central point, began to be talked of. "The plan approves itself to me," wrote Perthes in November of the same year; "but I would combine with it some others, as, for instance, a long-cherished idea of mine—a literary institute for booksellers' apprentices, and a museum for everything connected with books, printing, and paper-making. These I advocated warmly; my proposition was universally acceded to, and as a punishment, I was chosen chairman of the committee. Now that the chief responsibility rests on me, I must carry on an extensive correspondence, look over plans and estimates, and treat with the Saxon Ministry, who are much opposed to the enterprise." In June 1834, Perthes wrote as follows: "After strenuous exertions we had, at Easter, got far enough to produce a complete plan, but just then there arose obstacles of all kinds. The hour before the meeting, I felt uncertain whether the whole thing would not go to pieces, and my surprise was accordingly great, when the building was unanimously decided upon." "It was Perthes," writes Frommann, "who, in 1833, decided the meeting in favour of the building of the 'Exchange;' it was he who, as chairman, reconciled all contending opinions; and, despite all manner of difficulties, contrived, in 1834, to lay the plan of it before the general meeting. All those present will remember the striking words he made use of, and the impression they made."

Perthes cherished almost boyishly sanguine expectations as to the important consequences of this decision. "Our society will," wrote he, "acquire with its fixed property new strength,

new stability, as well as those material advantages which hitherto it has lacked. The more firm the hold of our society over its members, (dispersed as they are through thirty-nine different provinces,) rejecting the bad, upholding the weak, and affording a *point d'appui* for all, so much the higher will the German book-trade rise, and become the instrument of producing and diffusing works of scientific and literary excellence. The stronger the corporate feeling becomes, the more independent shall we be of civil and criminal law. In short, the firmer organization of the book-trade cannot continue without result, and I hope to God the result will be a good one."

Perthes's hopes were to be realized sooner than could have been anticipated. The Merchant's Company of German Booksellers contrived, in 1836, to open its "Exchange," to frame its own statutes, and fifteen years later comprised seventeen hundred members from all parts of Germany. "For many years," writes Frommann, "Perthes, though always declining to act as President, was really the central point in all our deliberations and decisions."

Perthes's life in Gotha had, as we have already seen, become rich and full beyond his expectations, and he continued to retain all his old friends and acquaintance. "When I reflect," said he, "on the extent of my acquaintance, Goethe's words occur to me, 'The stream rolls wider and its waves increase,' and I would call out to all to 'hold together with all their strength alike in sunshine and in the storm.' To me at least it is almost impossible to let any go from me who once stood near, and of all the inward gifts God has given me, I am most thankful for the consciousness of constancy. It has always been exquisitely painful to me to see any one who once was closely united to me by head or heart now pass me coldly by." Another time we find him writing: "What you young people call friendship

will certainly not last for ever, least of all now-a-days ; its warmth and intensity belong not to the immortal element in man, but to the fresh feelings of youth. A few years hence, and feelings, opinions, convictions, will have become developed which even the most intimate friends will fail to understand. Amongst older men, friendship, except as it belongs to memory, consists in confidence in each other's earnest striving after truth, and this confidence can outlast all changes." To all that Perthes had so long possessed, much of every kind was added during his residence in Gotha. The number of distinguished men who came from all parts of Germany to visit him went on annually increasing, and his continually extending correspondence with historians, theologians, and politicians, introduced him to all the interests of the period, while his constant study of the biography, correspondence, and private annals of the previous century, led him to look upon the events of the day not as detached, but as links in the great chain of the world's history in general, and of our own important epoch in particular.

The variety of interests and impressions which Perthes owed to his calling and his correspondence were sometimes a little oppressive to him in his latter years. "From early youth," we find him writing, "I have been subject to a habit of fancy-painting, to a sort of internal novel-writing, which often followed and disturbed me in business that did not entirely absorb me. Hence arose faults and mistakes, and the vexations and loss that followed these taught me to conquer the tendency. But in another form I have still to battle with the play of fancy. However perseveringly I have striven to acquire a habit of concentrated feeling and thinking, I still have to struggle with desultoriness, with sudden inroads of the most unconnected ideas ; and my calling is a great snare to a man of this temperament, showing me, as it daily does, the world in its most varied confusion, and men in the craziest fool's caps and bells.

Both when reading and writing, my attention is very easily disturbed. I know, indeed, that a quick imagination is the salt of earthly life, without which nature is but a skeleton ; but the higher the gift, the greater the responsibility. 'Pray and work,' is the great maxim here, too, for young men and for old." Another time he writes : "Nitsch's sermon upon the sanctification of the imaginative faculty has deeply impressed me ; but I wish the language had been plainer. Perhaps few have had such bitter contests as I to subdue wandering thoughts, and gain the power of continued meditation on things above. This susceptibility of temperament and over-activity of imagination, are idiosyncrasies over which flesh and blood cannot prevail. And, besides, from my early years, my calling required me to retain in my memory an innumerable quantity of things and circumstances ; but now I cannot recollect anything in which I am not interested. Thus it is that a million different things now lie garnered up in my semi-spiritual, semi-material organism, rising up, God knows how, seeming to possess an independent existence beyond my control, and disturbing my inward composure and my strivings God-ward. In the conflict with these foes, the best method, according to my experience, is an unvarying habit of devoting daily a certain portion of time to the contemplation of, if not to communion with, God. Moments of glowing aspiration and occasional attempts to command religious emotions will not do. Thy grandfather spoke a deep and important truth when he said, 'Let us suppose that thou wert on a mountain height at break of day, looking at the sea below, from out of which rose the sun, and that, thy heart being touched, thine impulse was to fall down on thy face ; why then, fall, with or without tears, and do not feel ashamed of it, for the sun is a glorious work of the Most High, and an image of Him before whom thou canst never bow low enough. But if thou be not moved, and must squeeze hard to squeeze out a tear,

why let it alone, and let the sun rise without one.' However, one must not decide hastily for others. Nature, art, and the temperament of different men are infinitely varied, and, consequently, the means by which we help ourselves onward must needs vary too."

While Perthes thus expressed himself to one friend, respecting the struggle for spiritual composure and recollection, he endeavoured to excite a differently organized nature to courageous endurance of the changes of mood brought about by external life. To a young man, who seemed inclined to take trifles as well as sorrows too much to heart, he wrote as follows: "Go forward with hope and confidence; this is the advice given thee by an old man who has had a full share of the burden and heat of life's day. We must ever stand upright, happen what may, and for this end we must cheerfully resign ourselves to the varied influences of this many-coloured life. You may call this levity, and you are partly right; for flowers and colours are but trifles light as air, but such levity is a constituent portion of our human nature, without which it would sink under the weight of time. While on earth, we must still play with earth, and with that which blooms and fades upon its breast. The consciousness of this mortal life being but the way to a higher goal, by no means precludes our playing with it cheerfully; and, indeed, we must do so, otherwise our energy in action will entirely fail."

However varied Perthes's domestic life might be by visits and correspondence, he did not the less take great pleasure in seeing and judging for himself of new places and new circumstances. In 1831 and 1834, he spent some time in Berlin; in 1835, on the Rhine; in 1836, in Hamburgh; in 1840, in Vienna,—in all these places seeing and hearing much that he never could have clearly understood from the accounts of others. Even in his latter years, he frequently wandered with a son or son-in-law through the hills and valleys of the Thuringian forest, giving

himself up, as soon as he had left the town behind him, to the delight of a boy who sees the world for the first time, feeling strengthened and improved by the now lovely, now grand views with which this mountain range abounds, and certain to meet with some singular character, or some strange adventure to interest him.

That Perthes was able, without injury to his character, to respond to such a number of external claims upon his attention and interest, may be attributed to his life being so firmly rooted in his home and family circle. It is true, his family spread out yearly more and more. His eldest son Matthias had been a pastor in Moorburg since 1830; his second son, Clement, became in 1834 a public tutor in Bonn; his son Andrew, after a preparatory residence in Hamburg, Prague, Switzerland, and France, had become a partner in his father's business. All these sons were married. His step-son Henry, for whom he had a truly paternal affection, left the Gymnasium in 1838, to study first in Bonn, and then in Berlin. Perthes had always encouraged a great amount of independence of manner and feeling in his sons, even in their childhood. When they became men, he entered into such free and friendly relations with them, that on each side the very depths of the heart were unreservedly revealed. Public and private events, religious and political opinions, formed the staple of the unbroken correspondence carried on between father and sons. Nor was his intercourse with his children settled in Gotha at all less intimate. Three of his daughters had long been established there; in 1831, his fourth daughter married Moritz Madelung, and his step-daughter Bertha, Carl von Zeche. None of these daughters would allow many days to pass without seeing their father in their own houses, were it but for a quarter of an hour, and few weeks went by in which the whole family, daughters and sons-in-law alike, did not spend one evening at least with their parents.

The circumstances of these different families were indeed widely varied, but in spite of all manner of obstacles, they contrived to keep up the animation of these meetings. Even after a hard day's work, Perthes would enter into a spirited conversation with youthful ardour, and would unconsciously excite each to exert to the utmost the faculties he possessed; indeed it was almost impossible for any one to remain supine or feel weary in his society.

In 1833, his only son by his second marriage fell ill, and it soon became apparent that the illness was of a fatal character. He had been more closely knit to this lovely and gifted boy than to any of the others when at the same age. During the boyhood of his elder sons, he was immersed in Hamburg business, and could but seldom occupy himself with them. But he had watched this child's life alike through joy and sorrow; even when at his occupations he used to have him playing by him, and in his walks he made him his companion. "It is a rare bliss," he once wrote, "to be, in one's latter years, the father of such a child. A parent of my age contemplates such a young existence with different eyes from those of a young man who is himself but entering into life. It is delightful to watch the germ of love and sensibility, and very striking to see that the nursery is a little world, whose daily incidents require and cultivate self-control and reflection, awaken penetration, and even the sense of the ludicrous."

Accordingly, when this beloved child's life-powers were struggling with death, Perthes felt as keen and deep an anguish as any he had ever before known. "I prayed with my whole heart's fervour," said he, "that my Rudolph might be spared to me, and I saw that I prayed in vain. Faith and despair struggled within my breast, and I have gained a deeper understanding of the petition, 'Lead us not into temptation,' than I ever had before."



On the evening of the 31st August, just as the setting sun reddened the sick-room, the child died. "God has taken away the delight of my age," wrote Perthes, "but He has given me tears such as I had not hoped to weep again. You wish me to tell you much about my Rudolph, but I cannot do so. To a third person all children of that age are so much alike, and the loss of a child is such a common occurrence, that no details could give a clearer insight into the individual case. Each father and mother's heart knows its own bitterness, and no third person can enter into it." Later he wrote to Nicolovius: "Since the death of my Rudolph, I begin to feel the evening of life closing in, not because of any diminution of bodily or mental powers, but because of a certain indifference to human pursuits and interests. But God will uphold me with His love and truth, so that I may not grow supine and incapable to do and bear cheerfully according to His good pleasure." Incapable or gloomy Perthes indeed never became, but the yearning for his lost child haunted him as long as he lived, often forcing from him, as he paced the room alone, even after years were past and gone, the cry, "My Rudolph, my Rudolph, where and what art thou now!"

Many an hour, too, of inward conflict had Perthes during these years. We find him writing: "'Be ye holy even as I am holy.' These words often pierce me through marrow and bone. I have known many who have experienced in themselves the immediate working of the Spirit, and who believed that they had been made holy by it. That there may be such saints even in our days, I will not dispute, but I do not belong to their number. I have striven and wrestled, but the world and the flesh have hindered me. Only for moments have I, in and through prayer, tasted of the peace of God. Not to shut our eyes through indolence or despondency to the sin remaining in us, not to mistake death for life, sorrow for repentance, and

imagination for love, not to grow weary in our upward course, or to substitute wishing for willing ; this is our ceaseless task here below, a task impossible without faith, but without which faith also is impossible." Whenever his heart was heavy, Perthes would turn by preference to the Epistles of St. Paul. He once wrote, "Look for comfort in the Epistle to the Romans ; in it is the whole truth of God in as far as we need to know it here on earth. Fight the good fight to the end : this is Paul's teaching to you, as well as mine." In another he says : "I have often, very often, read the Epistle to the Romans ; it is the portion of Scripture which has most impressed me, has given me most light, and most established my faith. Should another prefer some other portion, that need be no matter of dispute ; it is a proof of the divinity of the Bible, that different books most affect different Christians, according to their difference of temperament and education, while yet all books lead to the same end."

Not only was Perthes inclined by natural character firmly and fervently to express his convictions, but he believed it his duty so to do. "We should give honour to the truth," said he ; "we should not suffer others to seem to despise it ; we should not practise a false toleration, but shun all intimacy with those who do not acknowledge it."

However earnestly Perthes may have held and asserted that without ecclesiastical and dogmatic authority neither theology nor Christian feeling could hold their ground, still his own individual life was very independent of both. "My Christianity," he once wrote, "becomes each year more simple. That not to love God is sin, and that to love Him constitutes deliverance from sin ; this as infinite truth, this as the solution of every problem, has been transmitted from the Bible to my spiritual life. Christianity is thoroughly practical in its nature. Scientific inquiries and absorption of the soul in reli-

gious emotion, are of themselves little worth. I learn more and more to discern the Divine wisdom, which has set limits to revelation ; all that we need for our happiness is given us, and were the curtain lifted further from holy mysteries, man would be lost in hopeless bewilderment.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## LAST YEARS.

AFTER a severe attack of influenza in 1837, Perthes took a small house at Friedrichroda, about nine miles from Gotha, in order, with his wife and children, to spend the summer in the woods. "You see, my dear friend," wrote he in July, "that I have fled to the mountains to drive away the consequences of influenza. My hearing is still much affected, and I have difficulty in making out human babble, but I hope to be able to hear at least the vulture scream and the trout splash. If anything can restore my health, it will be life in the woods. You know Friedrichroda, so I need not speak of its charms. Everything is in our favour—the sky blue, the woods dark, the meadows green."

It was indeed a lovely spot that Perthes had chosen. On the north side of the Thuringian forest, a long valley runs down into the plain, at the entrance of which lies Schnepfenthal. Half a league further up the valley you encounter numerous mountain tarns, along which there is just room for the road to wind beneath the shadow of the fine old firs. Higher up, the valley widens out till you come to meadows of the brightest green, in the midst of which stood in earlier days the old Benedictine cloister of Reinhardsbrunnen, now replaced by the castle of the Dukes of Coburg-Gotha. Other wildly beautiful valleys

run down from the hills into that of Reinhardebrunnen, while rocky ridges, clothed with noble beech and fir, and bold mountain peaks, offer an abundance of fine views. Divided from this valley by a low ridge stands, in a wooded basin, the little village of Friedrichroda, and at about a hundred yards from it, the house Perthes had chosen. Being built in a hollow, the front rooms looked out upon a new blank wall, and he had to bear many a joke about the situation he had chosen ; from the back and from the little garden, however, there was really a glorious view, and the Black Forest, with its shade, its solitude, and countless footpaths, was within a few steps of the house. A few years after Perthes's death, Friedrichroda became a much frequented place, but at the time we speak of, the country retained its lonely character, and you might have wandered half a day in the forest-paths, and met only a herd of timid deer, a forester, children in search of straw-berries, or women in search of firewood, while nothing was to be heard but the woodman's axe or the herdsman's horn. In the evening, numbers of wild deer were in the habit of congregating in the meadows.

From 1837 it became Perthes's custom to spend every summer at Friedrichroda, and each year he loved it better. In the morning, after his hard work, he used to take a short solitary walk, and in the evenings, two, three, nay, sometimes four hours' rambles with his wife and his three little girls. It was his constant delight to find out new points of view, and when found, to show them to others ; and he had abundant opportunity of doing this. On Saturdays and Sundays, the house was all alive, grandchildren, daughters, sons-in-law came, till the rooms were too small to contain them, and kitchen and cellars were put to strange shifts ; and often Perthes was the youngest of the party in spirits and enjoyment. His sons, too, generally came from a distance to spend some weeks with him ;

and even of historians and theologians there was no lack. Tholuck, Lücke, Marheineke, de Wette, and Olshausen were, at different times, his guests ; and of all those who visited Perthes in Friedrichroda, however different their character or callings might be, there was not one who did not carry away with him the recollection of some pleasant and interesting hours. The oftener he returned to Friedrichroda the fonder the people of the neighbourhood grew of him ; and as a testimony of their affection, they, in 1841, gave him the freedom of their little town, with which he said he was more gratified than with any honour ever before conferred upon him. Many such tokens of respect had attended Perthes in his later years. In 1834, the inhabitants of Leipsic had made him free of their city, and in the summer of 1835, the Prince Regent of Saxony had given him the cross of the civil order of merit.

In 1840, the university of Kiel conferred upon Perthes the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. "I could not," wrote he, "have marvelled more at this honour done me if I had been Vladica of Montenegro. The learned company has not, for a long time, seen such a bungler as I in their midst ; my Latin is as rusty as that of my Orfort colleague, Dr. Blucher, and that is saying much." A friend, however, remarks in a letter to Perthes : "The faculty has done well ; he who has practised wisdom throughout a long career, may well be styled Doctor of Philosophy even though his Latin be rusty."

Another honour enjoyed by Perthes, during his latter years, was the kindness shown him by the ducal house of Coburg. In 1826, on the Duke of Coburg's accession to Gotha, Perthes had written as follows : "My monarchical principles have gained many new adherents ; for all fall suddenly down before the new prince : certainly he, like Saul, is head and shoulders taller than the rest of the people, full of princely dignity, very judicious and consequently very popular. He knows and is interested in

every subject ; in short, the whole world is bewitched by him, and men of all parties have suddenly become ducalized." The great wisdom and experience of the Duke, as we have seen, interested Perthes, and his benevolence won him entirely. On his side, the Duke was very partial to Perthes, and always saw him when at Gotha or Reinhardsbrunnen. The forest and its inhabitants, recollections reaching back as far as 1806, as well as the political events of the day, formed the subject of their conversations. But Perthes's peculiar delight was in the young princes. In 1839, Perthes writes : "Late in the summer, the ducal household came to Reinhardsbrunnen, and with them the Crown Prince from Dresden, and Prince Albert from Italy. Their father has good reason to be proud of them both. The ardour, frankness, and healthy judgment of the Crown Prince delighted me uncommonly ; Prince Albert is, without doubt, a highly gifted and thoroughly cultivated young man ; handsome and elegant, courteous and benevolent. His thoughtful, cautious temperament will lessen the difficulties of his future position. We have the Duke of Meiningen, too, and the King of Saxony ; and sometimes no fewer than fourteen princes go out hunting together. These meetings between the house of Saxony and the neighbouring princes should take place more frequently. Taken together, they are not without significance in German relations, and these wise, restless Coburgs will tell upon Europe too : they do not, indeed, form any very comprehensive plans, but they know, as few men and princes do, how to seize the passing opportunity, and use the present moment. They have already secured the thrones of England, Belgium, and Portugal for their own house, and they have an eye on those of Spain and France as well."

In 1840 we find Perthes writing : "The winter months of this year have been made interesting and exciting by the chapter of history which has been enacted here ; for, at the approach



of the English wedding, the Ducal Papa bound the garter round his boy's knee amidst the roar of a hundred and one cannon. The earnestness and gravity with which the Prince has obeyed this early call to take a European position give him dignity and standing in spite of his youth, and increase the charm of his whole aspect. Queen Victoria will find him the right sort of man ; and unless some unlucky fatality interpose, he is sure to become the idol of the English nation, silently to influence the English aristocracy, and deeply to affect the destinies of Europe. Perhaps I may live to see the beginning of this career." "As for your Prince Albert," writes a friend to Perthes in the autumn of 1840, "I have every reason to suppose that you rightly appreciate him and his position in England. Still he can attain to a knowledge of things around him, and his relation to them, only after a long residence. The public seem well affected towards him, and in the higher circles he has already some influence ; but in order to influence politics, he must be older and more free to act." Another friend writes : "I have not seen the Prince during my stay in London, but I have heard much of him ; he seems to be universally beloved, and I have been often most courteously thanked by Englishmen for the noble return which Germany has made to England for the Duke of Cumberland."

Once only in these latter years did Perthes determine upon a prolonged absence from home. In July 1834, he with his wife and his three little girls went through Coburg and Nuremberg to Ratisbon, thence by the Danube to Vienna, where he spent a month with his friend Hornbostel.

After his return from Vienna, Perthes would never again hear of a long absence from home. "I shall take no journey till the last of all," said he, in 1841, in answer to a pressing invitation from his son. "Strength and inclination for it I still have, but change and excitement do harm to one who has now



attained the advanced age to which you can now no longer dispute my claim; external quiet, that is, an unbroken routine being the right thing for body and mind. Other old men might be able to travel more comfortably, but owing to my temperament, every journey excites me, and a thousand things in succession would distract and weary my mind. Only think of the number of men I should have to see, and how much I should have to hear and say! Why, one week's stay with you would involve at least six months' hard work."

In proportion as the pleasure that Perthes took in travelling diminished, his love for his neighbouring mountain-retreat increased. But still he refused to buy a house in Friedrichroda. "I have never," said he, "had any other landed property than my travelling carriage and my corner in the churchyard; and just before the order to march comes, I do not want to bind myself to any earthly spot." However, he increased his accommodation and his comforts, and in the summer of 1841 we find him writing: "I have by my addition gained a most glorious view in several directions, and it was just made in time, for the elements are raging this year. The storm roars in the wood, and the trees creak and groan; the mornings are very cold, and the mountain mists reach our windows. We make as much use as we can of the fine hours of the day, but I do not climb so high nor ramble so far as of yore, preferring the familiar paths, where I can live my inner life undisturbed, as becomes a man of seventy who will not much longer see and feel the beauty of this earth."

Active and cheerful as he still was, Perthes now began to feel, in different ways, the approach of old age. He was often himself surprised at the length of days he had left behind him, when any circumstance reminded him that he had known this or that aged man as a child or a youth. He once wrote to Ullmann: "There are four men in Southern Germany whom I used to

know in olden times ; of late, however, I have never seen them : Rau, of whom I still retain an agreeable though indistinct impression ; Schubert and Schwab, whom I last saw between thirty and five-and-thirty years ago ; and Schelling, whom I met forty-two years ago, and with whom I have since maintained a friendly correspondence." Perthes was, however, destined to meet the last-mentioned of these men once again. In the autumn of 1841, he writes : "Schelling has been here. We had not seen each other since 1798. The slender, black-haired Swabian youth stood before me as a robust old man, with snow-white head, but just as cordially frank and plain-spoken as of yore. We talked over all our old experiences and our present feelings, and did not know how to part."

But there were other things besides his friend's white hair, which served to remind Perthes of the evening of life. Many a star of the first magnitude, to whose light he had been accustomed from his youth, went out one after another. Niebuhr died in 1831 ; Goethe in 1832 ; Schleiermacher in 1834. Many dear friends and relations, too, were called away, whom Perthes missed and mourned. In 1839 he wrote : "I have again lost one I loved and honoured, my faithful old Nicolovius : would that I could have pressed his hand once more here below !"

In a letter to Umbreit, dated 1840, he says : "If at the age of seventy I needed a warning, the departure of so many old friends might afford me one. Thibaut is now gone, a man I cordially loved and respected, and who was much attached to me. However, one can think of him with joy as well as sorrow ; no doubt, like the rest of us, he had his own struggles, but still he was a happy man, his being was a harmonious one, and despite his vigorous participation in the progress of science, his spiritual life flowed on in tranquillity."

Perthes had his kind and earliest guardians—the Master of the Horse, Heubel, and the old Aunt Caroline—spared to him

for an unusual length of time, and as long as they lived he kept up a friendly correspondence with them, and paid them an annual visit. After one of these visits he wrote: "It is singular to see how the old times and the present are peacefully blended in the dear old man. He has the liberal views of our day, and yet he considers it his highest honour to do his duty to his Prince after the feudal fashion, and the whole princely family treat him as a venerable relic of antiquity. When the Prince's arrival is announced, the old man throws on his faded uniform, and holds the stirrup while his master descends. Then the Prince takes him up to his room, and empties with him a bottle of wine of the last century." "Rare, very rare, is it," wrote Perthes on one occasion to his aunt of eighty-three, "that such strength and clearness of mind as God has given to you should endure to your age. You are highly favoured indeed—you can think of the past with pleasure, you enjoy the peace of the present, and look forward with confidence to the future. I desire to say with you, God has done all things well." "Thank you, dear Fritz, for all your love," writes his old uncle to Perthes, after receiving a visit from him through snow and storm; "you love me now just as you did sixty years ago, when you used to ride upon my knee; this consciousness is ever with me in my solitude, and I thank you for it." In 1835 the old uncle died at the age of eighty-three, and in 1838 the old aunt followed, aged eighty-seven. Perthes wrote to Rist as follows: "I heard yesterday of the death of my dear uncle in Schwarzburg. He was life-weary, but still in possession of all his mental faculties: he had lived very happily, and so God be praised. Schwarzburg is now to me desolate; the playground of my childhood is no more; there is not a Heubel left in the house where they had lived for a hundred and ten years. The family is now dispersed. So goes the world! Who can suppose that this is our home!"

Another thing that reminded Perthes of the approach of his own death was the different impression now made upon him by the death of others. We find him saying: "Births and deaths, deaths and births amongst children and children's children have compassed me round during the last few months, and I have had to look on many a sick and dying bed. My affection for my descendants individually is not diminished by their number; but the wind and weather of a long life has hardened my physical frame against sorrow, and my soul has learned resignation to the loss of its dear ones. Now that I know I must soon follow, the death of others makes quite a different impression upon me to what it did in youth, when, though one indeed acknowledged, one did not *feel* one's-self mortal. It is only the pain of suffering children that now as formerly pierces me to the heart, and doubting questions will arise in connexion with it. In grown-up persons one knows the why and wherefore, and the sufferers do so themselves, or at least they may do so." The thought of his own age and his own death was never painful to Perthes; on the contrary, he used continually to refer to it. Towards the end of 1842 he writes: "When I die, the centre of a widely-extended family will be taken away, and yet it is scarcely desirable that such a centre should continue very long after one's children have acquired a position of their own. They will each form their own new and special circles in the time to come. But while an old man, with a remnant of his former strength, sits on and on in the centre, a thousand concessions are made to him by all the other families, and horns are drawn in, which are intended to thrust with vigorously, or to be rubbed off as the case may be. The old must give place to the new! And as to the greybeard himself; when time has tugged at us long, we cease to do more than vegetate; we become a burden to ourselves and to others, and what is worst of all, we get a horrible longing for a still

longer life. When I look at many old men around, I am reminded of Frederick the Great's expostulation with his grenadiers, who demurred at going to certain death, 'What, you dogs! would you go on living for ever!'

Again, in 1841, Perthes, after a severe illness, writes to Lücke as follows: "Recovery, indeed, one may still speak of, but the recovery of old age is not that of youth." About the same time he wrote to Ullmann: "The spring is glorious, and I often feel overcome with melancholy at the thought of seeing this earthly splendour but a few times more, and I am conscious of the same sensation in contemplating long familiar inanimate objects, but not so with reference to my living loved ones who will soon follow where others have gone before." "I yearn for the repose of Friedrichroda," wrote he in the spring of 1842 to Ullmann; "perhaps it is there that the last repose of all will be granted me—gladly would I rest in that churchyard with its fir-trees. It is not my physical condition that occasions this yearning, but I discover in myself an increasing indifference towards all temporal matters; I feel incapable of effort for anything on this side: I want nothing more here below."

In the middle of September, when the cold autumnal mists began to gather over the hills, he returned to Gotha, where he spent the first winter months in his wonted health and vigour. At the end of the year he wrote to his sister-in-law, Augusta Claudius: "I am now past seventy; I can still walk for hours over hill and dale, and I can work from eight to ten hours without tiring my eyes. God be praised for it! I can understand everything said to myself, but general conversation escapes me. I comfort myself with the thought that I have heard enough, but I am sorry to lose the prattle of my three little girls amongst themselves. A certain inward feeling tells me that my life will not last more than two or three years. I have long fought the battle of life; I scarcely dare hope for the

crown of life ; but I know that the prayer, ' God be merciful to me, a sinner,' will be accepted of God." A few days later he wrote to Bunsen : " I believe that my end is not very far distant ; I have no longer any appetite, not even any spiritual appetite for what is on this side the grave. My soul yearns for more certain nourishment."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## SICKNESS AND DEATH.—1842.

ACCORDING to custom, all Perthes's children and grandchildren came from a distance to gather round him on Christmas day. At the festive meeting of 1842 all were present, and Perthes enjoyed himself with youthful glee in the midst of forty-nine of his descendants. Towards the end of the year he wrote: "On that holy evening, I forgot the discomforts of my present state, but I have since been reminded of them. For some weeks past, I have had premonitory symptoms of a serious illness; my sleep is broken, my appetite gone, and my afternoon hours very painful. I have been really ill, and still am so." Perthes felt so convinced of the approach of a fatal illness, that, on the first of January, he made the following short entry in his journal: "My state of health renders it unlikely that I shall ever write 1844." His illness soon proved to be liver complaint, and assumed the form of jaundice towards the end of January. For some months he varied much—occasionally his strength would sink suddenly as though a rapid termination were at hand, and then he would unexpectedly rally. Towards the close of February he wrote: "A few weeks ago I thought the end of the journey was come; now good days alternate with bad, but certainly the progress made is very slow, as slow as the pace of the Austrian militia. My strong constitution struggles hard to throw off the disease, but I do not believe it will succeed."

"Weary, weary," wrote he a few weeks later, "yet still the improvement goes on, and it seems as if I might really have a further grant of life." Soon after, however, came a change for the worse, and towards the end of March, all his strength appeared exhausted. In one of the letters written at this time, we find it said, "I have seen Perthes ; his appearance really shocked me ; all his energy is gone, his voice is weak, and every movement languid in the extreme. There he is, feebly reclining in his arm chair, and emaciated to the last degree. This change is the more distressing in a nature so elastic and energetic as his was a few months ago." Yet while he had any remains of strength left, his worn-out frame was still the obedient instrument of his active mind. It was not in Perthes's nature to lead the passive, supine life of an invalid. The health that he had throughout life enjoyed had been too good not to lead him to struggle to the utmost against the encroachments of weakness. As long as it was possible he spent each day, or, at least, a few hours of each day in his study, and when unable to leave the sick-room, he still sat up dressed, on a chair before his desk. Even when confined to his bed, he still had letters, books, and papers spread around him, determined that his life in bed should make as few concessions to sickness as possible. As long as he could help himself, he did not like to call in the help of others. He once remarked, that his wife showed herself the very perfection of a nurse, because she never proffered help when he did not need it. As it had always been his wont before taking any journey, to settle his affairs as completely as though he did not expect to return, and to have everything ready days before he departed, so was it now, in the prospect of the last great journey. He most punctually discharged every obligation, gave directions to his son Andrew, who was to carry on his father's business, made his will, and was then able undisturbed to await the hour of departure.



conflict, sorrow, and struggle, through which sin will be finally destroyed, or in a state of profound repose, in which I may collect myself, and in silent resignation be healed from the wounds inflicted by the tumult of earthly life? Shall I be a fellow-worker in the works of wisdom and love? Will a knowledge of the mysteries of nature, a comprehension of the course of events, or companionship with those I have loved on earth, be granted me? All these questions assume just before our death a very different degree of importance to what they ever had before, and yet we should not indulge in them, since no answer has been vouchsafed." On another occasion he said: "The season of faith will soon be over for me, that of sight is near, and yet how mysterious the word, and how veiled its meaning!—Sight! I shall see with faculties that I have never possessed here! As I have only with my bodily eyes beheld the visible, with my ears heard the audible, so understanding, feeling, reasoning have only afforded me the perception of this or that aspect of truth, not the truth itself. Knowing, in fact, is not seeing. If I am to see, I must have a new spiritual faculty conferred by perfect love, in order to make the reception of perfect truth possible. Fain would we inquire how this will be brought about, but be it unto thy servant according to thy word."

In the second week of April there was another sudden decrease of Perthes's strength, while, on the other hand, the symptoms grew worse. "Very weak," "very wretched sensations;" these are frequent entries in his journal about this period. On the 15th of April he wrote to Bunsen: "The disease does not yield, and the weakness increases; you must not be surprised if the tidings sent ere long be—'He died of old age.'" On the 16th of April, on Easter Sunday, his wife and daughters were sitting with him after their return from church; he made them give an account of the sermon they had just heard. "Do not," said he to them, "speculate or inquire

into our condition after death; it does no good, and diverts the mind from the main point. Hold simply and firmly to that which our Lord has told us, and do not desire to know more; read again and again the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters of St. John's Gospel: he who has these has all he needs alike for life and death." During the two last months of his life, he lived on these four chapters, and the nearer he approached to death, the oftener did he read the seventeenth. On the morning of the 21st of April, his birthday, he had his children and grandchildren assembled around him. All were sad and sorrowful, but he lay in his room, which had been filled with spring flowers, in such perfect peace and joy, that it was impossible for them to give utterance to their grief. "Should it be God's will," said he, "that I should still spend a little more time with you, I shall do so gladly, and I should return with pleasure to my dear Friedrichroda; but this may not be. A rich life lies behind me; I have indeed had my trying days and hours, but God has ever been gracious to me. Do not mourn for me when I am dead; I know that you will often long for me, and I am glad of it. I need not say to you, 'Love one another,' but, so bring up your children that they also may do so. I die willingly and calmly, and I am prepared to die, having committed myself to my God and Father. Here there is no abiding city, we needs must part; death cannot harm me,—it must be gain."

A week later, on the 29th of April, he believed that his last hour was come. He had no pain, but he was weak in body, and somewhat depressed in spirits. During these days he lived much in the thought of his beloved Caroline, he had the account of Claudius's last days repeated to him, and liked to have his wife and daughters constantly near. He spoke lovingly to every member of his family; and when night came, as no one else was able to do so, he himself read out with a loud voice

the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John from beginning to end.

To very many Perthes had been a counsellor and a benefactor, and he had friends and acquaintance in every part of Germany, from whom he now rejoiced to receive letters of sympathy and affectionate farewell. Schelling wrote: "It was so comforting to know of one in the world from whom, in every case of need, one was sure of sincere sympathy, loving goodwill, and judicious counsel." Matthias Perthes had written from his father's dictation a farewell letter to Rist, which, unfortunately, cannot now be found. Rist answered it as follows: "I have, indeed, had much to bear in life. I have had great trials and great blessings appointed me, but it remained to me to receive such a letter as yours of the 5th of May, and to answer as I now do. My hand indeed may shake, but my heart is undismayed; I do not dread to look upon death, with which I have been so long familiar. I draw near to your sick-bed, to thank you for your remembrance of me at such a time as this. I stretch out my hand to say farewell, if, indeed, it must be so; to edify myself by your courage, faith, and joyful trust in the new-birth in Christ; I desire to repeat your confession, and to make it mine. I hold your wife and children happy in that they stand round you, and I greet them all. My wife has still tears for her dear old friend, to whom she bids a most loving farewell. You have been much to us, your memory will remain with us all as a blessed one. Dare I express a hope that the physicians may be deceived, and that your own feelings may deceive you?—And now farewell, here is my hand—we shall meet again, dear Perthes!"

On Thursday the 9th of May, Perthes closed his journal with the short entry, "Suffering much;" and from that time forth he could not raise himself without assistance. In a letter written at this time we find: "He is still indescribably patient,

he never complains, and is always kind and cheerful. Even during these last days, he looked out a ring for his granddaughter, Fanny Becker, on the occasion of her confirmation, and another for his daughter Agnes, which he gave her in a basketful of flowers on her silver wedding-day. On Sunday the 12th, erysipelas, which had begun to make its appearance, struck inward, and his agonies every hour increased. He spent a day and night of fearful suffering, opium had lessened his power of resistance, and agonizing cries of pain escaped him. "You must excuse it," he once said, "I cannot help it, and I have not any teeth to grind." "O that I could but weep!" said he, on another occasion. "What a long Sunday—it is a hard, hard battle! Help me, my God, and send me death." But there were words of resignation and trustfulness that alternated with these cries of anguish. While those around him supposed him asleep, he began in a low touching voice, to repeat the words of a favourite hymn. Another time, waking from a kind of dream, he exclaimed, "Herder, on his dying bed, sought only an Idea: Goethe exclaimed, 'Light, light;' it would have been better had they cried out for love and humility." Those around him heard him exclaim, "Thanks be to God my faith is firm, and holds in death as in life; for his dear Son's sake, God is merciful to me a sinner!" On Thursday, the 18th of May, the doctor was able to tell him that all would soon be over. He had no longer any actual pain, and on being asked whether his dreams were distressing, he answered, "No, no, not now; once distressing, now delightful." For the most part he lay there peaceful and joyful, and the peace and joy that God had granted him, pervaded all that were near. "When he folded his cold hands," wrote one of his daughters, "and prayed from his inmost soul, we too were constrained to fold our hands and pray; it was all so sublime, so blessed, we felt as though our Lord Jesus Christ were with us

in the room." "The last conflict is severe," we find it said in another letter, "but we see with our own eyes that he can overcome it in love, and without pain or fear. The last enemy loses all his terrors for us, and the resurrection seems nearer us than the death."

About six o'clock in the evening, a great change was visible in his features, every trace of pain was gone, his eyes shone, his whole aspect was, as it were, transfigured, so that those around him could only think of his bliss, not of their own sorrow. The last sounds of this world that reached the dying ear were, "Yea, the Lord hath prepared blessedness and joy for thee, where Christ is the Sun, the Life, and the All in All." He drew one long last breath; like a lightning flash, an expression of agony passed over his face, and then his triumph was complete.

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